

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय

SANTINIKETAN
VISWA BHARATI
LIBRARY

275.2

B9

UNIVERSITY AND OTHER SERMONS
HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

"*Semen est Sanguis Christianorum*"—TERTULLIAN

University & Other Sermons

Historical and Biographical

By

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER

D.D., Hon. LL.D. Glasgow

Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Hon. Canon of Ely
Formerly Head Master of Harrow School.

Cambridge

Macmillan and Bowes

1899

GLASGOW PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSF AND CO.

PREFACE.

THE Sermons contained in this volume are arranged in two Parts. Those in Part I. were preached before the University of Cambridge between 1879 and 1898. Those in Part II., like some indeed in Part I., were the outcome of special occasions, historical or biographical, in the course of the last twenty-two years. Some five of these were addressed to a young audience in the Chapel of Harrow School; the others were delivered in various Churches of a public character, including St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey, the Chapel Royal, the Temple, the Cathedral of Llandaff, and Great St. Mary's, Cambridge. Of these special occasions, most were of stirring interest at the time, either from the greatness of the event commemorated, or from the character of some beloved or illustrious person.

I have often thought that the element of biography, like that of continuous interpretation of special books of Scripture, might well play a larger part in the Christian pulpit. The practice is not likely to be carried to excess in our day, as so few of us, unfortunately, find adequate leisure for reading,

still less for research. Meanwhile, are not some of us wasting precious opportunities? The sacred material lies at our doors in glorious profusion, crying out, as it were, for the touch of some hand that shall make it vocal to God's glory. For in truth there are few, whether old or young, who can listen quite unmoved to the voice of History: "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what Thou hast done in their time of old"; "I have considered the days of old and the years that are past"; "And I said, It is mine own infirmity, but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most Highest"; or, again, the yet more tender voice of Biography: "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God"; "Through his faith he, being dead, yet speaketh"; "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, for their works follow with them." Such words, applied to some great deliverance in the past, or to some freshly opened grave, are in themselves a sermon, and much more. The ears that are open to hear them are not few.

I am far, of course, from fancying that the present very modest volume offers anything like a model for sermons of this type. The slightness of the treatment in most cases may well be thought to require an apology. At all events it is frankly admitted. Still I am not altogether without hope that even these sketches may be found to have their use. Such subjects as they treat of are, I venture to think,

refreshing at times to the hearer. They certainly are so to the preacher. They take him away from himself, and from local troubles, and from the hum of busy scandals, and from the dust of dry routine, and from the incessant creaking of the parochial wheels; and from what the Master denounces as "the cares of life"; and in exchange for all this they give him converse with much that makes for joy, and calm, and hope, and elevation of heart—"the spirits of just men made perfect," of men and women who have fought the good fight and have kept the faith; who out of weakness have been made strong; who have dared all, staked all, and, it may be, suffered all for the "Name which is above every name."

Here surely is material for the preacher. Let him from time to time allow himself a holy self-indulgence. Let him for a few moments "forget his own people." Let him turn to such lives as those of Polycarp, or Origen, or Athanasius, or Benedict, or Martin of Tours, or our own Alfred, or Bernard of Clairvaux, or Louis IX., or Francis of Assisi, or Catherine of Siena, or John Wycliffe, or Savonarola, or Martin Luther, or Francis Xavier, or Bayard, or Sir Thomas More, or Fénelon, or George Herbert, or William Law, or John Wesley, or Fletcher of Madeley, or William Wilberforce, or Thomas Arnold, or Erskine of Linlathen, or Dr. Chalmers, or Dr. Duff, or F. D. Maurice, or Charles Kingsley, or Agnes Jones, or Sister Dora, or any of the high-minded builders or re-builders of our Indian Empire, who, like Henry "Lawrence," tried "each to do his duty," and were "not

ashamed of the Gospel of Christ"—let our preacher, I say, take a foreign tour at times among lives such as these. He will be the better for it himself, and his people will share the benefit. In the noble phrase of Robert Hall, he will have, "enlarged their intercourse with Heaven."*. Nay, they will take fresh knowledge of him that he has still, "been with Jesus."

It has been said by a voice dear to all Cambridge men, and to many others, that History is an excellent cordial for drooping spirits.† It is true, most true, of History, but it is perhaps even more true of Biography. History is like a vast battle-field, with its hidden reserves, its sudden reinforcements, its bewildering vicissitudes; so bewildering that it is not always clear, even to a trained spiritual eye, to what quarter, at any given moment, the balance of victory has inclined. Nay, at times it seems as though over all the plain some thick heavy mist had been spread, like a shroud, by more than earthly hand, so thick and so heavy that even the stout heart of Ajax fails in almost hopeless longing for the light.‡

Biography, too, has its mists, but they are by comparison local and transient. The life of a true Christian is not a trophy only, but a monument. High over the ordinary levels of humanity it lifts its head to Heaven, like a column over the desert sands. Its record is of victory, and of nothing else.

* See page 337.

† Bishop Lightfoot.

‡ Hom. *Il.* xvii. 645-647 :

Ἄλλ' οἱ πη δύναμαι ἰδέειν τοιοῦτον Ἀχαιῶν·

Ἡέρι γὰρ κατέχονται ὁμῶς αὐτοὶ τε καὶ ἱπποὶ.

It says nothing, it knows nothing, of sorry failures, of pitiful treacheries, of dastardly capitulations. . It speaks of those who have become "more than conquerors" through Him Who loved them, of those who have taken Christ at His word—that word, not of human hope, but of Divine assurance—"Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

Yes, Christ has many "cordials" for the "drooping spirits" of His servants. Among the most potent, and perhaps the least exhausted, are the Lives of His Saints.

H. M. B.

TRINITY LODGE,

• *Epiphany*, 1899.

ERRATA.

- Page 238. Read 'Eight years' for 'Nine years.'
- Page 239. Read '1864' for '1874.'

CONTENTS.

Part I.

SERMONS PREACHED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

	PAGE
I. CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN	1
II. A BABE IN THE MANGER	15
III. LOOKING UNTO JESUS	30
IV. THE APOSTLE THOMAS	43
V. THE CONSECRATION OF LIFE	57
VI. THE FAITH OF THE ROMAN CENTURION	69
VII. THE PROSPECT OF SUFFERING AN INCENTIVE TO CHRIST'S SERVICE	83
VIII. LIFE FORECASTS	98
IX. WHO IS THE GREATEST?	114
X. FOR A GREAT WHILE TO COME	129
XI. WHO MAKETH THEE TO DIFFER?	140

Part II.

SERMONS HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

	PAGE
I. AUGUSTINE. AIDAN. BEDE. ANSELM	157
II. THE TRANSLATION OF KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR	169
III. ARCHBISHOP ANSELM AT HARROW	181
IV. ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT	194
V. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE	211
VI. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY	225
VII. "CHINESE GORDON"	235
VIII. DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON	246
IX. "GORDON'S PSALM"	254
X. FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD	269
XI. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO	278
XII. BALACLAVA DAY	288
XIII. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY	299
XIV. CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN	312
XV. THE VAUGHANS OF LEICESTER	331
XVI. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE	342

Part I.

SERMONS PREACHED
BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY
OF CAMBRIDGE

I.

CITIZENSHIP IN HEAVEN.

PHILIPPIANS III. 20, 21.

Our conversation is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.

"OUR conversation is in heaven." It is well known that St Paul's real meaning is, "our citizenship is in heaven." Let us from the first take this for granted. Thus understood, his words state a spiritual fact, which to the mind of man becomes an ideal. And what is an ideal? It is the best and the highest of which we can conceive. We have never seen it with our eyes. We have never touched it with our hands. No one has ever said in our hearing, I have seen it, I have touched it. No one has ever proved to us that it exists. Still less have we ever proved its existence to another. And yet, if there be one thing of which we are persuaded, it is the reality, the value, the beauty of our own ideal. Sometimes it is

higher, sometimes it is lower. Sometimes, alas! it has sunk so low that we almost despair of following it into the darkness. Sometimes, again, it is far above out of our sight; and yet it is hardly a paradox to say that then we see it most clearly and love it most ardently.

Each of you, my friends, has some ideal of his life here. With some it is personal amusement. With some it is intellectual distinction. With some it is the greatness, the full developed ministry, of a University. With some it is the social intercourse, the free interchange of thought and criticism, the give and take of daily association, in a word, the training for public life. And the power of these ideals over you is immense. They shape and mould your whole cast of thought. It would not of course be true to say that, according to your ideal, such and no other will be your practice. But it is true to say that your practice will never be better than your ideal. No doubt it may and will constantly fall below it. Indeed it will only be in supreme moments of life, if ever, that the practice and the ideal will be in absolute harmony. But the practice can never be above the ideal; and if the ideal be low, how much lower the practice.

I have said thus much at starting in order to bring out the force of the very remarkable words which I have taken for my text, "our citizenship is in heaven." As I said above, St Paul is here stating an ideal. It is a gloriously high ideal. I do not know that there is any higher, or that there ever can

be any higher. As long as men live on this earth, the highest peaks of the Alps and the Himalayas will be for them symbols of sublimity, purity, and might. No higher mountains will be created, suggesting a yet more august majesty of nature. And so with a text like this, "our citizenship is in heaven," its foundation is "upon the holy hills." No higher thought, no grander reach and sweep of human destiny, can rear itself before us on this side the grave.

And when does St Paul use such an expression? He is writing in great sadness of heart. He is grieved by the miserably low ideal of many of his converts at Philippi. They are living only for themselves, lives of vulgar self-seeking, and even of shameless sensuality. What can such men know of a Crucified Saviour and His sacrifice for sin? Every day of their lives is giving it the lie, "crucifying Him afresh, and putting Him to an open shame." "Many," he says, "walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the Cross of Christ; whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things."

That is *their* ideal, and how low and grovelling it is! How different from the ideal of the Christian! "For," he continues, "*our* citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for, as a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who shall change the fashion of the body of our humiliation that it may share the form of the body of His glory, according to the

working whereby He is able to *subdue* all things *unto Himself.*"

Yes! "Our citizenship is in heaven." That is our ideal, our boast, our joy. There is our true country. There are our noblest countrymen. There are our perfect laws, highly exalted, not framed by human skill, not sullied by human disobedience. There is our home to which we turn, amid all our wanderings on earth, as the place where our best treasures are stored. There, above all, is God Himself, our Father and Ruler, of Whose vast dominion we are the feeble subjects. And there is that Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, Whose we are and Whom we serve; He Who alone can purify our bodies and elevate our souls; He Who can raise us out of the slough of our uncleanness, and make us kings in His empire, and priests in His Church, ruling, as He rules, not by force but by love; sacrificing, as He sacrificed, all our best and strongest and purest, in order that others also may be good and strong and pure.

Again I say, this is an ideal. We do not see it. No one has seen it. St Paul could no more prove it to his Christian friends at Philippi than I can prove it to you, or you to me. It is an ideal. It has never yet been realized on earth, save by Christ Himself.

But is it therefore a dream, unsubstantial, shadowy, illusory? Not so, save by our own fault. If it ever does seem to mingle with the clouds of fancy, and to vanish from the view of our souls, it is when we have prepared the way for this departure by our own faith.

lessness and coldness of heart. For no doubt there is a tendency in all ideals to become lower, and there is a state of mind in which we come to disbelieve in all ideals. The mention of them, the very thought of them, makes us impatient. Much that we see about us looks so far below them, so little affected by them, that to boast our belief in them seems almost hypocritical.

Why speak of the unity of the Christian Church, when no firebrand kindles so burning a furnace as theological difference? Why speak of marriage as symbolizing Christ's union with His Church, when it is again and again a mere partnership of convenience, sold and paid for like any other bargain?

Why speak of a great University as a holy temple in the Lord, an habitation of God through the Spirit, when many confessedly regard it as a mere school of philosophy, or a workshop of industry, or a prelude to a profession, or a passport to good society?

The ideal has so often been degraded in practice that we are first ashamed, and then unable, to believe that it has any substantial existence. Ah! it is a time of tragic danger in youth when we first begin to think mistrustfully of ideals. We think we are urged by the love of truth and the scorn of unrealities; but the fact is, whatever the cause, that we are dragged down by want of faith. *Faith in the highest*, that parent of all that is great in man, that faith without which there can be no Christianity, has for the time become dim within us; and when we are told that "our citizenship is in heaven," we say,

in our hearts at least, that Paul was beside himself, and no longer moved like a man among men upon the firm and solid earth.

But, now reverse this picture, and suppose this faith in ideals existing—yes, faith in this very ideal of St Paul. Suppose a man can say to himself, without any shade of unreality, “our citizenship, my citizenship, is in heaven,” are there any results that you would expect from such a faith? I think there are. I think I see in men so possessed, an unwonted elevation of their whole conception of life; an unwillingness merely to pass through it as idlers or fugitives; a jealousy of the honour and sanctity of the mother country wherein the true citizenship resides; a desire to maintain intercourse with citizens who are also there; a happiness in learning more of its laws and in catching more of its spirit; in a word, something of a reflexion from the face of Him Who is its King and its Sun.

Christian brethren, are these wild words, aimed at no target, hitting no heart? I cannot believe it. I ask you, Are you content to be a citizen of this world? Take it at its best. Think of it not as the theatre of false illusions; or as the promenade of idle fashion; or as the Vanity Fair of degrading bargains; or as the battle-field of parties; or as the foul sty of swinish lusts; or as the dungeon and the torture chamber of helpless ruined innocence. Put away all such figures. Call them, if you will, fanciful. At all events, let the world whose franchise you prize be very different from this. Like the earthly

home of the Apostle himself, let it be "no mean city." Think of it as represented by great men, and high-minded women, and, above all, by those who are to us the best ambassadors of humanity, by dear and trusted friends. Think of it as the home of unselfishness, of family affection, of brotherly confidence, of high enterprises in the forefront of philanthropy, of single-hearted search for intellectual truth. Even so, are you content to be a citizen of this world alone, and to claim no higher franchise?

There are those who are thus content; who, if the question could be put to them by some voice that touched their inmost heart, Are ye able to confront the mysteries of human life, of goodness incomplete, of weakness unsupported, of sin unforgiven, of misery unrelieved—are ye able to confront this without a light beyond the grave?, would answer—some sadly, some almost contemptuously, but all firmly—"We are able." Be it so. Instead of Addison's famous saying, "See how a Christian can die," let us substitute another saying, "See how one who is no Christian can die." Be it so. I will never speak an unkind word, and God grant I may never think an unkind thought, of those whom He has permitted to lack what I hold to be the noblest of His gifts, the sure and certain hope of immortality, and yet to live those lives which they believe so transient on a level often far higher than my own. It seems to me that God is teaching us in these days to think more worthily of His fatherly love through the very denials which refuse to call Him Father.

We have long since been taught to adore the impartial bounty of the Creator, "Who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." We are now learning to adore the Father for bestowing the graces of His Spirit—love of justice, and zeal for improvement, and protest against selfish isolated happiness—not only on those who cry Abba, Father, and see in the Lord Jesus the effulgence of His glory and the express Image of His Person, but also in a high, though I dare not say an equal, degree on those who never use His name, and deem themselves the brothers only of the Crucified, not His blood-bought servants and pledged soldiers.

I do not stop to enquire how far we have reason to count on the continuance of such sights as we now see; how far the goodness which we often recognize, and ought always to recognize without a grudge, in those who have not the Christian's faith, is after all the product of a faith once possessed by themselves or inherited from their parents. The world has not yet seen, at least in this country, a prescription of disbelief, an entail of agnosticism. For my part, I anticipate from it, if it is to come, many grave and grievous results, social and political as well as individual. But still I believe that the Father will know, as now He knows, His own children; nor will His love be confined then, any more than it is confined now, to those who call on His Name and fight avowedly under His banner. Then, as now, He will call many His children, though they

know not or disclaim their parentage. Then, as now, there will not be a few who "love and are silent."

But though this be true, I at least refuse to believe that the mass of good men and good women will ever consent to surrender the charter of their heavenly citizenship, nor is it among the young that I should ever expect to find, save in rare instances, so gloomy a self-emptying. I appeal to instincts which I believe to be created by God, and to be indestructible. It was said by a brilliant foreign sceptic, "I have no heavenly father." Yet you say, and you say honestly, and your children will say after you, "Our Father, which art in heaven." It is said by not a few, "There is no citizenship but that of this world." But you continue to say, because your conscience tells you it is true, "Our citizenship is in heaven."

This, I admit, is not argument. It is but the language of appeal. But then it is an appeal to a tribunal which never slumbers, and which rarely fails to give a clear verdict. It says to each man's conscience, If this high charter is yours, if this exalted destiny awaits you, how can you live as many do? How can you live for yourself alone? How can you pamper or defile those bodies which are even now being trained for heavenly enterprises? How can you waste or misuse those intellects which are to marvel hereafter at the unexplored greatness of God?

It is a solemn thing, even the least thoughtful is touched by it, when a great intellect passes away into the silence and we see it no more. Such a loss, such a void, is present, I feel certain, to many here

to-day. It is not often, even in this great home of thought and knowledge, that so bright a light is extinguished as that which is now mourned by many illustrious mourners, here chiefly, but also far beyond this place. I shall be believed when I say in all simplicity that I wish it had fallen to some more competent tongue to put into words those feelings of reverent affection which are, I am persuaded, uppermost in many hearts on this Sunday. My poor words shall be few, but believe me they come from the heart.

You know, my friends, with what an eager pride we follow the fortunes of those whom we have loved and revered in our undergraduate days. We may see them but seldom. Few letters may pass between us. But their names are never common names. They never become to us only what other men are. When I came up to Trinity twenty-eight years ago, James Clerk Maxwell was just beginning his second year. His position among us—I speak in the presence of many who remember that time—was unique. He was the one acknowledged man of genius among the Undergraduates. We understood even then that, though barely of age, he was, in his own line of enquiry, not a beginner but a master. His name was already a familiar name to men of science. If he lived, it was certain that he was one of that small but sacred band to whom it would be given to enlarge the bounds of human knowledge. It was a position which might have turned the head of a smaller man; but the Friend of whom we were all so proud, and who seemed, as it were, to link

us thus early with the great outside world of the pioneers of knowledge, had one of those rich and lavish natures which no prosperity can impoverish, and which make faith in goodness easy for others. I have often thought that those who never knew the grand old Adam Sedgwick and the then young and ever youthful Clerk Maxwell had yet to learn the largeness and fulness of the moulds in which some choice natures are framed. Of the scientific greatness of our friend we were most of us unable to judge, but any one could see and admire the boy-like glee, the joyous invention, the wide reading, the eager thirst for truth, the subtle thought, the perfect temper, the unfailing reverence, the singular absence of any taint of the breath of worldliness in any of its thousand forms.

Brethren, you may know such men now among your College friends, though there can be but few in any year, or indeed in any century, that possess the rare genius of the man whom we deplore. If it be so, then, if you will accept the counsel of a stranger, thank God for His gift. Believe me when I tell you that few such blessings will come to you in later life. There are blessings that come once in a lifetime. One of these is the reverence with which we look up to greatness and goodness in a College friend—above us, beyond us, far out of our mental or moral grasp, but still one of us, near to us, our own. You know, in part at least, how in this case the promise of youth was more than fulfilled, and how the man who, but a fortnight ago, was the ornament of the

University, and—shall I be wrong in saying it?—almost the discoverer of a new world of knowledge, was even more loved than he was admired, retaining after twenty years of fame that mirth, that simplicity, that childlike delight in all that is fresh and wonderful, which we rejoice to think of as some of the surest accompaniments of true scientific genius.

You know, also, that he was a devout as well as a thoughtful Christian. I do not note this in the triumphant spirit of a controversialist. I will not for a moment assume that there is any natural opposition between scientific genius and simple Christian faith. I will not compare him with others who have had the genius without the faith. Christianity does not need, now—though she thankfully welcomes and deeply prizes them—yet she does not need now, any more than when St Paul first preached the Cross at Corinth, the speculations of the subtle or the wisdom of the wise.

If I wished to show men, especially young men, the living force of the Gospel, I would take them not so much to a learned and devout Christian man, to whom all stores of knowledge were familiar, but to some country village, where for fifty years there had been devout traditions and devout practice. There they would see the Gospel lived out; truths, which other men spoke of, seen and known; a spirit, not of this world, visibly, hourly, present; a citizenship in heaven daily assumed and daily realized. Such characters I believe to be the most convincing preachers to those who ask whether Revelation is

a fable, and God an unknowable peradventure. Yes, in most cases—not, I admit, in all—simple faith, even more than devout genius, is mighty for removing doubts and implanting fresh conviction.

But, having said this, we may well give thanks to God that our friend was what he was, a firm Christian believer, and that his powerful mind after ranging at will through the illimitable spaces of Creation, and almost handling what he called* “the foundation stones of the material Universe,” found its true rest and happiness in the love and the mercy of Him Whom the humblest Christian calls his Father. Of such a man it may be truly said that he had his citizenship in heaven, and that he looked for, as a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, through Whom the unnumbered worlds were made, and in the likeness of Whose image our new and spiritual body will one day be fashioned.

* Any readers of this sermon will be glad to be reminded of the lofty words at the end of Maxwell’s “Discourse on Molecules,” read at Bradford, in September, 1873.

“Natural causes, as we know, are at work, which tend to modify, if they do not at length destroy, all the arrangements and dimensions of the earth and the whole solar system. But though in the course of ages catastrophes have occurred and may yet occur in the heavens, though ancient systems may be dissolved and new systems evolved out of their ruins, the molecules out of which these systems are built—the foundation stones of the material universe—remain unbroken and unworn. They continue this day as they were created, perfect in number and measure and weight, and from the ineffaceable characters impressed on them we may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement, truth in statement, and justice in action, which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours because they are essential constituents of the image of Him, Who in the beginning created not only the heavens and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consist.”

Citizenship in Heaven.

[1.]

Let us end, as we began, with the noble words of our text, the words of to-day's Epistle, the words which lift the heart in our Burial Service at that supreme moment, when the earth is heard to fall upon the coffin-lid, and we have committed to the ground the body which we loved, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Then it is, then when flesh seems at its weakest and poorest, and all earthly glory has become irony, that we are bidden to think of Him "Who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

A touching story is told of Archbishop Whately when within a few days of his death. He suffered great bodily agony. A friend watching by him, quoted the words of our text, "Who shall change our vile body." The Archbishop interrupted him with the request, "Read the words." His attendant read them from the English Bible; but he reiterated, "Read his own words." The Chaplain then repeated the literal translation of the Greek, "the body of our humiliation." "That's right," said the sufferer, "not *vile*—nothing that He made is vile." No, brethren, nothing that He made is vile. All is worthy of the Heavenly City, of which He has made us citizens. God grant that, when our little day is over, and we shall depart this life, we may rest in Him, as our hope is our brother doth.

November 16th, 1879.

II.

A BABE IN THE MANGER.

•ST LUKE II. 12.

*And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find a Babe wrapped
•in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.*

•ST JOHN I. 2.

The same was in the beginning with God.

“GOD, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds; and Man, of the substance of His mother, born in the world; perfect God and perfect Man.” Such are the words, imperfect as all human words must be, in which the Creed strives to place before us the two great foundation stones on which the Church of Christ is built, the full Humanity and the full Divinity of the Eternal and Incarnate Son of God. One of these foundation stones has for its earthly site the stable of Bethlehem. The other lies deep in the Unseen City, whose builder and maker is God.

I am not about to dwell upon the strictly theological aspect, much less upon any of the contro-

versial aspects, of these two great truths, each of which fulfils and balances the other. I am speaking to those who accept and believe them both. My desire is, with the blessing of God on this Day of devout Christian happiness, to help them and help myself to put more heart and life into our Creed. St Paul, writing to a chief Pastor of the Church, says to him, "Make full proof of thy ministry." Does not each great Church Festival say in like manner to the children of the Church, old and young alike, "Make full proof of thy Creed?"

What, then, are some of the thoughts and feelings which crowd upon us as we stand on this great Day beside the Manger of the humble village "in the land of Judah," and see there a Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes? To the shepherds that sight was a sign that the message of the Angel and the song of the heavenly host were true. Of what truth or truths of God's showing is it still a sign to us?

I. The first and simplest answer is to say, It is a sign of the *love* of our Father which is in heaven. The Babe lying there, helpless, dependent, utterly unknown, is God's highest gift to man. Gifts, we know, are symbols of love. Every gift that has been given or will yet be given this day is a symbol and a vehicle of human affection. It links hearts. It reveals character. The gifts that we give to each other are a type of the gifts that God gives to us all. He Who lies in that Cradle has Himself taught us thus to reason. "If ye, being evil"—ye fathers and mothers, with all your faults and unwisdom and

half knowledge and manifold lack of sympathy and deplorable inconsistencies of conduct—"if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him."

To-day that "how much more" is at its highest. The "good things" given by the Heavenly Father are the one good thing of all. "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given." The great gift which is the express image of the Father's love, the gift which is given to all alike, ay, even to those who ask it not and know it not, lies there, if the Creed which we profess be true, "wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

• "And this shall be a sign unto you." That sight, we say, is a sign of God's love, His tender love towards mankind. Let no other thought that we link with Christmas Day—nothing of earth however delightful, nothing even of heaven however august—obscure for us this one great fact which to-day flashes forth from the brightness of His glory: God loved us, and therefore gave us Jesus as the Christ. God so loved the world that He gave it His only begotten Son.

II. The Babe lying in the Manger is a sign of God's love. It is a sign also of that *humility* which is part of the Divine character and well nigh the noblest part of man's heritage. You cannot stand there and be proud. You cannot look on that Child and think of your own goodness or strength or past successes or future ambitions. The "dearest iddl"

you "have known" crumbles away, and falls from its pedestal before you leave that Presence-chamber. Distinction, ascendancy, pride of birth, pride of beauty, pride of intellect, pride of conquest—where are they in that Infant Presence? They are in part crushed, in part redeemed and transfigured. Whatever of earth and of self clung to them is purged and done away. What remains after that testing is re-claimed for the new Kingdom. And so long as that Manger asserts and makes good its claim to the homage of human hearts at their best and purest, so long will survive a deep-seated faith that, in spite of all appearances, it is "more blessed to give than to receive"; better to be the victim than the doer of wrong; better to lose life than to save it; better to minister than to be ministered to; better to sit down from the first in the lowest room; better to feel from the heart, as each rival passes by and eclipses self, "He must increase, but I must decrease."

III. Again, the sight of the Babe lying in the Manger is a sign of the origin and the progress of good. It has been said, in memorable words, "God loves to build upon nothing." When He wishes to lift our minds to the level of His greatness, He points us not so much to the starry heavens, or to the strong foundations of the earth, or to the wonderful laws, slowly spelt out by His most gifted servants, by which He made and sustains the worlds, not this—but He takes a little Child, and sets Him in the midst, and bids us mark what that Child will

do for the healing of the nations and the lifting up of the race. That Child will obey His earthly parents, and be busy early with His Heavenly Father's work, and live quiet and undiscovered in His village home; and be baptized by His own servant, and resist temptation through Divine strength, and then slowly teach, and make followers, and be misunderstood by them and deserted and denied and betrayed. He will arouse hatred by His goodness, and ridicule by His brotherly-kindness. His best works of love will be assigned to the spirit of evil. The chiefs of the established religion will be His bitterest foes. They will brand Him as a heretic and a traitor, and hound on the people to demand His blood. He will suffer the Saviour's Agony, and die the felon's death.

And then, when all this has passed, the change will set in. He will "see of the travail of his soul." The work of the Child who lay in the Manger will be seen to have had in it a "power from on high." The Cross will complete what the Manger began. Before the innocence and the holiness which they symbolize and transmit, one after another of the giant evils of earth will totter—idolatry, and slavery, and cruelty, and impurity. Slowly indeed will these strongholds fall, but in each case it will be His Name, and the passionate devotion which that Name inspires—it will be that Name, strong in its weakness, and its sufferings, through which the new life of mankind will be born.

And as it is with the Master, so, in part at

least, it will be with His servants and with His cause. Let all who are in any way reformers, all who would do some good before they die, in their family, their parish, their church, their country—all who give their hearts to Mission work, and say sometimes in their haste, as they look on the vast deserts yet to be reclaimed, "How long, O Lord, how long?"—let all such "go even unto Bethlehem," and stand with shaded eyes before the brightness which streams from that Infant brow. Each cause of good to which they have plighted their troth must pass through that stage of "great humility." Not when it is known furthest and praised most, and backed by the patronage of the kingdoms of the world, but when it lies in the manger, obscure and unbefriended, watched by the Father which seeth in secret, and evoking the adoration of Angels, then is the cause of the reformer and the philanthropist most sure of that victory which is not his, or her's, but God's.

IV. Once more, that Child lying in the Manger is a sign of the brotherhood of all mankind. We see there not that which makes us different from each other, but that which makes us one. As we stand, we think not of rank, or class, or wealth, or learning, or bodily strength, or anything which the world calls "advantages," but of human nature, of the family, of kindred blood, of the mysteries of common life and common death and common duties, in a word, of brotherhood. If we stood oftener in thought beside that Cradle, if the best spirit of Christmas were

habitually upon us, if it were really a vital part of our creed, to say, as part of the meaning of the Incarnation, "One is our Master, even Christ, and all we are brethren," then, Christian friends, I put it to you, would not the face of society be changed; nay, would it not long since have been changed? For instance, would not feudalism have bequeathed us not only, as it has done a noble ideal, that birth and wealth have their obligations, but also incomparably purer traditions of practice and of service? Would not our laws long since have been framed and administered with far more regard to the poor and the ignorant and the weak? Above all, would not our Church, the oldest and most gracious institution of our land, have been long since, and never more than now, the darling of the whole nation, the symbol of justice and brotherly sympathies, the very bond of peace and of all morality, the recognized Tribune of the Commons, "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"?

So we say to ourselves, not in heated fancy or high-wrought sentiment, but in prayer and penitence and humble regret, as we stand by the lowly Cradle of Him Who is our faith. From there He still speaks to us, asks us why we have not made more of the past, bids us still buy up the time. Thank God, there is still time for mankind to be brotherly, to bear one another's burthens, to learn mutual duties, to stamp socialism with the sign of the Cross, to say unto the cities of England, and even to the most degraded and deluded of her citizens, as we point on

Christmas Day to their Saviour and ours lying in the Manger, "Behold your God."

For indeed, Christian friends, that is part of our message. The Babe lying in the Manger, and compassed with every human infirmity, is more than He seems. "The same was in the beginning with God." If our holy faith is indeed true and part of eternal and unchangeable fact, the lowly Brother of mankind is also One with the Mightiest. We praise Thee as God; we acknowledge Thee to be "the Lord." Yea, all the earth doth worship Thee, as the mighty God, the Father Everlasting, the Prince of Peace.

Such an One does the Church profess to find in Him who, as on this day, was found by the simple shepherds at Bethlehem, "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." So boldly, so uncompromisingly, without argument and without reserve, does she proclaim and recommend her faith. Nay, on this great day she lays her chief stress on the Divine rather than the human. We and our children may turn by instinct—shall we say by instinctive preference?—to the stable at Bethlehem, and find there, there chiefly, the object of the quest of our hearts. But not so the Church, if we may trust the teaching of her services. She looks rather to the unseen and the eternal, and to the time—so the weakness of language compels us to call it—the time when time was not yet. "Observe brethren," I quote for a moment words spoken, as on this day twenty-four years ago, by a great living preacher to

the members of the sister University,* "observe how carefully the Church reminds us in the Epistle and Gospel of to-day of the true dignity of our Blessed Saviour. As children, we may probably have wondered why it is that on Christmas Day the story of the Birth of Christ is banished to a Lesson. Indeed it is remarkable that the Gospel and Epistle, one of which, on all the other high Festivals of the Church, seems to make especial provision for the young and for the poor, by narrating the event of the day, are on this most popular and (if I may say so) most homely of Festivals, difficult and elaborate statements of abstract doctrine. . . . To-day our dull spirits *might* see nothing beyond or beneath the swaddling clothes. We might fail to detect those rays of shrouded glory which lighten the gloom and gild the sombre poverty of the Manger at Bethlehem. Therefore the Church warns us from the Epistle to the Hebrews that we are in the presence of the brightness of the Father's glory and of the express Image of His person. . . . She bids us (in the Gospel) observe with St John that it is the Eternal Word or Reason of the Father Who is made flesh and dwells among us."

The words are as weighty as they are eloquent. Yes, He Who gives His Name to Christmas Day, He in Whose Name every little child of ours is christened, He on Whom His mother and the shepherds gazed, as He lay in the Manger—they with joy at the

* Liddon's *University Sermons*, 1865. "The Lessons of the Holy Manger," p. 196.

confirmation of the message of the Angel, she keeping all these things and pondering them in her heart—of Him we dare to say, and we strive through life ever more and more deeply to believe, “The same was in the beginning with God.”

Again I repeat, I do not presume to argue for the truth of this high faith. I ask you, as you accept it, to believe it; as you believe it, to make yet fuller proof of your belief.

It is given, Christian friends, to but few of us, and to those few it may be but seldom, to keep the two great supports of their faith in due equipoise—to live out, if I may so express it, their belief both in the Son of Man and in the Son of God at the same time and with the same assurance. There are times in the lives of us all when Bethlehem obscures Calvary. Nay, Calvary itself sometimes leads us to forget “the Christ foreknown before the foundation of the world,” the “Image of the Invisible God, the First-born of all creation,” “the Beginning” at once and “the First-born from the dead.” The Brother, let us admit it, is sometimes a more welcome image than the Saviour. The Example sometimes outshines the Atonement. The Atonement sometimes overshadows at least, if it does not exclude, the eternal purpose of the Father, to “sum up all things in Christ, the things in the heavens and the things upon the earth.”

One almost dreads to quote these sacred titles and solemn legacies of Scripture, lest haply, in spite of ourselves, even when we long to be most reverent,

we take the Name of God in vain. But is not the danger that I have tried to suggest rather than to depict a real one? Among such truly Christian thoughts (I speak not of other thoughts) as have crossed our minds this Christmas Day already, or may yet cross it before night has closed on our family re-unions, how many have presented, to us, or are likely, without some special effort, to present to us, the King as well as the Infant, the Only Begotten of the Father as well as the Babe of the Virgin, the Being Who "was in the beginning with God," as well as the Brother and the Friend and the Example of man.

Let us try, before we part, to rise a little higher, to "set our affection" not only "on the things above," but on Him our Eternal Lord Himself.

I. When we look at the works of God in creation, when we observe them ourselves, when we hear and read about them, when we read the lives of the great men—so many of them sons of this University, past and present—to whom during the last two centuries and the last half century the secrets of the making of the Universe have been one by one disclosed, let us remember those parts of your Creed which are expressed by such words as these, words which have been impressed upon us once more in the Epistle and the Gospel of this Christmas Day, "through Whom also He made the worlds"; "All things were made through Him, and without Him was not anything made." The discoveries of science, the unveiling of some fresh secret of the Almighty, the addition of

one more cause for intelligent and adoring wonder, far from disturbing our faith, can truly bring but joy and gratitude to those who have been taught to see all things in Christ, and who say to their hearts, as each fresh marvel is brought to light, He knew it all along. It was part of His mind and His creative will. It was He Who allowed the long ignorance, and inspired the ardent pursuit and the final capture. He that made the eye, shall not He see? He "through Whom" the mind was created, shall not He know and have known?

Brethren in Christ, let us, as I have said, make full proof of our faith. The Babe of Bethlehem is He in Whom "dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," not only His holiness, but His creative and sustaining power. "The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made through Him, and without Him was not anything made"—no arrangement, no law, no evolution; least of all the intellect of His most gifted children.

II. Yet again, that Babe, Whose Presence in the Manger was a sign to the shepherds, is He Who a generation after was to say to unwelcoming ears, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and they shall become one flock, one Shepherd." Is this the voice of a man only; a man even at man's best, even the holiest of earth's sons? No, it is the Monarch's voice of Him Who "was from the beginning," and through Whom the Eternal Father was pleased "to make of one every

tion of men." As we listen to that voice, we hear and know that through all history—past times since man was created, our own momentous times, the long illimitable future—there runs and will run a Divine purpose. "Them also I must bring." The wildest savage that bears the human name, the bitterest hatred in Christian land against all that surnames itself by the name of Christ, the lost that have never been found, the lost that after being found have again and again been lost, the light that ignores, or mistrusts, or rebels against the One Light that lighteth every man, the blank denials of immortality, the agnostic avowals—some shallow and from a light heart, some, God knows, pathetic and reverent and almost devout—of those strangers and pilgrims on the earth who declare plainly that they seek *no* country in the dim unmapped Hereafter—of all these, if we "make full proof" of the faith of Christmas Day, the one calm Voice of the Good Shepherd is heard saying, whether men will bear or whether they will forbear, "I know My sheep, and am known of Mine; and other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring." Yes, the Christ of Creation is the Christ also of History. All things were made through Him. In Him also is life; and the life is the light of men.

III. Once more, the Babe of Bethlehem hath yet another Name. There as He lies, the neglect of a few hours would quench the frail earthly life into which He has just been born. But, if our faith be true, and if we dare to "make full proof" of

it, we know that He is "the same that was from the beginning with God," and, in virtue of that Divine unity, has said, even by the grave of a loved earthly friend, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Those words of majestic self-assertion were heard by many of His disciples. One recorded them. It was the beloved disciple, the friend "who afterwards saw in vision "One like unto a Son of Man," "One Who had, as on this day, been a Babe, watched, as He slept, by a human mother. But in what form does He now show Himself to "His servant" John," on whose bosom He once had leaned as "they sat at supper? "His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as one dead." And He laid His right hand upon me, saying, 'Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living one; and I became dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death.'

Jesus said once to Martha, "Believest thou this?" Let each man, as he listens to such words, say to his own innermost being, "Believest thou *this* also?" If we do, then our Christmas Day, our Christmas gathering, must wear to us a different face from that which it wears to others who have no such blessed hope. The Babe of Bethlehem is the Conqueror of death, and if we believe this, no Christian home is empty, no Christmas gathering in a Christian family has its circle broken. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

If each Christmas gift is to the Christian a symbol of the great world-wide gift from our Father which is in heaven; if each presence at the Christmas board of father and mother, of wife and husband, of brother and sister, of child and little grandchild, recalls to the Christian the one Cradle which makes every birth a joy and a blessing, and every family "the Church which is in Thy house" so every absence—every absence of one who is no more seen, who has departed from this brief fragment of life in the faith of Him, "Who is from the beginning," is but a symbol of that unchangeable Christian oneness over which death hath no power. On this day we re-knit, as it were, the tangled, it may seem the broken, web of life. We re-knit it not with the trembling fingers of memory or of fancy, or even of the flickering hope in a possible peradventure, but with the firm unwavering hand of faith. We can prove nothing, but we can "look unto Jesus." We can see Him at His feeblest, where perhaps He seems closest to us, "lying in the manger." But we are Christians, and to us this is a Sign of a something beyond and above and from everlasting and for ever. "The same," we believe, "was in the beginning with God." Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory—yea, Who makes us conquerors even over death—through our Lord Jesus Christ.

III.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

HEBREWS. XII. 2.

Looking unto Jesus.

LOOKING away from all else, and looking intently upon Him, looking upon Him not as Pilate looked when he said, "Behold the Man," or even as the mournful women looked when they "stood afar off beholding these things"; but looking at Him with the eye of Christian faith, looking at His mind, looking at His work, looking at His example, looking at Himself, on this the Day of His glorious humiliation, when "for the joy that was set before Him He endured the Cross, despising the shame."

It has been often said that the eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing. The sight of the star is one thing to the child, another to the mariner, and another to the astronomer. What is the sight of Jesus, of Jesus on the Cross, to such as ourselves? What has it been to us in the past? What is it now, to-day? What will it be to-morrow,

when one more Good Friday has passed by, and sin and struggle and the cares of this world are with us still and return to the assault? Does not the very question prompt us to put up the prayer, "Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of Thy Cross and of Thy Love"?

I. What then do we see as we gaze upon that sight? One thing is not hard to see—the veriest passer-by can see it—innocence borne down by injustice. "Certainly this was a righteous man." So much even the honest Roman officer could see. It was not an execution, it was at least a martyrdom. The Man Who hung there, and who had just cried, "It is finished," had "done nothing amiss." He died because He was too good to live. It was one of those moments, known but too well to the heart as well as known to history, when evil seems good and good evil; when the power of darkness is so darkening and so disfiguring that in goodness itself we "see no beauty that we should desire" it; when bigotry, jealousy, pride, envy, hatred, cruelty, cowardice, all combine to rouse into madness those mob-passions which are always waiting for the hour and the man, and when that terrible act of the Roman governor becomes a present and living parable, "He released unto them him that for sedition and murder was cast into prison, whom they had desired; but he delivered Jesus to their will."

Oh, if these mob-passions ever rise within ourselves, if, touching any living man or woman or struggling cause, we are tempted to join the crowd in their fierce

indiscriminate outcry, "Crucify, crucify! Not this Man, but Barabbas," let us "look unto Jesus." Let us remember, this was the cry which, as on this Day, fell upon His ears before, for a little time, they were closed in death. This was part of that "shame and spitting" to which the Holiest was exposed. It was part of that "shame" which He could "despise," while He kept His love to those who shamed Him.

II. But our eye brings with it the power of seeing but little if it sees no more than this. "Certainly this was a righteous Man" was a saying humane and pathetic on the lips of a Roman soldier, but it is poor indeed, if it be all, from lips that call themselves Christian.

"Looking unto Jesus." As we gaze on that sight still more fixedly, we say to ourselves, He Who hangs there to-day is the same that said to His servants only the night before, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." A few hours, or even less, pass after He has thus cheered them, and the same Master is overheard saying, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." And yet a few more hours, and the same Master, this time hanging in torture on the Cross, is heard to cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

It is the same Man who says all these things. Can we take Him at His word in all? As we "look unto Jesus" to-day, I will not say in His shame but in His desolation, can we see in Him the Conqueror of the World as well as the Man of Sorrows. Does our eye take in this fresh content of this great sight, the

victory of good through suffering, the corn of wheat only then quickened when it has died?

"Consider Him" for a moment even here. The writer of the Epistle of the Hebrews says to men who were sorely tempted to be despondent and even apostate, "Consider," reckon up, "Him Who endured such contradiction of sinners." So he was *their* Saviour." Let us too, with our troubles, only in part the same as theirs, be bold to say, "Consider Him" Who so counterbalanced death with victory, clearly foreseen agony with clearly foreseen triumph, the "power of darkness" with the "power from on high." You cannot say that He accurately gauged the one and wholly miscalculated the other. No! neither the one nor the other surprised Him. He saw, met, and measured both and all.

Is not this, then, a second truth of life that flashes upon our sight from the very darkness of the Cross, the victory of good over evil through suffering? I speak to those who are in earnest, and wish to see the facts of life as they are. Who is not at times depressed and discouraged by the frightful power of evil in the world—I do not say in our own hearts, *that* we may come to presently—but in the world at large, the "corruption that is in the world through lust," to use St Peter's unsparing words? Not only was it so before the earthly day of Christ, in the strange old highly-gifted heathen world, poisoning its richest genius and emasculating its manliest vigour, but it has been so ever since. Nay, there seems some reason to fear that ages called Christian have created

or at least evolved some new species of foulness, that St Paul's terrible words are even now no libel on human nature, that men are, now as then, "inventors of evil things."

This, I venture to think, is the one fiery dart of disbelief that, more than any other, pierces the joints of our harness, whenever our spirits are moved to cry, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" If Thou hast indeed overcome the world, why this fearful insurging flood of pollution? Why dost Thou not take unto Thee Thy great power and reign—reign till Thou hast put all enemies under Thy feet?

We cannot wholly answer this misgiving. If we could, we should no longer win our souls in our patience, or learn our obedience through the things which we suffer. But, if we "look unto Jesus," and "consider," or reckon up, Him Who so fought with evil, even unto death, we may learn to win Christian triumphs if not to solve Christian mysteries.

How did *He* confront evil? He did not shun or evade it. He did not try to get out of its way, and live out the peaceful life of the recluse, the student, the ascetic. Nor, again, did He rage against it violently as an outrage on the dignity of man. Nor, on the other hand, did He palliate it and soften it down, as though it were some inalienable heritage of God's well-meaning but too feeble children. No! He met evil, He laid it bare, He tracked it to its root, and then He died for it. Then, at that dark hour, He seemed to be crushed by its superior might. Yet who,

in his heart of hearts, thinks of Good Friday as one of the days over which wickedness rejoices? No! the instincts even of evil tell it that the Cross is the symbol not of its triumph, but of its failure. There are indeed some days in history, there are some characters, to which we can imagine the handed powers of evil pointing with exultation, and saying in scorn, There we made converts. On that day, in that hour, by that cunning and successful lure, there were added to our Church thousands of doomed souls. But we cannot imagine them, even at the height of audacious effronteries, speaking thus of Good Friday.

No! the conquest there was won not by Sin but by Love. All hearts feel that truth, the worst as well as the best. And just in proportion as we "look unto Jesus" when the strength of sin makes cowards of us, and we say to ourselves with impatience, How long, O Lord, how long?, in that proportion we shall come to see that evil can be conquered in no other way. In some true sense, true for each man's life, we must suffer for it and die for it. To denounce it, laugh at it, analyse it—this goes but a little way. It is, the work of the satirist or the cynic or the *dilettante*.

The men and women who, as they pass through life, can say in any measure, "I have overcome the world," are the souls who have followed Christ and caught His own secret. They have said little about evil, but they have seen it, met it, touched it, made it even as their own, "yet without sin" They have

borne for its sake shame and calumny, and even death, and all because they "looked unto Jesus."

III. But those who have seen thus much in the sight of Jesus on the Cross have seen more. They will be the first to tell us that, when thinking most of the evil in the world, they have seen most of their own. We stand beneath the Cross to-day—is it not so, Christian friends and brothers?—not as spectators of a sight, or critics of a plan, or even analysers of a doctrine, but as believers in a Saviour.

O sinner, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning;
Rethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning:
Upon the Crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

Yes, that ancient hymn conveys, in the language of the heart, an ever true and ever vital theology. Strange that we must become sinners before we can understand the Cross. Yet so it is. He Who hangs there is one thing to one seer, another to another. Pilate could say, "Behold the Man." It is the conscience of sinners which echoes and confirms the word of the Baptist, "Behold, the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world." This, too, is part of the sight which the eye of the Christian on Good Friday "brings with it the power of seeing." It "looks unto Jesus," and it sees in Him the Atoner for sin.

Christian friends, I am not to-day preaching to you a sermon on the Atonement: I am bidding

you, I am bidding myself, "look unto Jesus." As to the doctrine, it is true, it is vital, it is mighty to save; it plays a greater part than probably any other in the discipline and the purification of human souls. If we might dare to say of any doctrine what can only be said without danger of God Himself, the Author and Interpreter of the doctrine, it bringeth many souls unto glory.

But when for a moment it leaves the cons and passes before the intellect, it is full of difficulty. There are few indeed who, so to speak, can "think it out." In each generation there is hardly one gifted thinker who can, as it were, bear the intellectual burthen of his contemporaries, and help them to put into a form, which their whole mind and conscience can approve, the mode in which God accepts them and forgives them through the atoning Blood of Christ. Hardly any one here, I dare to say it, could so write down his own faith in the doctrine of the Atonement that his friend would be unable to detect some flaw in the statement; nay, he would detect it himself almost before the ink was dry.

You can hardly read any thoughtful sermon or essay on the subject without finding a mist pass over you, a mist which makes it harder to see the Cross of the Gospels and of the heart, and still to "look unto Jesus." Some infirmity of thought or logic or fancy or experience interposes—it may be that of the writer, or it may well be your own—and the Cross, if you still look up, shows a Figure Holy,

indeed, and august, however darkened by controversy, but no longer your Saviour, your own Saviour from your own sins.

But, thank God—if we may dare so to apply St Paul's earnest words about the law—what sermon and essay could not do, in that they were weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh. What sermon and essay cannot do, *that* the sight of Jesus on the Cross can and does do. It reveals the heart to itself, and at the same moment, the very moment of utter humiliation, lifts it to the Rock that is higher than itself. It assures it of God's love and power to cleanse. It restores the soul, and leads it in the paths of righteousness. It proves to it, in the teeth of experience, that there are breaks in the chain of slavery; that man is not only the outcome of his own past, not only what he has brought himself to be; that the tyranny of habit is, after all, not without appeal; that the life of the soul has fresh starts and fresh goals.

Tantus labor non potest esse cassus. All that love and pity and righteousness cannot be in vain. They must have power with God and prevail. He made Him sin for us Who knew no sin, that we might become the righteousness of God in Him. He, the Holy One, *made sin*, that we, the guilty *may become* righteousness. One extreme is set over against the other. Each is in human language impossible, in divine fact the truth. We cannot explain the words. We cannot construct from them a

theory in which even our own poor powers fail to a hundred defects. But we can see and feel that, we "look unto Jesus," our sins fall from off our back, and, like the Pilgrim in the story, we start afresh without a burthen, looking a pardoning Father in the face like sons and daughters who have been much forgiven; and whether it be a profound theology or simple Christian instinct, we hardly know, but we are sure that the prayer is for us true, and the very voice of all that is truest in us—

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

There is nothing fanciful in such teaching. Not a day passes but accumulates proof. It is not theory, it is experience, which tells us that there is nothing like the sight of Jesus on the Cross to bring home to us the vileness of our sins. Many things, indeed, help to make us ashamed of them. They enfeeble us. They tie our tongues when we would speak. They rob us of the freshness of hope and daring. They paralyse our influence and stifle our sympathy, and doubtless these sins are brought home to us, as we have said, by more ways than one. Sometimes a character cunningly drawn in drama or in fiction reveals to us the road which we and our faults are surely taking; and as we see the ruinous deterioration, the going visibly from bad to worse, of someone who undeniably began well, a voice says to us, Thou art the man. The Spirit of God has truly spoken to us by the mouth of this earthly prophet.

But, as I said, all experience proves that the place where the soul of man is most laid bare, the place where sinners strip themselves even of their virtues, and see their sins in their true foulness, is the foot of the Cross of Jesus. Not when they are criticising themselves or others, not when they are looking, however eagerly, at their own or others' foibles and infirmities, but when they are "looking unto Jesus" and His sufferings—there is the place, then is the time, at which the true blackness of sin is made clear to our souls. We take all that we can understand of Him not separately but in one—His love, His sinlessness, His power, His waiving of power, His unaccountable Agony, His willingness and yet unwillingness to die, and we cannot resist the inspiration that our sin is part of that mass of sinfulness which brought Him there, and constitutes, in the words of the Prophet, the very "travail of His soul." This is why Good Friday speaks as no other day quite speaks to all unspoiled hearts. It lifts them out of their false selves, and restores them to their true selves. It leaves them "looking unto Jesus," till something of His likeness passes into their hearts.

Part of that likeness is His perfect self-surrender. Part also is His joy. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, whoever he may have been, entered with almost unique and startling sympathy into the heart of the Son of Man. It is he who speaks of Him as "in all things tempted like as we are, yet without sin," as the "High Priest, holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners"; as the Son Who

“learned His obedience through His sufferings”; as the Sufferer Who “in the days of His flesh offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him out of death.”

This writer, who has dared to follow Him so closely in His sufferings, dares to follow him also in His joys. He sees Him in the “travail of His soul”; He sees Him also when, after that holy travail, nay, even in the midst of it, His soul is “satisfied.”

• Let us devote a few remaining moments, even on this day, even at this hour, to this crowning thought of our text, “looking unto Jesus,” “Who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the Cross, despising the shame.” Even then we must believe that this Divine joy was granted Him, and that it found a place of its own in that all-containing word, “It is finished.” He knew wholly what we only know in part, nay, what we feebly guess at, the blessed work which He had wrought. He had fought with evil, and conquered it. He had shed an undying majesty over every brave struggle, every pure self surrender, every uncalculating venture of faith, every simple ministry of brotherly love. He had set up once for all, never to be plucked down, never even to be questioned, a standard of what is highest in the sight of God, the daily sacrifice of the human will till it becomes one with the will of the Father. He knew that from this height He must for all time draw to Himself every best thought and impulse of His brethren. He knew, that in the end this new healing

power must put away sin, and leave man, the child so long sought after, at peace with the Father, Who had sought him and found him.

This joy was "set before Him." It was part of His endowment while on earth, a joy which nothing, not the hour of Gethsemane, not the lingering hours on the Cross, could take from Him. It is of such a joy as this that He said to His closest disciples just before the Agony, "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you and that your joy might be full." It is a joy which the Crucified Redeemer does not grudge to His servants. It is the joy of all the purest souls, those who in His strength, and for His dear sake, have fought the better fight and counted not their lives dear unto themselves. They, too, before their deaths, and how much more after, have seen something of the travail of their souls in the sure and certain hope that what they did or suffered for others was done or suffered for Him.

Here, too, the sight of Jesus makes this holy Day a day of victory and of prophecy. "Looking unto Jesus" in His sufferings, "looking unto Jesus" in His joy, so may we learn to be indeed baptized into His death,

And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown.

Good Friday, April 4th, 1890.

IV.

THE APOSTLE THOMAS.

ST JOHN XX. 29.

Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

THIS is not part of an argument for Christ's Resurrection. It is part of one of the stories of the Risen Lord. It is thus that the Gospels bring before us the event which we feel to be the central event of all time. They barely prepare us for it, only by a scattered utterance here and there, which at the time that it was spoken was misunderstood or disbelieved. Neither, when the event comes, do they argue about it, beyond saying that it was predicted in the Scriptures.

Nor, yet again, do they teach us directly what lessons we may draw from it, either for ourselves or for our race.

They say nothing of the Christian's spiritual rising with Christ; nothing, again, of the truth that His

opened grave means an opened grave for all His servants. It is not in the record of the Resurrection in the Gospels that we find the blessed assurance, which has brought light and warmth to many desolate homes, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." No, the Gospels in their account of the Resurrection give us facts of history, and leave it to Christ's servants, illumined by His Spirit, to draw from them in each age his guidance, his warnings, and his comfort.

One of these stories, not the least precious, is the story of St Thomas. It is a story which covers the first Easter week. It begins with the evening of this great Day, and it casts, as it were, a holy shadow over the week that follows. It is the story, on the one hand, of a faithful human heart, tried by no common agony, and, on the other, of the action, we dare to call it the characteristic and also the typical action, of a Heavenly Friend, knowing all, watching all, and bearing all His servant's burthen on His own loving heart.

What do we know of the Apostle Thomas? But little, yet that little explains much.

We hear of him twice before. First, he was present when the news came of the death of Lazarus. Jesus spoke of returning at once to Judæa. "His disciples say unto Him, Master, the Jews of late sought to stone Thee, and goest Thou thither again? Then said Thomas unto his fellow-disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with Him."

This is our first glimpse of the man whose name has become a symbol of doubting. What do we see in that glimpse? Hardly coldness, or timorousness, or incapacity to make up his mind. Rather—is it not?—a chivalrous soldier of a beloved Master, ready to go anywhere for Him, and die by His side.

Let us look on for a few days. The raising of Lazarus has been seen, and, we must believe, duly pondered. At last comes the sacred Supper, with the high converse that follows it. Never had the Master seemed quite so close to His disciples. Never had they been so truly His “friends,” privileged to hear from His lips the things that He had heard of His Father. But among these latest and fullest utterances were some hard sayings. He was to leave them, not indeed utterly and forever, but still for a while. They would see no more the Face which for the last three years had been to them everything. And then He seemed to take for granted that they knew His purpose. “I go,” He said, “to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go, ye know the way.” At this point He was interrupted. Thomas saith unto Him, “Lord, we know not whither Thou goest. How know we the way?”

A second glimpse here into an inner life. This man, who was ready to go with his Master to death, cannot bear to be told of His going away to some mysterious region which he knows not. Neither can he bear to be credited with a knowledge of what he

feels he does not know. He must, at any cost, keep true to fact. He will dare to contradict his beloved Master to the face, knowing that his daring will provoke no reproof. Jesus, we may be sure, never resents boldness which strives, even through the darkness, to draw closer to His presence. What was His answer now? "Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

This then is the man—not surely a mere name or shadow, but a living man with a heart and a mind—who is to come before us once again, his memory for ever linked with the first Easter Day. But how linked with it? By a strange absence, and the results of that absence. It was the evening of that day. The disciples were gathered together, not in joy but in fear. They were assembled with closed doors. The "fear of the Jews" still haunted them. Suddenly "Jesus stood in their midst, and said unto them, Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He showed unto them His hands and His side."

For some reason, which it is idle to conjecture, "Thomas was not with them. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

Why was he thus doubtful? The question sounds cold and pointless. What we have heard of him before makes it certain that it was not want of

interest or want of love. The truth, so passionately yearned for, was too good to be true. He Who had so lately bidden Lazarus to come forth; He Who had said to Thomas himself, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life"; and again, "I go to prepare a place for you, but I will come again and receive you unto Myself," this Friend and Master *must* come again.

But *had* He indeed come, come already, come, as they told him, with peace and blessing and a Divine commission on His lips? He could not believe it, not without the proof which had been granted to them. To them the Lord had shown His pierced hands and His wounded side. O if the same pledge of certainty could be granted to himself!

And then a week follows of which we know nothing.

It is a blank on which a reverent imagination may dare to fasten. We might have been thankful if the same powerful and devout hand which drew for us the picture of a "Death in the Desert" could have drawn this also, the agony of suspense in such a heart and such a mind as that of the Apostle who had so lately said, "Let us also go that we may die with Him." Two things I think we may say with certainty. That week was a week of strong crying and prayer, as when Jacob wrestled with God and became Israel. Again, such a man in such a brotherhood would not have suffered quite alone.

Who that has ever pondered on the character of the Disciple whom Jesus loved, and noted the fact that he and he alone records all these details in the

life of his brother Apostle Thomas, can doubt that these agonizing hours were cheered by the prayers and the sympathy of at least one earthly friend?

At last the suspense ended. Again the first day of the week returned. Again the disciples were together, this time Thomas with them. Again the same Master stood among them, with the old message of Peace. We can imagine, with reverent awe, with what eyes *one* of those present gazed upon Him, "looking unto Jesus," even as *he* had never looked before. "Then saith He to Thomas, 'Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands; and reach hither thy hand, and put it into My side, and become not faithless, but believing.'"

Thus, then, the evidence that a week before *was* granted to the others, the evidence that he was certain he needed for himself, was now offered him. There it stood within his grasp. Which of us believes that he grasped it? No, surely no. If *before* his words had done his heart some wrong, *now* his heart was better than those words. In the full tide of a satisfied faith, he saw, we may believe, even more than they all. "Thomas answered and said unto Him, My Lord and my God."

Christian friends, how can we gather up some of the fragments of this sacred, most sacred story?

I. First, it is evidence of a historic fact. Who does not feel as he reads and gazes and, if I may so put it, almost hears the beating of a noble human heart—who does not feel that he is breathing the very atmosphere of truth? I pass by the question

of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, though I firmly believe the author to have been John, the son of Zebedee. But in any case, I say, and I put it to the judgment of all who hear me, what we have here is not dramatic truth, it is literal truth. We have here not what a great poet imagined a disciple of the Lord to have said and done, but what some eye-witness saw Him say and do. Criticism has at once its glory and its limits. Rely upon it, its last word will never be that the doubt of Thomas is a grand and pathetic creation of some profound genius in after times. No, the details, the colouring, the truth of character, the majestic simplicity, assure us that we are standing face to face with a man and his Friend. We are hearing the words that the one spoke and the other heard. We are entering into the secret chambers of their hearts. The story of Thomas standing before his Risen Lord, his doubt a dream of the past, his adoring faith a possession for evermore, is, I repeat, evidence, to many conclusive evidence, of the fact of Christ's literal Resurrection in the Body.

II. But this is not all. The suspense of St Thomas may help us to measure our own need of a Risen Christ. I do not ask, in the cold language of controversy, What would Christianity lose if the fact of Christ's Resurrection could be disproved? I ask each man and each woman here, I ask myself, What would *you* lose if you could no longer "look unto Jesus" as a Risen Friend and Master? What difference would it make, I will not say, to your happiness—let us grant that the happiness which a truth, if

true, must inspire, does not therefore make it true—but I ask what difference would it make to your life, your character, your aims, your hopes, your judgment of the things of this world, your looking forward to a rest or a work beyond?.. Christian friends, however flawless our creed, however unassailable by the most searching criticism, and it cannot be too searching, we have not made it ours till we have, so to speak, turned it into spiritual food, and asked ourselves whether to be robbed of it would indeed mean the dwindling and starvation of our souls.

Forty years ago a Poet of genius,* a man to whom this story of St Thomas must, I think, have been almost as dear as it was to his great master, Dr. Arnold, conceives of a sudden awakening to the new and authentic tidings, "Christ is *not* risen." He speaks in lofty but kindly pity to the sad dupes of the now discredited faith; to the poor women who wept beside His tomb; to the Daughters of Jerusalem who wept as they saw Him pass to His Cross; to the simple men of Galilee who had stood gazing up into heaven as they fancied He ascended, and are now bidden to return to their boats and their nets; to humble and holy men of heart in ages yet to be who have surrendered their souls to a gracious-seeming lie:

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved:
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
And most beliefless, that had most believed.

* Arthur Hugh Clough.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
As of the unjust, also of the just—
Yea of that Just One too!
It is the one sad Gospel that is true,
Christ is *not* risen!

This vision of the Poet, awful as it is to a serious Christian, may set us all thinking to some purpose on this great Day of hope and trust. It may lead us to commune with our hearts in our chamber, and be still. Let us probe our hearts, even if it pain us, with the question, What is the difference to me and to my friends or my children whether the Creed of Christendom is true or baseless; whether the morning greeting of Easter Day is, as throughout the vast Russian Empire, "Christ is Risen," or "Christ is not risen"; whether Jesus is or is not the Christ; whether the death on the Cross was the unjust execution of a good man or the sacrifice of the Incarnate God; whether the cry "It is finished" was His last, as it was certainly His dying word; whether, if He now speaks to us, He speaks, like any other of the departed, by His example and by His genius, or, with a claim which would be blasphemy if it were put forward by any other, speaks as a living King to the world, to the Church, and to each believing soul, "I am He that liveth, and I became dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore."

Yes, my friends, the doubt of St Thomas, the suspense of St Thomas, the unspeakable relief of St Thomas, make their appeal, in Christ's Name, to every Christian heart. They become His accredited ambassadors. They say to each Christian, Can you

live without Me? Am I necessary to your peace and your life? #

. III. There is another "fragment" to be gathered up from our story which must be to all pathetic, to some infinitely precious. Observe how Christ deals, I will not say with doubt, but with some doubters. Doubt is a stream with many sources. There is the doubt of indifference, the doubt of ignorance, the doubt of flippancy, the doubt of pride and pretentiousness. With these we are not now concerned. There is also the doubt of deep earnestness, of jealous affection, of intense agonizing love of truth. Whether it be common, or whether it be rare, God knows. It is not *every* doubting spirit which can dare to say, without an affectation which would be shocking, "Lord, we know not whither Thou goest"; or again, "Except I see the print of the nails, I will not believe."

But St Thomas, if we have read his character rightly, was one of those lovers of truth, and of Christ the Truth, who doubt only to believe; to whom doubt is indeed terrible, but still less terrible than any tampering with truth. It is of such doubters, not of smaller spirits, that our great Christian Poet* must have been thinking when he wrote forty years ago,

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

How did Christ deal with doubt of this kind, Christ Who knows what is in man, to Whom all hearts are

* Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

open, all desires known? He did not in a moment brush the doubt away. He did not reveal Himself personally, separately, on Easter Day, or in the six days following, to Thomas, as He did to Mary and to Peter. He left him in his pain, not because He loved him not, but because He loved him too truly to deprive him of a discipline which was bracing his soul and laying deep the foundations of his faith for all time to come. Yes, times of storm and of wreck are also times of testing. During that week of terrible suspense the Church of God was being built in the heart of St Thomas, never hereafter to be shaken..

But the time came when the discipline had done its work. Then, as of old to the shaken soul of the Prophet, at the entrance of the cave, in the still small voice "onward came the Lord," so now to the troubled Apostle, after the silent entry into the room, the doors being shut, and after the calm "Peace be unto you," Jesus was pleased to grant all that he had asked: Reach hither, and behold; reach hither, and put thy hand into My side, and from henceforth become not an unbelieving man, but believing.

What knowledge of the heart is here, what discipline, what tenderness, what sympathy! If all "honest doubt" were met in this Christ-like spirit, and, what is more, knew that it could reckon on being treated in this spirit, would there not be added to the Church almost daily many thousands of the most gifted and the most beloved souls?

IV. There remain many more "fragments" to be gathered. We can but just touch one. Jesus had sympathy for His once-doubting servant. He gave him relief, He gave him certainty, He gave him Himself as his Lord and his God. He gave him also a message—shall we say of comfort or of warning?—to be passed on through him to all time: "Thomas, because thou hast seen Me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Does any one say in his heart, whenever he hears these touching words, "Hast Thou but one blessing, O my Father?" Does any one doubt that St Thomas too, he who believed after he had seen, received a blessing from the God of all comfort? Ah, no! He Who made all souls has a blessing for each. One star differeth from another star in glory. And one soul differeth from another soul in its power of casting itself with perfect trust upon its Lord and its God.

And yet we do well to note a distinction which the Master Himself so tenderly drew. There are those who have believed because they have seen. There are those who saw not, and yet, or shall we say and *therefore*, believed. There are those with whom the intellect, and even the senses, must play an active part before they can feel sure that the Jesus of the Gospels is the Christ of the Church and the Lord of the human race. They crave proofs. They question history, language, ethnology; they compare the creeds of many races; they weigh con-

ficting criticism; they store up the "Gesta Christi," the achievements in past ages of the Founder of the Church, and ask themselves, almost at each fresh turn in the road of His onward march, Is all this *man's* work? Does human nature, taken by itself, possess any such potency as to account for all these facts, all these fresh ideals, all these moral reforms, all this newness of human type, all this devoted love to a vanished Leader, all these victories of faith, all these saintly and heroic lives, all these expectant yet most unselfish deaths? Is this *man's* work only? Or does it satisfy us that we have here the working, however imperfectly unveiled, of Him Who once said, "I am, with you alway, even unto the end of the world"?

There are others so made that they need not such processes of investigation and of reasoning. Theirs, if I may so express it, is an intuition without previous sight. They have been born in Christ's Church. From earliest childhood, they have been taught to hear His words and to adore His goodness. Christian examples have been daily before them. They have revered from the first those holy men and women, those All Saints "of whom the world was not worthy," whose life has been one long sacrifice to a Saviour. Such a sacrifice has seemed to them nothing strange or out of the common, but simply what was to be expected from baptized soldiers of a Risen Lord. "Therefore are they before the throne of God," even while on earth, "and serve Him day and night in His temple"—the temple of a devotion

without break, or strain, or crisis, listening for His Voice, and certain that they hear it; powerless even to conceive the wild and ghastly dream of an Easter Day on which "Christ is *not* risen."

Blessed surely—even *we* can see it, and how much more their Master, Who has stamped His image so plainly upon them—blessed are such faithful souls! "Blessed are they that saw not and yet believed."

Easter Day, April 6th, 1890.

V.

THE CONSECRATION OF LIFE.

ST MATTHEW II. 11.

And when they were come into the house, they saw the young Child with Mary, His mother, and fell down, and worshipped Him. And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

I SHALL not enter into the preliminary questions which beset this well-known story, as to who the Wise Men were, and how later legend developed them into "the Three Kings" whose bones have been believed to be enshrined in the Cathedral of Cologne; or again, as to the nature of the Star by which they were led; or yet again, the symbolic meaning of the three gifts which they presented to the Infant King of the Jews. These questions, in whatever degree important, can scarcely be called spiritual questions, and it is with spiritual questions that I would to-day endeavour to engage your attention.

I am speaking to young men, the members of a great University, at the beginning of a new term, and

the thought which I would submit to them is just this, the consecration of powers, mental and bodily, to Jesus Christ. Whatever more there may be, and there is much more, in the visit of the Wise Men to the Manger-cradle at Bethlehem—the first historic contact between the Gentile world and Him in Whom there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision—there is at least this lesson of consecration. These wise men prostrated themselves before that little Child. They did not keep their wisdom to themselves. Of themselves they thought nothing. They had found an Object more precious than themselves on which to lavish their treasures. They had no greater joy than in emptying themselves of their treasures, and bestowing them in humblest adoration upon Him.

My friends, you will feel that this is a grand subject. We shall do no manner of justice to it. We shall leave out much that is most stirring to many here. What we say, we shall say most imperfectly. And yet we dare to hope that the word spoken on this day of beginnings may not be wholly void, but that it may be privileged with some to lay, with others to renew and deepen, the foundation of the noblest temple that man can build on earth, a life consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I need scarcely remind you that the subject which we have chosen was in times past the delight of great Artists. It expressed one of their deepest convictions at a time when Art expressed truly the deepest spiritual convictions of the age. The "Adoration of

the Magi" sounds cold and formal as a mere Art designation in the catalogue of a National Gallery, but think of it as what it was with the earliest painters, before they began to lose their love of their subject in love of themselves and their technical skill—think of it as a recognition, or rather an overwhelmingly strong feeling of the truth that intellect and power are only worthily used when they are consecrated to God in Christ—and then we shall see what true preachers the great religious Artists were in their day. Not that they were necessarily conscious of the fact that they were thus preaching, or felt that, as artists, they had any call to preach, but that being full of their theme, and, as we may truly say, inspired by it, they could not but so be painters as to be also preachers of righteousness.

But now what do we mean by this thought of consecration to Christ? We would neither exaggerate the truth nor yet fritter it away. We will not go so far as to say that it means, in every case a consciousness of a call to be a reformer, or a teacher, or a protester, or, to the visible eye, separate from the world; but we will say, for nothing less would be true, that it means a haunting consciousness that nothing which we possess is our own, but that all our possessions, whether outward or inward, are at once the property and the gift of Another, and must be given back to Him.

Let us test this assertion by our own experience in this great home of intellect and youth. A young man comes up for the first time to the University.

To the compiler of statistics or the striker of averages his coming has no significance, as little as the birth of a child, whose name is entered by the parish registrar, or as the coming of a new boy to a Public School. But just as to every Christian mother the birth of a little child is a fresh and living revelation of the love and the high purposes of God, and just as Arnold, with his warm and manly heart, could say some fifty years ago at Rugby, "It is a most touching thing to me to receive a new fellow from his father, when I think what an influence there is in this place for evil as well as for good. If ever I could receive a new boy from his father without emotion, I should think it was high time to be off"—so to any man of feeling and insight, who can look a little below the surface, the coming of a young man to a great University is not a soulless thing, not the mere addition of a name to a calendar, but rather an event full of "promise and potency," a very *vita nuova* in "all that makes a man," a new life it may well be to the man himself, a source of hope and strength to the University and the nation.

To such a man at such a time there comes, in new and of course ever-varying forms, the old choice of the Greek mythical Hero, the choice between Virtue and Pleasure, the choice, as one might now prefer to put it, between good and evil, between duty and frivolity, between energy and lounging, between use and waste, between purpose and aimlessness, between self-sacrifice and self-indulgence, between, in a word, consecration to Christ and subjugation by some other

This choice, I say, were, stands before him, not indeed visible, at a prescribed moment when he is duly prepared for it, and has summoned to the conflict all the scattered forces of his mind and will. It comes without announcement. It comes, as we have said, in various forms, in the form of previous habits, in the form of either past or new companionships, in the form of tradition or custom or etiquette or simple example, in the form of either past distinction or past insignificance, either of which is potent to mould character and speed it on its new departure. It comes in one or other of such forms, and often its coming is most real when it is not believed to have come at all; and it says to the young man, Do you mean to be as one of the many or as one for whom Christ has a work? Do you come here as one whose ears are open to such invitations as these?—Take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry: or, again, the equally Pagan invitation, Rise to the top, and rule, and make thy will the will of millions, and thy name their glory:—or rather, to that other invitation, so strangely and startlingly different, “Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart,” or the same universal principle converted now into social action, “I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you?”

Let us think, my friends, of just a few of the ways in which this call for a choice is practically answered.

I. There is the answer, which is no answer, the answer of silent indifference. A young man comes

here, and never dreams, cannot be brought to get so far as even to dream, of the importance of this part of his career. He lives as if he had no gifts, no treasures. He simply wastes them; not necessarily, like the Prodigal, "in riotous living"—we are not thinking now of such sad cases—but, as one ironical phrase puts it, by just "doing nothing," or, as another still more audaciously ironical, and suggesting still more food for thought and wonderment, simply "killing time." Killing time! Killing your best friend, whose days are already "numbered." Killing one who is summoning you, before he leaves you, not to happiness only but to heroism and even saintliness! With this form of no-consecration we cannot argue. We can but appeal to whatever of conscience or of nobleness may yet be alive, "If thou hadst known, even thou at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace!" "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

.II. Another form of what I call no-consecration is simple self-culture. No one will dream of identifying this with the waste, the aimlessness, the time-killing of which we have just spoken. Let us think for a moment what it is before we go on to think what it is not. It recognizes that we are endowed with a complex nature, every part of which is capable of being developed. We have powers of mind which can bring us into conscious contact with every form of greatness and beauty. And this development, this contact, are in themselves enjoyment of an

exalted kind. They lift us, at least for the time, above pettiness and baseness. They indefinitely multiply our means of sympathizing with others and of wisely doing them good. All that has been searching in thought, sublime in imagination, keen in insight, generous in feeling, powerful and beneficent in action—all this vast intellectual world, of which, as of one yet higher the common "world is not worthy"—all this world opens its treasures before us, "without money and without price." Self-culture varies of course indefinitely, both in extent and value, according to the powers with which each self has been originally endowed. But self-culture, even on a humble scale, will never disappoint. It satisfies largely both the sense of duty and the sense of delight. It gives us at once the object of our search and the self-approval which comes from having sought it. It invests us with the humbling and yet ennobling privilege, which can never be wholly forfeited, of having held converse with the wisest and the best.

All this we readily concede, nay, we joyfully proclaim and insist. But this is short of consecration, and the Christian conscience tells us that it is far inferior to it. Consecration implies not only self-culture but self-surrender, and more than this, the joy of self-surrender. There may be consecration to a great cause, like Justice or Freedom. There may be consecration to an idea, which we almost personify and even deify, like Truth or Beauty. But it is to a Person—to some one greater, better, purer than our-

selves—that consecration is at once most passionately and most perseveringly rendered. And never does consecration of self take a nobler form than when a young man prostrates himself before the feet of his Saviour, and offers to Him, in their prime, the fulness of all His powers. Happy they who, by the grace of God, return this answer and no other when the choice comes to them here, Will you be of the world, or will you, like your Master, be not of the world?

I picture to myself many a young man, whose life here has been at present but short, receiving for the first time the conviction that he lives not for himself. It may come to him in many ways—from reading the life of a hero; from the word, written or spoken, of a friend; from the sight of some great shame or sorrow, personal, social, or national; from prayer of more than usual earnestness to God; from some passage of Scripture hitherto well-known but little noticed, like the famous “What shall it profit?” which determined the life of Francis Xavier, like the famous “Not in rioting and drunkenness,” which determined the life of the great Augustine. In some one of these ways, or some others, comes home to the young man’s soul the momentous conviction, Not for myself is life given me, not for myself; *I serve.*

And then, hard upon this conviction, follows the thought how one after another of the choicest and best-loved spirits of our race has been laid hold of by the same sacred conviction, and has found a new

life in the assurance that the eye and the hand of Christ were indeed upon him.

And then Christ Himself is pleased to make His Presence more real and His will more visible in the sight of His young servant. He haunts him. He accompanies him. He is about his path and about his bed. He fills him at once with a sense of power and of weakness, but at the same time, as the cause of the power and the more than compensation for the weakness, with an eager desire to be His own—His own at any cost, His own on any or no conditions.

And then, for there is an order in these processes of the soul, though it may not be the same for all, there arises a necessity to give something, to make some offering, to Him Who has thus given us this longing for Himself. And so we take measure of our powers, and we see how poor they are, and yet how various, and how much needed—with one depth of thought, with another lofty imagination, with another playful wit, with another eloquence, with another refined taste, with another it may be but few intellectual gifts, but honesty of purpose, and directness of aim, and a warm heart, and the spell of attracting friends. But whatever the gift, and often the man knows not what his chief gift is, the desire has become paramount and absorbing to place it in Christ's hands for Christ's purposes. We cannot bear the thought that, whatever its worth, great or little, it should pass out of sight without being owned by Him, without having done some-

selves—that consecration is at once most passionately and most perseveringly rendered. And never does consecration of self take a nobler form than when a young man prostrates himself before the feet of his Saviour, and offers to Him, in their prime, the fulness of all His powers. Happy they who, by the grace of God, return this answer and no other when the choice comes to them here, Will you be of the world, or will you, like your Master, be not of the world?

I picture to myself many a young man, whose life here has been at present but short, receiving for the first time the conviction that he lives not for himself. It may come to him in many ways—from reading the life of a hero; from the word, written or spoken, of a friend; from the sight of some great shame or sorrow, personal, social, or national; from prayer of more than usual earnestness to God; from some passage of Scripture hitherto well-known but little noticed, like the famous “What shall it profit?” which determined the life of Francis Xavier, like the famous “Not in rioting and drunkenness,” which determined the life of the great Augustine. In some one of these ways, or some others, comes home to the young man’s soul the momentous conviction, Not for myself is life given me, not for myself; *I serve.*

And then, hard upon this conviction, follows the thought how one after another of the choicest and best-loved spirits of our race has been laid hold of by the same sacred conviction, and has found a new

life in the assurance that the eye and the hand of Christ were indeed upon him.

And then Christ Himself is pleased to make His Presence more real and His will more visible in the sight of His young servant. He haunts him. He accompanies him. He is about his path and about his bed. He fills him at once with a sense of power and of weakness, but at the same time, as the cause of the power and the more than compensation for the weakness, with an eager desire to be His own—His own at any cost, His own on any or no conditions.

And then, for there is an order in these processes of the soul, though it may not be the same for all, there arises a necessity to give something, to make some offering, to Him Who has thus given us this longing for Himself. And so we take measure of our powers, and we see how poor they are, and yet how various, and how much needed—with one depth of thought, with another lofty imagination, with another playful wit, with another eloquence, with another refined taste, with another it may be but few intellectual gifts, but honesty of purpose, and directness of aim, and a warm heart, and the spell of attracting friends. But whatever the gift, and often the man knows not what his chief gift is, the desire has become paramount and absorbing to place it in Christ's hands for Christ's purposes. We cannot bear the thought that, whatever its worth, great or little, it should pass out of sight without being owned by Him, without having done some-

thing for Him Who has done such great things for us.

We have been trying, as we said, to picture to ourselves what may be passing in some young man's heart, something in accordance with Christian experience, something, we dare to add, in accordance with University experience. We are speaking in a place and amid associations which are alive with the history of youth consecrated to Christ. It was here, not in later life, that one Cambridge man after another has been fired by the spirit, and has conceived the resolves, which have made him a blessing to the Christian world. It was here, in his College rooms, in converse with his College friends, in discussion with his College rivals, here in the give and take of College intercourse, here in the presence, felt though unseen, of the great and good men of former times, that hearts were first lifted out of self, and led on rather than taught to see the moral grandeur of self-consecration to Christ and His causes. And as it has been, so it surely will be, so it surely is even as we speak.

I am not thinking of special calls or special needs. I do not dwell on the thought, which doubtless must press on many hearts to-day, old and young, that we are, even in the judgment of worldly men, entering on a year which can scarcely fail, ere it has ebbed away, to have tried severely the virtue of statesmen and the wisdom and constancy of Churchmen. I am making a spiritual appeal, utterly vague to those who have no ear to hear, visionary and

insipid to those who have not yet been led to "set" their "affection on things above."

But I cannot but believe that, on this first Sunday of a new term and a new year, there are some present whose heart God has touched by one of the great lessons of the Epiphany to the Gentiles, the lesson that all that some call "Gentile,"—rank, wealth, power, intellect, physical grace, social popularity,—all these things may be laid at the feet of God made man, and have only then ceased to wander when, like the Star, they come and stand over where the young Child lies. To such we say, in His Name, Offer Him your best. Consecrate your treasures. Do not waste them. Do not abuse them. Do not leave them unemployed and unimproved. Consecrate them, both the richest treasures and the poorest. In His sight the richest is poor, and the poorest may be rich.

And what will He give you in return? Does the very question sound degrading? Not so, if we put it to ourselves in the spirit of the beautiful old Church legend. According to that legend, which shaped the conceptions of early Christian Art even in the Catacombs, "In return for the gifts of the Wise Men the Saviour bestowed upon them others of more matchless price. For their gold He gave them charity; for their incense, perfect faith; and for their myrrh, perfect truth and meekness."

Such is the Divine return for self-consecration. "Give thyself to Me, in youth," says the Saviour to

each of us, "and as thy years 'pass on, I will give thee more and more of Myself."

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide !

January 17, 1886.

VI.

THE FAITH OF THE ROMAN CENTURION.

ST MATTHEW VIII. 10.

When Jesus heard it, He marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily, I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.

IT is a part of to-day's Gospel, and the reason, I suppose, can hardly be doubtful. It records the first time that Jesus came into contact with a Gentile after His public ministry had begun. Gentiles, as we know, came to His Cradle and offered Him material treasures. Here we have an example of a Roman soldier offering to the Lord, after He had begun to preach the new Kingdom, the yet more precious tribute of a profound personal faith. It is thus a record of Epiphany, the manifestation of the character of Christ to one who stood outside the privileged commonwealth of Israel.

Whenever, my friends, we find Christ face to face with a human heart, there is always something to be learnt. Worship may often appear formal. Con-

fessions of faith may easily seem conventional. But if it is once certain that a human soul is in the Presence of Christ, speaking to Him, praying to Him, resting on Him, nay, even shrinking from Him with the reverent instinct of conscious sin, Depart from me for I am a sinful man, O Lord—if, I say, this is once taken for granted, then the worldly man hushes his worldliness, and the sceptical man, for the moment at least, unlearns his scepticism. Even a Charles II. would forget his levity if he saw a poor woman bringing her first-born child to the font. Even a Voltaire would hesitate to sneer at the mystical colloquies of the "Imitation of Christ."

Now this story of the devout Centurion does undoubtedly show us a human soul in closest contact with Christ. It is marked by intense reality. May we say it with reverence, the reality of the man's faith aroused a sense of surprise even in the Lord Himself. Have you ever noticed that there are but four occasions on which surprise is, or seems to be, attributed to Him Who "knew all things, and needed not that any man should ask Him"? Twice it is expressed; twice it is, I think, implied.

He marvelled, we read, at the faith of this Roman soldier. It transcended anything He had yet found even among the privileged people of God.

He marvelled again at the unbelief of His own neighbours at Nazareth. It hampered even His Omnipotence and His Love. "He could do no mighty work there," there, of all places in the world, "because of their unbelief."

Again, what was His attitude to the poor Syro-Phoenician woman? When she met His seemingly repellent rebuff with the cry of humblest reliance, "Yea, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table," He rejoined, and surely as He looked on her He marvelled, "O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

And once more, I know no further instance, when the Ten Lepers were cleansed, and one, only one, and he "a Samaritan," lifted up his heart in gratitude to God, He said, and surely with something of human marvel, "Were not the ten cleansed, but where are the nine? Were there none found that returned to give glory to God save this stranger?"

Surprise, it would seem, four times. Once at the unbelief of the privileged Jew. Three times at the greater faith of the unprivileged Gentile. Surely, in this alone there is a parable from which the dullest might learn.

But we were speaking of the intense reality of the Centurion's appeal to Christ. Let us put together the facts as we gather them from the two records of St Matthew and St Luke. The Lord has just brought to an end the Sermon on the Mount. The people that heard were astonished at His teaching, at what must have struck them as its originality, its freshness, its depth, its authority. When He had finished, He returned to "His own city," Capernaum. But before He found rest at His house, there were to be two Epiphanies of His love and power, the first to a Jew, the second to a Gentile.

The first was to a poor leper, who met Him with that cry which has ever since been the cry of the Christian heart when in spite of the burden of its sins it is still by faith just "able to look up," "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." This is the subject that Bishop Heber chose for his hymn for this third Sunday after Epiphany:

Lord, Whose love, in power excelling,
Wash'd the leper's stain away,
Jesus! from Thy heavenly dwelling,
Hear us, help us, when we pray!

But there was to be yet another Epiphany, this time not to a Jewish leper, an outcast from his own people, but to a Roman soldier, who had made himself loved by his Jewish neighbours. The servant of this good man was ill. He seemed to be dying. His master, having heard, we may presume, of Jesus' early miracles in Galilee and of his recent teaching on the Mount, was certain that in Him he could find help. He would not go to Him in person. Reverence forbade the intrusion. He sent to Him some Jewish friends to plead his cause. This by itself was an act of faith, but a greater was yet to come. Before Jesus had reached his house, he again sent friends with the famous message, "Lord, trouble not thyself, for I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof, but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed. For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me; and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." As much as

to say, I know what authority is. A word from even me, a mere subordinate, when passed on to my subordinate, is followed by obedience. The thing commanded is done. How much more if Thou, to Whom it would seem no power has been denied, art pleased to speak the all-prevailing word !

This was the faith at which even Jesus marvelled. No human heart as yet had thrown itself upon Him with such perfection of trust. He did not marvel when Judas betrayed, when Peter denied, when "all the disciples forsook Him and fled," but He did marvel at the vast measure of faith which God had put into the heart of this humble foreigner from Rome.

And now, my friends, can we learn something from this story ? It must surely interest. Can it also teach and move ? I will offer you a few detached thoughts.

I. Observe how this man got his faith, how it came to him. It came not in the midst of spiritual privilege, but in the midst of common life. Nay, more than this, it came from that particular field of common life which was his own. It came from his professional life as a soldier. Every one knows the deadening effects of routine and discipline, and not least of military routine and military discipline. It is a commonplace subject of ridicule. Any one can laugh at the "dull mechanic paces to and fro," at the rigid movements of the parade ground, at the petty jealousies fostered by minute gradations of rank.

To see the poetic side of discipline; to carry the mind as in a moment from the parade ground to the battle-field or to the sinking ship; to see the ranks closing up, as by a living will, when the cannon shot has first ploughed through them; or, again, to see four hundred men, as in the well-known case of the "Birkenhead," standing calm on the failing deck and maintaining order till every woman and child has been saved—carefully ensuring their own doom from the wave and the shark by every effort that they make for others—to see, I say, the "poetic" side, the "heroic" side of the details of military organization is not given to all, but to see the spiritual side is given to still fewer. And it was just this spiritual element which had been revealed to this Roman Centurion. In the discharge of his daily professional duty, in the reception and transmission of the brief word of command, in what appeared to others the mechanical and wholly prosaic accompaniments of discipline, he could see the emblem of Divine power, power instantaneous, wholly effective, incapable of being thwarted or baffled, when once exercised absolutely irreversible.

After all, brethren, the vast power of organized human will is but an image of the mystery of the Divine will. If we, being evil and feeble and fallible and vacillating, can yet work such wonders by simply willing an act, and causing others to will it, how much more shall the All-Good, and the All-Mighty, though He moves in mysterious ways, yet in His own good time have His wonders performed.

Something at least of this truth had been manifested to the Roman Centurion. In the details of every-day duty, he, unlike most, had seen Him that is Invisible. And so now, when a servant who was dear to him seemed at the point of death, he brought, as it were, his disciplined spiritual instincts into battle array. He had heard of Jesus. Whether he had ever seen Him we know not. But he had heard enough to assure him of His love and power. His faith, trained as we have tried to imagine, would do the rest. The presence of the Commander was not needed. The word of command, audible in heaven as in earth, was enough: "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

My friends, is there no lesson for us in this thought? We too have our common, our professional life. Do we too find Christ in it? Shall we build spiritual castles in the air, and imagine that in changed circumstances the vision of Christ would come to us more plainly? Not so, it is an utter delusion. The vision of God comes only to the pure in heart. The Holy Grail is seen, with its flashing splendours, only by them whose hands are clean. And this cleanness of hands in His eyesight, and the enlightening power which attends it, are learnt, as all experience proves, in the daily round and the common task, whatever that "round" and that "task" may be.

In a great society like this, the sermon of the preacher, the lecture of the professor, the profound thoughts of the theologian or philosopher or man of

science, the kindly pastoral sympathy of the College Tutor, whether lay or clerical, the growing love of knowledge of the young student, the charm of free converse among friends, the delight in manly exercise on the field, in the court, or on the river; the hope, neither too vaguely nor yet too ambitiously indulged, of some day doing good service to God and man, and helping to cleanse the earth from the many wrongs that stain it—in all these fields of labour, and thought, and feeling—and are they not our own?—we may see traces of God's purpose and God's working, and gain the ever-deepening conviction that what He will He also can, and that "with God nothing shall be impossible."

And to press this thought a little further, I would ask you to reflect a moment on the value of discipline as a means for revealing God. I am thinking of the strength, the clearness, the purpose, the mastery, first of themselves and then of others, which do undoubtedly come to those who live in some true sense according to rule. To some minds the very sound of the word "rule" is repellent. It seems to them a negation of freedom. It suggests all that is cramping, limiting, pleasure-spoiling, mutilating—still worse, all that is gloomy and dull.

But does experience warrant this misgiving? Is it the fact that they who have been pre-eminently men of rule, method, discipline, order, have been the least free or the most dull? This is surely not the conclusion we gather from Christian biographies, whether we look to the Founders of monasteries or

brotherhoods, like Benedict or Francis, or again to religious reformers nearer our own day, like Wesley, or Wilberforce, or Arnold, or Keble. Yet all these were pre-eminently men of rule, of method, of discipline, distrusting their own impulses, longing for some restraint to keep their eyes straight fixed on the goal, and their lives unspotted from the world.

Are there not many of us who in our hearts often echo Wordsworth's confession and aspiration in his profound "Ode to Duty"?

Me this unchartered freedom tires,
I feel the weight of chance desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Yes, that repose which is the highest activity, the repose of a fixed purpose, a mastered will, a satisfied faith, and, if it may be, a Divine Love sought and found.

II. Let us change the field of thought. Let us come back to the fact that Jesus marvelled. Why did He marvel? You answer, Because this man was a Gentile. By comparison, little had been given to him. He had had, as we should say, but few spiritual advantages. He had not from his youth known the true God. He had not from a child known the Holy Scriptures, or been brought up in instincts of worship, with saints and prophets and friends of God standing out in the sacred background of the distant past. And yet he was found meet for the Kingdom of God. His faith was wonderful, a marvel even to Him Who had given it.

How often does something of this wonder force itself on ourselves! We were not looking for Christian faith, and we came upon it unexpectedly. We stumble upon it, as it were, and ask where it came from. Some layman surprises us by his high ideal of the pastoral office. We see him devoting himself to all that is deepest and noblest in his pupils and in those about him, as though some special vision had been granted to him of the dignity of minds and the preciousness of souls. We see, again, some thinker who has for years sat loose to the Christian faith, and been almost incapable of understanding its symmetry, now at last fairly apprehended by it. It seizes him, it captivates him, it subjugates him. The zeal and the fire with which he gives utterance to his new convictions are an astonishment to many who have never passed through such paroxysms and convulsions. There is something almost terrible in this intensity of spiritual insight. We had never seen such faith before, no, not in the tranquil borders of the Church of Christ.

Or, once more—and here how massy a man who goes from College to the charge of a country Parish would confirm what I say—the faith of the poor and the ignorant is often nothing less than a marvel. A Fellow of a College takes a living. He has been used to hear discussed among his friends question after question as to the authority of the Scriptures. Are they inspired? If so, in what sense and to what extent? Is the authorship of the Fourth Gospel a certainty? Are there passages in the Lord's dis-

courses which are rather the comment of the writer than the utterance of Jesus Himself? What, again, is this language which is new not only to the world but even to the Gospels? Who is this that says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you?" Who is this that declares Himself the Bread of Life the Door of the Sheep, the Good Shepherd, the Life the Truth, and the Way, nay, the Resurrection and the Life? Who is this that says, with a self-assertion terrible, nay, save on one glorious supposition, blasphemous, "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in Me? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father?"

A man who has been a student here, and borne his part in burning discussions, and knows something of the literature on these great subjects and that almost every verse has been a battle-field of controversy on which many a noble as well as many a puny life seems to have been slain—such a man leaves this intellectual home, and "buries himself," as the phrase is, in his humble village. His friends rally him on "being out of the world," and "never seeing a soul" with whom he can hold rational conversation. Ah! how often is the seeming burial the resurrection to a new life! He is summoned to a sick bed. Some poor woman, wholly ignorant of criticism, capable of the grossest blunders in even construing the Authorised Version, fixes her eyes upon him, and takes for granted rather than entreats that he will read to her some verses of the Bible. He opens it, it may be at the 14th chapter of St John, that

friend of dying beds. He finds that every word, every blessed assurance, goes straight to her heart as a message from the Presence. "In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you." "If ye shall ask anything in My Name, I will do it."

There is here no questioning, no uncertainty. There is a *faith* which is hardly less than sight, a *faith* which the minister of Christ's Gospel, who knows all comments and all controversies about that sacred word, has scarcely imagined as a living fact. It startles him by its reality. He marvels at it. He had not seen it before, no, not amid the shelves of the best theological library, or even in the talk of devout and learned friends, or even in his own soul. It was of some such scene as this that our sacred Poet must have been thinking, when he wrote those tender words in his hymn for the Visitation of the Sick:

Such have I seen, and while they poured
Their hearts in every contrite word,
How have I rather longed to kneel
And ask of them sweet pardon's seal.

Little of earth has been given them, but the one great gift has not been denied. God has given them *faith*, and they will take it with them, unshaken and unimpaired, into the regions behind the veil.

III. One more thought, and I have done. What, after all, was the essence of the Centurion's faith? It was faith, we must remember, in an early and

elementary stage. We must not expect to find the faith of a Christian Saint, the faith of a Paul or an Augustine, the faith that removes mountains, the faith that overcomes the pollutions of the world. It was a belief in Christ's unlimited power to heal: "Speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."

We, my friends, must either have more faith than this or less. We cannot stay where he stayed. We know more of Christ than he could know. We know something of what He has said, and promised, and suffered. We know something of what He has done for the life of His Church, and something of the miracles which He has wrought in the souls of His truest servants. Still more, we know something of His mind and counsels, and of the policy which He was even then shaping for His new Kingdom. If we have faith in Him, we shall believe that these purposes of His must prevail, and that we are called personally to assist in giving them the victory. And this conviction will change the whole face of human life before us. Without it the power of evil is so solid and of so complicated a tissue that no man, speaking in sober earnest, can say that, by the cold light of his naked reason, he discerns the means by which it can be overthrown. It is not too much to say that a man cannot for long together be hopeful in the fight with moral evil unless he is a Christian. He may temporize with it. He may palliate it. He may half explain it away, and talk of "the soul of good in things evil," as if this soul

would somehow have an immortality of its own when the body of things evil was dead and decomposed. But to fight with evil as evil, and to carry on the struggle year after year with head erect as one sure of victory, this I believe to be the appanage of the Christian alone, of one who does indeed take his Master at His Word when He declares, just before He enters the Garden of Agony and mounts the Cross of Shame, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

May He grant us this faith! May He keep us rooted and steadfast in it! Whenever some giant evil seems to us entrenched in tradition and prejudice, whenever some down-trodden cause of righteousness, of mercy, or of purity seems to us to be smitten with a sore disease and now nigh unto death, even then may we have the faith and the courage to say and to believe, "Speak the word only, and Thy servant shall be healed."

January 24th, 1886.

VII

THE PROSPECT OF SUFFERING AN INCENTIVE TO CHRIST'S SERVICE.

ACTS IX. 16.

*I will show him how many things he must suffer for My
Name's sake.*

NOT, observe, how many or how great things he must do, but how many things he must suffer. These are the things which the Master Himself will show to the "vessel" of His "choice." He will show them, not conceal them. The sufferings shall themselves be the attraction. To meaner souls they might be the deterrent, or, at best, the obstacle to be in some way got over. But to a soul tempered like that of Saul, they are the "prize of a high calling." The Lord knew what manner of man it was on whom He was even now laying His hand of consecration, and He knew that nothing could so stir and nerve him to carry His Name proudly before all the forces of the enemy as to show him on each perilous march the multitude of the things which he should suffer in its cause.

The promise was given, and it was made good. It was given to Ananias, and it was made good to Paul himself. St Paul tells us that he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. He also carried about in his soul the ever-haunting, and, we must believe, ever sustaining knowledge, that, go where he might, fresh sufferings awaited him. This was his one earthly certainty. "Now, behold, I go bound in the Spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that the Holy Spirit testifieth unto me in every city, saying, that bonds and afflictions abide me."

Yes, and we may dare to affirm that bonds were but the smallest part of his afflictions. Nay, imprisonment, with its rest and its silences, must often have come to him as a relief from the hardships of the body. But the chief hardships which racked that Apostolic spirit were of a different order. They were the hardships which "war against the soul" of every great Christian leader. They were the pangs of solitude; the throes of a heart craving for sympathy and never finding it in full; the hatred of his countrymen; the suspicion of the devout and the scrupulous; the discovery that where he preached the Cross of Jesus, that symbol of brotherhood, party factions and unseemly jealousies almost immediately sprang up; the discovery further that, as at Corinth, the new-born society, for which he would gladly have given his life, was degraded both by gross vices and petty animosities; the fear that by his outspoken reproofs he had forfeited the loyalty of those who

owed him everything; the constant disillusion, known only to great Founders and great Inspirers, of seeing the love of the many waxing cold, and one attached friend after another forsaking his leader because he loved this present world,—such were but a few, and perhaps not even the chiefest, of the long roll of sufferings which the Lord gradually disclosed to His servant as the reward and the incentive of his life-long service. “I will show him how many things he must suffer for My Name's sake.”

The wonderful record of St Paul's Conversion, as again brought before us on Friday last, has suggested this subject for our thoughts. To those who love St Paul's character, and find few subjects even of intellectual interest so attractive as the attempt to follow it in some of its windings, and sound the depths of its unequalled versatility, it would be a delightful study to trace in detail how the fore-shown and fore-tasted sufferings of St Paul told upon the growth and grandeur of his soul; how they gave tenderness to his sympathies, fervour to his love, largeness to his tolerance, exultation to his sense of personal weakness, massiveness and solidity to his absolute trust in God.

But it is not my purpose to invite you to enter upon such a study to-day. Rather I would ask you to think upon this—*the prospect of suffering*, not as the condition only, but as the attraction, of a life's career. The words, I know, are startling. We are from the outset in the domain of paradox. We are assuming what experience, or what is too hastily called

experience, the experience of the average, seems to deny. We are going in the teeth of not a few established maxims. If we ever try to sketch out a career either for a friend or for ourselves, in what colours do we fill it in? Are they not, to put the matter briefly, the colours of success? And is it not taken for granted that success means happiness? We think we see the bent of our friend's gifts and the peculiarity of his temperament all pointing in one direction. In that direction all our hopes and plans for him shall follow. There we see favouring circumstances, rapid advance, universal sympathy and applause. So far as we can influence his choice, this prospect is part of our argument. We say to him, This is what you seem made for. Do this, and you will succeed.

There is here clearly no paradox. We are on the beaten path of approved experience. If it be the path of common place, is it not the path of common sense also? I will not stop to inquire how much of real truth and sober wisdom there may be in such counsels. I would rather suggest to you that, as long as we keep within the atmosphere which surrounds them, we scarcely seem to breathe the atmosphere of the Gospels. The spirit of the Gospels is heroic, or it is nothing. Just as the Master said of old, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven," so we seem to hear Him say of all such counsels of imperfection, Except your incentives to a life's career

shall be nobler than the incentives popularly accepted as sufficient, ye have yet to learn the meaning of My service. I do not say to My servants, Give me your hearts, and ye shall be famous and successful and happy; but, Give Me your hearts; map out your lives along the line that I shall trace for you; be ready to bear My Name and carry out My principles in whatever path I may set before you; and then, as My highest mark of favour, I will show you how many things ye must suffer for that Name's sake.

Again we say it is the language of paradox, but then is it not the language of Christ?

Perhaps you reply, Jesus is not speaking in these tones to every man. He is speaking to St Paul, one of the most exceptional men that ever lived, so exceptional, indeed, that in the whole long catalogue of Christian Saints there has really never been one whose personality we could for a moment confuse with his. One star differeth from another star in form as in glory, and this star shines out with a brilliance and distinctiveness of its own. Can we treat of so exceptional a man as if he were in any sense typical of ourselves? Does it follow that because the Master, Who knew him through and through, called him a "chosen vessel," and entrusted to him a work unique in history, He therefore speaks in like language to us whose lives are so quiet, so normal, so hedged in by a thousand well-recognized limits, so ~~tamed~~ ^{tamed} down—some would say so crippled and mutilated—by a thousand well-worn yet perhaps blameless conventionalities?

We are starting here a wide question. It is hardly less than this, What is the spiritual value of ideals? Do we gain most light from counsels specially adapted to our own surroundings and our own recognized standard of conduct, or from appeals which put our own individuality aside, save in so far as each man has in him something of the image of God, point to the highest standard of all, and say boldly, "Do good, hoping for nothing again; Rejoice and be exceeding glad when ye are called to suffer for My Name; Be ye perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"?

My friends, these words are not words only. Our systems of philosophy may find it difficult to make room for the *joy of anticipated suffering*, but the facts of life seem to prove that it is one of those mighty agents which, in scriptural language, move mountains. On the one hand, heroic and saintly spirits find in the prospect of suffering for a great cause and a loved Master a charm beyond every other charm; on the other, even the less heroic and the less saintly find in these appeals something which lays hold on a genuine part of themselves. Nay more, they find in them, and in the lives visibly inspired by them, just the one force which stirs them most, and makes them ask whether the atmosphere of their own lives, however heavy with the worldliness of custom, cannot ~~even~~ now receive the infusion of some fresh elements of daring and devotion.

Allow me to refer to just two instances of such lives. One of them is read and known of all men.

the other has perhaps not yet reached the fame to which it is surely destined.

Yesterday, in our great national Cathedral of St Paul, a special service was held by way of commemoration. What was the event to be commemorated, and, as it were, to be laid anew before God by the thanksgiving of His Church? The day was the fourth anniversary of the death of Gordon at Khartoum. There must be many here who can say without any affectation that the news of that great disaster was the saddest event of their public life. But as we now look back upon it, what we chiefly see is this, the brightness of one splendid Christian and patriotic example.

Was he a man of our own time, exposed to just the same vulgarizing temptations as ourselves, yet calmly and systematically from early manhood putting them by—hating fame and applause, almost fierce against comfort, passionately devoted to weak causes, haunted by the consciousness of being God's instrument, and hailing as a mark of Christ's approval the constant suffering, bodily and mental, to which beyond most men he was hourly exposed. It is no irreverence, no exaggeration, to say of this great Christian, that to him there could have been no more stirring incentive to his life-long career of self-effacement than the belief that the Master Whom he served was saying personally to him at each fresh turn of his strange and romantic course, "I will show him how many things he must suffer for My Name's sake."

Last night, as it were, four short years ago, the earthly end came. The week which has just passed seems to have thrown some fresh light, if only it can be trusted, on the closing scene. Treachery had opened the river gate. The soldiers of the enemy poured in, led by some of their chiefs who made for the Governor's palace. Two of Gordon's friends rushed to him to warn him of the danger. They found him walking calmly on the balcony which overlooks the Nile. One of them said to him, "Fly, while there is yet time. Go in at the little door, and take the boat." What was the answer? It was strangely like that of Nehemiah of old, "Should such a man as I flee? And who is there that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." In a like spirit Gordon answered, "Shall I fly and leave my post? That would indeed be a disgrace. I shall not fly." He left the balcony, stepped to the head of the grand staircase, met there some of the Mahdi's chief generals, and in a few moments was cut down and a corpse.

This was the earthly end of the career which is now one of the beacons of history. It closed in absolute irredeemable failure. There was just nothing to cheer or to encourage. He fell, not like Nelson, in the moment of victory, knowing that twenty ships of the enemy had struck, but knowing that the long-dreaded dishonour, the long-dreaded massacre of his friends, the long-dreaded collapse of all that he had been sent to perform, was now a hideous and irrevocable fact. With such thoughts it was that the

great Englishman of our generation passed from the sight of men. He had for many years been familiar with both the retrospect and the prospect of things suffered in the cause of duty, and he would not have shrunk—so we justly feel assured—from even this last form of suffering.

And what we now say is, it is this grand welcoming of duty not only in spite of suffering, but because of suffering, that has endeared the man to the heart of Christendom, and made him, as it were, an uncanonized Saint, even beyond the Christian pale. In thinking of him and his unique life, men have not felt, That man is wholly unlike me. His ways, his aims, his trials, his glory, are wholly unlike mine. I have nothing to learn from them. No, he has forced us once more, as all saints and heroes do force us, to hear a Voice from God, saying, "Thou, even thou, art Mine. Thou livest not for the world, or for amusement, or for thyself, but for Me and for My children. I have something to say unto thee, for which the death of My faithful servant has at last opened thine ear. Come to Me, and I will show thee how thou too, in thy calm untroubled life, must suffer some things for My Name's sake."

We spoke of another contemporary instance, less famous, of suffering calmly foreseen, and thankfully welcomed, for the Master's sake. It is less famous, it is even more affecting.

In the same newspaper which gives the latest version of the death of Gordon, I find yet another record of heroism. In the island of Molokai, one of

the Sandwich Islands, there is, so to speak, the most dreadful Colony in the world. It is a Colony of some eleven hundred Lepers. More than fifteen years ago a devoted Roman Catholic priest, Father Damien, attached himself to these unhappy sufferers. He knew, of course, that he must in all probability catch their disease, and after a time he caught it. A young priest lately went out to help him, and thus in part describes what he sees. "I am only to give you a few lines on the good Father Damien, who will soon be no more. Leprosy has done its work, in turns at his ears, eyes, nose, throat, his hands, and his lungs. He has suffered dreadfully. He is completely disfigured; his voice is almost extinct. People call it a sacrifice to live with lepers, but only on seeing oneself a leper, and nothing but lepers around, then only does the extent of the sacrifice become apparent. It would be a sad thing if Father Damien were to leave me now. He is yet so useful, so necessary. He has under his charge over a hundred leper orphans. He has also begun to build a new church. He is himself the head carpenter, and his helpers are two or three leper boys."

Then this good priest has a few words about himself: "Am I going to become a leper? Very probably. Precautions are more easily received than observed. But I have no wish to go elsewhere. My mission is here, and here I'll remain."

Truly another decision in the spirit of Nehemiah: "Should such a man as I flee? And who is there

that, being as I am, would go into the temple to save his life. I will not go in."

Honour, young men of Cambridge, to the manhood, the faith, the Church, though it be not our own, which can inspire in our own day, and as it were before our very eyes, such magnificent contempt of all the comforts of life, such absorbing love of the brethren, even when the outward signs of the brotherhood are almost effaced by the most awful of diseases, such sublime self-effacement—"I count not my life dear unto myself"—such enthusiastic acceptance of the Great Redeemer's own conditions of fellowship with Himself, "I will show you how many things ye must suffer for My Name's sake." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Now, I ask you here, Call such self-chosen careers, if you like, exceptional and unique, but does their exceptional, their unique character make them less an example to ourselves? Commune with your own hearts. As you hear of them, is it Damascus, Khartoum, the lonely island in the Pacific, to which your eyes turn, and do you say to yourselves, My work will never lie there, or anywhere near there? Or again, I shall never be a great apostle, a great soldier, a great priest? No! the heart overleaps all these differences of race, of latitude, of time, of profession. It insists on finding in the almost super-human example some kinship to its own poor self. "I too am a Christian," is the exclamation, possibly a self-revealing exclamation, wrung from the inmost

depths of an almost unsuspected personality. These men, we say, and thousands of men and holy women like them in spirit, have learnt not to face only, but to court and to love suffering for the sake of Christ; and though I shall never equal them, or be at all like them, yet I see and feel that that welcoming of suffering, which makes them all of one spiritual blood, has a charm for me also. I cannot tell where it will lead me, or how long it will keep its hold upon me. But this I know, far from repelling, it attracts me. If I am still short of being a Christian, it is not the dread of suffering that will keep me outside the gates of the Kingdom. If that were all, I think I could offer myself to Him Whom some have found so dear a Master, and find His service yet more precious because it conceals and extenuates nothing of the cost.

My friends, if this is the true heart-language of any of you this day, suffer me, as I humbly believe in Christ's Name, to offer you a few words of counsel.

You have most of you still to lay down the lines of your life's career. Some of those lives will, as the world counts greatness and littleness, be brilliant and powerful; far more must in the nature of things be obscure. But whether brilliant or obscure, they may not only be Christian in the popular acceptance of the word—which, in truth, is very poor and very unsatisfying—but they may be Christianly heroic; they may have in them just that one product of the Christian faith which in the days of our youth seems to us almost the greatest and most characteristic—

mean the readiness to dare something, to face something, to suffer something, if only Christ count us 'worthy.' In thinking what you will be and do, what causes you will serve, what leaders you will follow, either in speculation, or in action, or in religion, take account of this prospect of suffering. Do not ask only or chiefly, How many things or how great things can I do? What giant evil can I strike down? What shape of social falsehood can I unmask? What new form of innocent pleasure can I invent or organize or help to diffuse among the poor, the uncultured, the degraded?

All these are worthy aims, but there is a yet worthier, to which our subject this afternoon has drawn us. It is this: How best can I drink of the cup that Christ drank so deeply? How can I best confront failure, disappointment, disillusion, misrepresentation, injustice? Where are the lost causes, the forlorn hopes, the discredited impossibilities on which that which is most Divine in me can, by the grace of my Maker, fasten? Where shall I find leaders who can say to me, on the moral and spiritual fields of battle, as the generals of Revolutionary France were wont to say to their troops a century ago, before the first love of that new and strange baptism had begun to wax cold, "Go and get killed there for the country?"

Whenever the love of Christ, in either of its sacred senses—either the consciousness of His vast, unmerited, unwearied love to us, or, again, something, however feeble, of a corresponding love on our parts

to Him—whenever, I say, the love of Christ takes first hold and then possession of a young man's soul, these are the questions which he puts to himself. He cannot help putting them; a necessity is upon him. The fire of that sacred love may cool, and he may "become as another man." But as long as it is there, burning brightly and burning hotly, he must put these questions. They are his life. He must put them, and he must win from his Saviour some answer. It is the old wrestling of the patriarch with the Angel, feeble but victorious, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."

How the Divine answer will come, the preacher cannot predict. His office is done when, speaking on Christ's behalf, he has reminded one and another brother's soul that, in the sight of its Maker and its Redeemer, it is precious, and dignified, and capable not only of integrity but of heroic service. It may reproach itself with every ignorance and every negligence, with coldness, with ingratitude, with ignoble self-indulgence, with downright sin. It may reproach itself bitterly with all these, and refuse utterly to listen to any theory of man's mysterious and complex personality which would throw upon aught else—his parentage, or his surroundings, or his temperament, or his weakness, or his finiteness—a responsibility which his conscience insists on claiming as its own. But none the less it will say to itself, this struggling, listening, God-taught soul: God, Who made me what I am, and Jesus Christ, Who re-claimed and re-claims me for His service, know all—all my past,

all my present—and they summon me not to despair, or to surrender, or to look on, but to serve, and be prepared to suffer for the One Name which is above every name.

This duty of reminding, I have tried to discharge. I would say to each man who is able to receive the message, Stir up the gifts of God. Recall into life and light every consciousness ever granted you that you were able, and therefore bound, to contend for Christ's cause. But, having spoken of contending, a thought which sometimes stirs the pride within us as well as the passion of loyalty, I would leave you with that other thought on which we have chiefly dwelt to-day. If I might presume to guide a single prayer of any young man who hears me, a single communing between himself and his God, I would counsel him to ask just this: O Lord, Who knowest all things, prepare me for suffering. Make me strong to suffer, if it be Thy will, and to help others to suffer. Show me something of the mystery of Thine Agony and Thy life-long Cross, and in Thine own time make me, even me, perfect through suffering.

January 27th, 1889.

VIII.

LIFE FORECASTS.

ST JOHN 'XXI 21.

Peter, seeing him, saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do?

It is the one place in the Bible where a friend asks after his friend's future. There must have been many such occasions. Jonathan must have longed to see into the future of David; Elijah into the future of Elisha; Barnabas into the future of Paul; Paul himself into the future of his many sons in the faith, Silas and Timothy and Titus and Mark. But, so far as I know, this is the one occasion on which the question of the heart finds its relief in words.

We know the occasion well. The elder friend has gathered something as to his own destiny. It will not be a bright one. Loss of freedom, the feebleness of age, a life of suffering, a death of pain—so much seems to loom forth from the mysterious words of his Master. But for such a prospect he now cares little. He has been forgiven, thrice forgiven, thrice

re-commissioned to do his Master's work, and for himself this is enough. But for his friend—the man who seemed so close to Christ, the man who had stood by Him when others fled, the “Son of Thunder” who seemed to contain within him such unknown depths of thought, of passion, and devotion—what shall be his destiny in the coming years? “Lord, and what shall this man do?”

The question is not for Saints only and Apostles. It is for all men and for all times. • Wherever friendship is warm and serious, the question can never be far distant from men's hearts. Sometimes it lies dormant in the still waters of life. Day follows day, routine succeeds to routine. There is no special act, or calamity, or break of any kind to stir our slumbering curiosity and make us eager to see into the future. Our friend is our friend. The men among whom we live are for the time, the environment of our life. We accept it, we enjoy it, and we look but little beyond. But it is not always so. There are times of change as well as of routine. An illness, a death, a marriage, a signal achievement, some marked advance in station and in performance—such occasions set our minds wondering. The commonest mind is moved to wonder what may be in store for an old friend or acquaintance. The Christian mind too has its wonder, but it lays the whole mystery in the hands of Christ, and asks of Him, “Lord, and what shall this man do?”

I am speaking to-day to some men at least who are bringing to a close their University life. They

are ending what three or four years ago seemed an almost infinite vista of hope and excitement. They remember how they looked forward to it, how much it would bring them, what enjoyment, what opportunities, what growth, what friends. They look back to-day on these three or four years. They look back with mingled feelings of thankfulness and regret. They see how much has been given them. They see also what was certainly offered, and might have been given and received, but after all was missed. They have made many friends, and lost but few. They have seen also the friends of others. They have lived among some men of mark, and with some also of whom it was safe to predict that they would increase, while others, now before them, would decrease.

And now these men are about to leave us, and pass out into what is called, sometimes in irony and sometimes in sober earnest, the "great world"; and we begin to ask of one and another among them, and they find themselves asking of one and another of those from whom they are so soon to be parted, "And this man, and this man, and this man—what shall he do?"

There are, no doubt, moments when we might settle such a question jauntily and airily, hitting off with some epigrammatic jest the high or the humble place for which our friend seemed designed. But here, in this house of God, with its long memories of Christian achievement and Christian aspiration, we are not in so light a mood. We put our

question in a Christian sense, and in a Christian sense we would have it answered. We address it not to the casual critic, not to one another, nay, not even to ourselves, but in simple truth to Jesus Christ: "Lord, and what shall this man do?" We know, in part at least, what our question must mean to Him. He knows each man's "promise and potency." He desires for each man, He offers to each man, and He must expect from each man, each man's best and highest. He expects growth. He expects fruit. He expects "much fruit." Nay, has He not said in that great Chapter from which the Gospel for to-day is taken, "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit"? And again, "Ye did not choose Me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should abide"?

It is to One Who so chooses, so appoints, so lays down His Father's will and purpose, that we dare to address this question on behalf of our friends, "Lord, and what shall this man do"?

My friends, let me ask you, in all plainness, are you prepared to put this question to Christ? You have known Him, known something at least of Him, from earliest childhood. Most of you were baptized into His Name. You have felt that through Him, as He shows Himself in the Gospels, you have gained almost all that you seem to know of God. During your boyhood, at home or at school, and during the years that you have spent here, there have been times when this same Jesus seemed very

close to you, and you could not help praying to Him, feeling sure that He knew you and followed you and sought your good.

And further, the more serious among you have thought much of Him, and have read about Him, and have discussed and criticised His Person, His work, His apparent successes and His apparent failures, His present power over souls and lives alike within the borders and outside the borders of His visible Church.

And at this point I pause, and ask you plainly, is He to you such an One that you can and do refer to Him the question of what shall be the future of yourself or your friend? If it be true that "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but through the Holy Ghost," it is also true that a great and noble theology is presupposed before we can say to Christ, with our heart and our understanding also, "Lord, and what shall this man do?"

But if we do dare to ask this question, let us "ask in faith, nothing wavering." Let us not ask vaguely of some men or all men. Let us boldly take the men whom we have known and valued here; let us place them one by one in the presence of the Saviour and the Master, and then and there let us ask concerning one and another and yet another, "What shall this man, and this man, and again this man do?"

There are those among them who have impressed us by their sheer intellectual force. We have watched it grow, and clear itself, and gather strength

by training. In their own line it seems as if nothing could baffle them. They stand out to us as types of what can be done by mental vigour. It may be that, a few years hence, when our horizon is wider, and our critical power more matured, we shall note defects which we do not now discern. We may note some dearth of imagination, or some narrowness of range, or some lack of philosophic depth, where once we saw nothing but subtlety and keenness. But meanwhile what is our estimate of the future of this and that finely polished intellect? What will he do? How will he deal with life? Will he in any sense "serve his generation by the counsel of God?" And will to "serve" be his highest ambition? Will he carry the faculties, here so exquisitely trained, into some profession, or some branch of study, or some generous enterprise, and leave upon each his Cambridge mark? If he mix in the fierce strife of politics, will he retain the magnanimity, the love of truth, the justness of vision which distinguish the statesman from the adventurer, and save one of the noblest of human services from degenerating into a calculation and a traffic?

Or if he turn to literature rather than to politics, and through his writings leave a name behind him, will that name be revered as well as admired? In the long and august roll of Cambridge Poets, there are those whom we revere, and those whom we excuse. There are some who have almost visibly consecrated their powers to the God Who gave them. There are others whose genius was spotted by the

world. One of the greatest of these* has himself pleaded guilty, and, as it were, sung a palinode for all :

O gracious God ! how far have we
 Profaned Thy heavenly gift of poesy !
 Made prostitute and profligate the muse,
 Debased to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordained above
 For tongues of angels and for hymns of love !

It is one of the purest boasts of our University, that she has given to England her two last Laureates, and that of both may be emphatically said what Tennyson said of Wordsworth, "his lips uttered nothing base."

Will the same be said, and said with thankful pride, of those who come after them ? "What shall this man do ?" If there be among us any to whom have been entrusted those truly sacred powers which were lavished so richly on earlier generations of Cambridge men, will they prove worthy of their high calling ?

† Ye whose hearts are beating high
 With the pulse of poesy,
 Sovereign masters of all hearts,
 Know ye Who hath set your parts ?

Poets, artists, musicians, if you own your "high calling," is it indeed a "high calling of God in Christ Jesus ?"

"Lord, and what shall this man do ?" May one ask it of any here who aspire to serve their Master

* Dryden.

† Keble.

in the ranks of His ordained ministry?" What are the pastoral gifts of such and such a man now? And what will they be ten or twenty years hence? Will they be what a shrewd observer,* writing some forty years ago, stigmatized as the showy and inferior qualifications, as "fluency, self-confidence, tact, a certain histrionic power of conceiving feelings and expressing them?" Or will they be the nobler gifts, the very elements solid, unchanging, indissoluble, out of which all ministerial success is framed; I mean, to quote again the same critic, "great powers of sympathy, a mind masculine in its power, feminine in its tenderness, humbleness, and wisdom to direct; that knowledge of the world which the Bible calls the wisdom of the serpent, and a knowledge of evil which comes rather from repulsion than from personal contact with it?"

"What shall this man do," who aspires now, whether humbly or with something of undue self-confidence, to be the spiritual guide of others? We know something of his dangers. Does he know then himself? Will he escape the coldness in prayer, the lessening love of truth, the cooling sympathy with perplexity or doubt, the impatience of opposition, the mechanical taking of holy names in vain? Will he escape all this, and remain a true and impressive witness to his Master, the friend of the obscure, the champion of the weak, a very † "Deputy of Christ for the reducing of men to the obedience of God?" If so, this man will be a blessing

* F. W. Robertson.

† George Herbert.

to his generation. We need be in no doubt as to the result of such a ministry. The goal is already in view.

Christ hath told us of his end :
 This is he whom God approves,
 This is he whom Jesus loves.

We have passed, almost insensibly, from high things to things lowly, from gifts that reach or border on genius to the gifts which shed a blessing on the "trivial round, the common task." Let us extend this humbler view. Let us think of those many dear friends who make no claim to high intellect and in any intellectual race which you can measure by marks and classes will always be nowhere. "Lord, and what shall this man do?" This man, who if he died to-night, every man on his staircase or in his College boat would stand up and with bare head declare that a truer and kinder man never stepped? How many of these there are among us! What shall be their destiny in life? Often surely one to surprise us. We are but poor prophets here of such men. Our Tripos lists blind us to qualities which cannot be so tested. We shall see these men, some of whom now seem among the lowest, becoming leaders among the people, winning everywhere confidence and regard, appealed to, trusted, placed in authority, where men far more brilliant have ceased to influence. Such are the men who have little power to criticise but much power to act. It is not in them to hit off the fastidious phrase or formula which would prevent or

paralyse all eager action, but it is in them to act with cheeriness and enthusiasm under leaders to whose mental stature they look up. If serious trouble arises, if there is a strike at the dock or the mines, if there is discontent in a regiment, if a Church is divided against itself, these men come to the front, and offer their quiet and acceptable mediation. Such services we expect from them as a class, but, when we look closer and fix our eye one by one on the very men whom we have known, the men of our own set, the leaders and favourites among their contemporaries, then our longing to pierce the future becomes something more than curiosity. "Lord, and what shall this man do?" Will he escape the fate of the lounge and the trifle? Will he prove that for which his Master clearly framed him, a helper in all that is manly and stirring, a link between jarring classes of his countrymen, a man who, like Wellington's soldiers at their best, may "go anywhere and do anything"—at home, the kindly country-gentleman, the sympathizing and patient employer of human Christian "hands," the quiet peace-making Parish priest; abroad, if it be an abroad, the hardy God-fearing colonist, or the Missionary devoted to his countrymen or to the heathen?

We ask our question, and we leave it with Christ. How swift and sharp sometimes comes the answer! "Lord, and what shall this man do?" It is answered at times almost before we have well put it. The young man, the friend of our youth, the man whose future interested us almost more than our own,

this man suddenly "is not, for God hath taken him." What shall he do? What shall he suffer? It is done. It is suffered. The further and fuller answer is with Him Who rules beyond the grave. We have known them at School, we have known them at College, on the cricket ground, on the football field, on the river, in the casual walk. We would not forget them now, on this day when our hearts are so full of the onlook and the summons. This man, and this man, and again this man has finished his earthly course. That is one thought for to-day's eager and expectant runner.

But we all know how our hearts refuse to believe beforehand in these early calls, and how we insist on assuming that the labourer will be allowed some part at least in the "burden and heat of the day." We see the capacity for labour, and we take for granted that it must find a field. Christ will determine the where and the how, but somewhere the man will work, and it will be for Christ. Thus we recognize the sacredness of all human life, whatever its duration.

* Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return.

Twenty years, fifty years, ninety years, whatever the interval—the man "sent forth" will be the same man as he that "returns"; the same, with all that he carries away with him when he dieth, his character, the sum total of his deeds and aims and thoughts—what he might have been, what we thought he would

* Wordsworth.

be, what he strove to be, what he has been—all brought together and laid before his Father and his God.

It is a great mystery. We can peer into it but a little way, and that with our hearts rather than with our minds. It is not an ignoble curiosity. It is the curiosity which desires to see more deeply into God's ways of shaping the destiny of man—God's ways, so different from our ways, so "far above out of our sight."

This day for instance, this June 11th, has a permanent place in the Christian year as it has a fugitive place in the Academic year. It brings before us two of Christ's earliest servants. We say two, for on St Barnabas' Day no Christian fails to think also of St Paul. There was a time when the life-work of each of these men lay before him in blank, unmapped and unguessed at. What the one or the other should "do" could have been but dimly conjectured by those who knew them best. Perhaps all that could have been said at Tarsus would have been that the learned and fiery pupil of Gamaliel, the Pharisee of the Pharisees, with his marvellous range of thought, of feeling, and of sympathy, could be no common man, but must do and be something great; while of the other, the Levite owning land in Cyprus, it would have been safe to prophesy that he would be a "good man," unselfish, unambitious, content to bring out and rescue from misunderstanding minds greater than his own, a man of wide brotherly sympathies, perhaps even a "son of exhortation," born to conciliate and to persuade.

What will Christ say as to these two lives? Lord, and what shall such men as these do? A little while, and it shall be said of the one, "He is a chosen vessel unto Me . . . for I will show him how many things he must suffer for My Name's sake"; and again a little while, and we shall hear of the other that he became at a supreme crisis, and continued for many years, the chief comrade of St Paul, believing in him when others were afraid of him, discerning at a glance the fulness of his conversion, bringing him with joy to the Apostles who were in Christ before him, and declaring to them with generous enthusiasm how this fierce persecutor had seen the Lord in the way, had heard words of Christ, and then had preached boldly at Damascus in the hitherto hated Name of Jesus.

What, then, is the value of the thoughts on which we have allowed ourselves to dwell to-day? It is this, that they bring us into the Presence of Jesus Christ, and lay out before Him, in humble trust, and with something of awe and wonder, the earthly lives of ourselves and our friends. We refuse to look at those lives apart from Christ. We will not link them solely even with earth's noblest attractions, with the love of knowledge, with the enthusiasm for art, with the search for truth, with the devotion, of station, birth, popularity, or intellect, to the service of a country, or to "the relief of man's estate."

Still less are we willing to link them with less noble ties—mere wealth, mere professional success,

mere amusement and dissipation. We refuse to anticipate, as a likely thing, the degradation of any soul whose powers we have affectionately marked, and whose destinies we have presumed to scan. They are men. They are members of society. They are men of the schools, of the clubs, and of the professions, but they are above all, to a Christian eye Christians, servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who has His eye upon each, and knows what each can do for Him, and calls each by name, and summons each to His standard.

It is each man's Christian career in which we are interested. Layman or clergyman, obscure or distinguished, we would follow him on a few years, and read the history and the mystery of his life in the light of those great words, "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." It is our conviction that no man in his youth despises those words, or explains them away, or thinks them true of every man but himself and his friends. We believe that no young man is such a pessimist as not to trust that God looks upon him, and looks upon him for good. If there be any man so unhappy, if any man is indeed closing his University life amid clouds so thick and lowering, we would urge him on this day of hope, to take heart again, by looking to the Rock which is higher than himself. "Ye did not choose Me, but I chose you, and appointed you that ye should go and bear fruit." So the Lord said to His Apostles in their hour of weakness, and so He says still to Christian men

in all but wilfully closed ears. There is not a life which is not invested with dignity and crowned with hope, & that divine "choice," that more than human "appointment," draws it and summons it to "the things above."

So then, Christian friends, known and unknown, we offer you our greeting as you pass from among us to discharge your part in life. We believe that there never was a time when the Church and the nation more needed such service as can be rendered by men trained in a great University. Think of those to whom you can minister. It is, with the mass of our countrymen, a time of generous impulses, of hasty thought, and of scanty knowledge. Men of honest natures, but little disciplined either by historical or scientific training, are called, one may say suddenly, to the exercise of the gravest political duties. Many of them hardly know where they are. They need counsel and sympathy and teaching; and if it is to do good, it must come from those whom they trust. He who at such a time can win confidence, without ignoble flattery, or without wild promises, or without appealing to vulgar cupidity; he who can stir and lift men's hearts by the vision of their duties even more than of their gains, he is the man to "bear fruit" in this our day, fruit that may "abide." He must bring to his task knowledge well digested, a deep respect for all honest convictions, a noble indifference to personal popularity, and a steadfast faith in God. And where may we hope to find such gifts, if not

at a home like ours, where a man is valued for what he is, and the love of truth is an instinct, and the search for truth a tradition?

May those who now go forth from us maintain and exalt that high tradition! We elder men say wistfully in our hearts of one and another now full of promise, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" It may be that in after years you younger men will say of one and another of yourselves, He has borne his part in life like a gallant gentleman, and a Christian patriot. I knew him well at Cambridge. It has been one of the blessings of my life that this man was my friend.

June 11th, 1893.

IX.

WHO IS THE GREATEST?

ST MATTHEW XVIII 1-4

In that hour came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And He called to Him a little child, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

WHEN Dean Colet founded the famous Grammar School of St Paul's, which after nearly four hundred years of vigorous life would seem to be almost more vigorous than ever, he placed over the Master's chair the image of the Child Jesus, with the words "Hear ye Him" graven beneath it. In that image of the Christ-child he saw the fountain of youth, the secret of growth, the ideal of greatness. And in this clear and noble insight the great educator and educational reformer showed that he had caught the spirit of his Master as revealed in the incident I have just quoted. Let us see how it came about.

Jesus had descended in the morning from the Mountain of the Transfiguration. At the foot he was met by an excited crowd. Prominent in the crowd was a poor father with a lunatic son. The disciples, in the absence of their Master, had been appealed to. They had been implored to heal the lad, "but they could not." The greatest amongst them, whoever he was, was as powerless as the least. Then, as we know, the Lord put forth His own hand and His own voice. He rebuked the unclean spirit, He healed the boy, and gave him back to his father. And they were all astonished at the majesty of God. But while all were marvelling at all the things which He did, He said unto His disciples, "Let these words sink into your ears: for the Son of Man shall be delivered up into the hands of men."

And then it was, after the healing of the lunatic boy, and just after His preparing them for His own approaching doom, that they began to raise the absorbing question, absorbing even then, even with His grave voice still echoing in their ears. "There arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest" And their Master did not argue, but called a little child, laid His hand upon him, and said, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Christian friends, this question, "Who is the greatest?" was not peculiar to Christ's first disciples. Neither is it a mere "Academic" question, but one which touches and tests us all. Some men speak

out and some are silent, but almost every man, in his early youth, aspires to some form of what he calls greatness, if (not for himself, at least for some friend or companion. The "greatness," of course, differs infinitely in kind. It may be in thought or in action; it may be greatness of the intellect, or greatness of the will. If of the intellect, it may be literary, or scientific, or artistic. If of the will, it may be the greatness of the statesman, or the ruler, or the inspiring soldier, or the enterprising colonist. But in one way or another, "greatness" is very dear to us all, and if we laugh at a man who professes too openly to seek for it, we cease to laugh at him when he has attained it.

"Well, young man, what do you mean to be?" was Lord Melbourne's good-natured question to one who seemed to be little more than a lounging votary of fashion. "I mean to be Prime Minister," was the reply. All society laughed at the self-conceit; but laughter was turned into sympathy some thirty years after, when the coveted prize was at last won.

As for ourselves, far from believing that there is too much desire for greatness among us, we could wish that there was ten times more.

It is the danger of old and illustrious institutions that they look back too much and look forward too little; that they use their stored-up treasures to note and correct mistakes rather than to map out unexplored regions; that they believe in learning more than imagination, and breed critics, editors, antiquarians and controversialists with even greater

relish than poets, artists, governors, and statesmen. And yet that society is surely the happiest and the most fruitful which has such confidence in its youth that it urges them, as Moses urged Joshua, to "be strong and very courageous," to "go forward" to new conceptions of usefulness, and enlarge the borders of duty.

If there be at this time among our young men any who are eager to invest with new greatness themselves, their families, their Church, their Country, their College, their University, I for one say to them, in no grudging or sceptical spirit, "Go, and the Lord be with you!" Only take with you the right ideal of greatness. And what is this? I reply by pointing you to the act and words of Jesus Christ. He called a little child, and set him in the midst of them, and said, "Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Who was it that thus defined greatness? At the lowest estimate, the estimate which very few of you would think adequate, He was the holiest man that ever lived, the most potent Master of spiritual life, the most successful Founder of a world-wide religion. Even if He were no more than this, think what it is to be assured that this is what such a man knew in His heart to be the one true form of greatness, and again and again pressed upon His followers. Even so, that little unconscious child, in the arms of such a Man, would speak to all times and to all true hearts.

But now let us cast from us these cramping fetters, and make full proof of our glorious Creed. Who was it, do we ask again, Who took that little child, and made him for the moment His ambassador and His interpreter? It was He of Whom we all heard in the Epistle of Palm Sunday, and of Whom some of us at least heard again in the Lesson of last evening.

It was He, as His great Apostle, who had once persecuted Him, loved in after years to boast, Who, being from the first in the essential form of God, counted His equality with God not as a prize to be clutched, and held. No, as to Himself He emptied Himself of His deity and His royalty, taking the form of a servant, and coming into being in the likeness of men, and being found in outward fashion as a man, He humbled Himself by becoming obedient unto His Father, and carrying on that obedience even to the gates of death, and that death the death of the Cross.

This is He, the Divine Son of Man, Who tells us what man's greatness is. If in *any* case the description of it would sound beautiful, persuasive, cogent, how much more when it comes from Him, Him Who speaks to us in the *De Imitatione*, "I became of all men the most humble and the most abject, that thou mightest overcome thy pride with My humility!"

My friends, we cannot suppose that Jesus was blind to the efficiency of those other forms of greatness which we most admire. One might almost dare to say that He needed them for the Church which He

designed to build, and for the men who were to be its craftsmen. Take any form of greatness you like, mental or bodily, endurance, courage, independence, strong convictions, breadth and depth of thought, largeness of soul and mind, philosophic subtlety, profound speculation, burning eloquence, unbending will, the power to organize, the power to rouse, control, and inspire multitudes, persistent enthusiasm, contempt of danger, a passion for self-surrender, and for losing the smaller life in the eager pursuit of the larger—is there any form of greatness here which was not, if we may so say, needed for the building up and the extension of the Christian Church?

I will go further, and ask with confidence, and with such pride as may be seem a Christian, Is there one of these forms of human greatness of which Christ's Church has not been the prolific and nursing Mother, so that, as you pronounce them one by one, a noble army springs to your mind, and almost to your lips, of great men casting their crowns before Him, and saying, "Thou gavest us this grace also"?

But then, remember, not one of these forms of greatness did He now even name. Not one of these did He, through Whom all things were made, all types of being, all intellects, all graces, all sublimities, not one of these did He condescend to mention. He just called to Him a little child out of the crowd, and then, as He looked on those eager jealous combatants, all striving for the first place in the kingdom they so utterly misunderstood, and all asking the ill-timed question, without, as it were, knowing how to

spell it, "Who is the greatest?", He suddenly said to them, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

What did He mean by this self-humbling? How can we attain to it? He meant that the highest strength of man is to know his weakness, to know his true place in the Universe, to measure himself not by himself, not by man, not by humanity, as a whole, not by past achievement, not by present need, not by foreseen endeavour, but by God, Creator, Sustainer, Father of all. Man, with all his wonders, and all his genius, and all his terrible force of will, is only great in the eyes of God when he looks up to Him as a child looks up to his father or his mother, believing that they know all things, judge all things, and are the standard of right and wrong, truth and falsehood. Till a man consciously, or better, perhaps, unconsciously, can empty himself of all his acquisitions and rest on the bosom of his Father and his God, counting himself as nothing by comparison, he is not "great" in the sight of his Maker.

And yet again, that little child in the arms of the Saviour, singled out of all the universe as the ideal of human greatness, was the symbol of certain graces which often play but a small part either in philosophical systems or in popular estimation. That little child was a symbol not only of humility and trust, but of innocence, purity, wonder, obedience, of obscure worth, of despised weakness, nay, even of vices conspicuous by their absence. With that

child in those arms facing our consciences, and challenging us in the holy name of truth not to say a word that we do not believe to be true, how can we dare to apologise for the stains, the sins, the crimes of earth's great ones, whether they be an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Napoleon? These men were great indeed by the award of every court, but the highest. But when the appeal is carried on to the highest of all, they lack the greatness of "the kingdom of heaven." They cannot stand before the open eyes of the little child, or of Him Who shall one day come to be even *their* Judge.

And now, Christian friends, what can *we* make of this ideal of greatness? Like all other ideals, it must not only give pleasure, like a fair vision; it must also embody itself in daily acts and constant habits.

First, however, I would urge, do not let the vision, even as a vision, die away. Let every man whose heart and pulse tell him that he is ambitious, no matter in what direction, keep this picture of the little child constantly before him. Let it be with him daily, not only in his prayers, but when he sets his hand or his mind to any work in which ambition can find a confederate. Memory, if wisely called in, may be a true ally of conscience. It is not difficult to remember once a day that short manual of every true student, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is great." But, further, let us call before our minds certain types of "greatness," and see how they look when we turn upon them the mild but searching light of this saying of the Lord.

I. Think first of national greatness. We hear but little of it in the New Testament, but that is not surprising. Jesus Christ taught but little as a member of a 'down-trodden' nation. He taught rather as the King and Lord and Brother of all mankind. But the silence of the New Testament as to national greatness, and as to national and international duties, no more implies indifference than its silence as to the voices of the sea and the mountains, or the culture of the intellect, or the health of the body. In England, that society must always be a poor and petty one which is not thrilled by the thought of national greatness. It can know nothing of history. It can believe nothing of God's Presence in history. It can give no meaning to those grand words of the Psalm, which every Litany, as it returns, re-consecrates: "We have heard with our ears, O God, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works which Thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them."

But then, what is our notion of national greatness? Is it summed up in the audacious formula, "Our country, right or wrong"? Is it satisfied with wide and ever-spreading dominion, fleets and armies believed to be invincible, commerce penetrating everywhere, by policy or by force, a voice ever more potent in the councils of two continents?

No one, I suppose, is cynical enough to admit that he would be satisfied with such an ideal as this. In some way he would try to persuade himself that our fleets and our armies would always be found in the

way of righteousness, and, perhaps a harder effort, that our commerce would introduce no ideas but those of peace, and temperance, and pure morality.

But, in all honesty, do we care very greatly for these moral makeweights of our country's greatness? "Are our minds indeed set upon righteousness" as we daily make our country's history? Are our heroes the heroes of the Cross? Is the Missionary, for example, one hundredth part as interesting to us as the successful general or the dashing adventurer? Can we pretend, without cant, that we think very often or very earnestly of the marvellous trust which, for a time at least, God appears to have committed to our hands, that of making known to a vast portion of mankind the eternal monuments of His will—justice, temperance, humanity, gentleness to all men, and special reverence for the weak?

Let us each try to think how he daily feels and speaks as to the greatness of his country, and then let him turn once more to that page of the Gospels in which Jesus Christ spoke His word upon greatness, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child." Has that word no meaning for nations? Would Christ have found something to retract or greatly modify, if, as He spoke, some great Roman statesman or soldier could have interrupted Him with the remonstrance, "In thus speaking Thou reproachest us also"?

II. Or pass to a different plane of thought. What are our instinctive notions of the greatness of a Church? We could answer the question his-

torically. We could say, with tolerable accuracy, what a "great Church" meant to either of the two Gregories, or to Innocent III., or to Luther, or Loyola, or Knox, or Laud, or Coleridge, or Arnold, or Liddon. We could name some of our own contemporaries, and fairly state what is in their eyes the essential greatness of a Church. But how is it with ourselves, when we are most truly ourselves, when we are neither combatants, nor apologists, but simply Churchmen, members, as we trust, of "the blessed company of all faithful people"? How far is our ideal made up of power, and prestige, and precedence, and dignity, and the claim to rule, and the right to be obeyed? Or how far does it rest upon images of gentleness, and forbearance, and largeness of sympathy, and patience, and daring, and overmastering love of the Saviour, and a passion, widely diffused throughout its members, for advancing, exploring, conciliating, blessing, and, in the truest sense, educating in His Name? Which is the greatest Church? The oldest? The most numerous? The best disciplined? The wealthiest? The most secure? The most ascetic? The most orthodox?

Let us turn again to the Gospel, and where are our old weights and measures? "He called unto Him a little child, and said unto them, Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Again I ask, Has this word no meaning for Churches? It may be hard to apply it in detail, but, rely upon it, Christ

has nothing to retract when He turns from His disciples one by one to His Church as a whole. That Church is the greatest which is the humblest, and its greatness remains while it is humble, and no longer. "The Church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, her Lord," and He has left her in no doubt as to where her greatness lies.

III. And, lastly, let us return, however briefly, to ourselves, as the members, young and old, of a great University. If a man dared to say to us in the Name of Christ, "You, too, are greatest when you are humblest, and only great when you are humble, what could he mean? Would he speak our own language, or, as it were, in a strange tongue? He would mean at least this, that we are no exception in God's creation. If God has so made His world, with its greats and its littles, and if Christ, through Whom He made all, has taken the little child, and not the man of genius and might, as the symbol and ideal of human greatness, then it must be so with us also. Power, dignity, leisure, learning, freedom from some prejudices and some littlenesses and some vulgarities, nay, even daring dreams of intellectual triumphs yet to come, these are not "the be all and the end all" of a great and a Christian University. It must be very humble. It must count itself the servant of all. It must often feel, as great and good men feel in thoughtful moments, how much it has left undone which it might have achieved. It must be on its guard against the perilous charms of a "splendid isolation," whether that isolation be intel-

lectual or social. It must long to get closer and closer to the hearts and minds of the people. It must be full to the brim of the great thought—*freely we have received, freely let us give.*

- IV. And if we pass from our great University as a whole, and turn our thoughts and our hearts to groups of friends in the several Colleges, can we be wrong in believing that, however it may be marred by our clumsy touch, this picture of the little child in the arms of the Saviour has a voice—yes, and a persuasive voice—even for them? “Who is the greatest” among our younger men? Is it the man who has won already, or is about to win in the next few exciting weeks, the highest honours which we can bestow?

Or is it the man who stands aloof more or less from such contests, and yet is pronounced by the voice of his friends to be their ablest, the quickest in insight, the subtlest in criticism, the widest in range of thought, the keenest in wit, the most trenchant and impressive in giving judgment? How intensely interesting it is to gauge, without a tinge of jealousy, the brilliant gifts of our comrades, and to fancy what each may do with them if only he has “the chance,” or rather, if he has the force of will, the health, the prolonged vitality, the happy versatility, the favouring circumstance, to bring him to the front and keep him there! Again and again we are wrong. The “first” is strangely “last”; there is some flaw which no one has yet detected. The “last,” again, is strangely “first”; there is something in him which can charm

a nation and win its confidence, though in a University it does not yet breathe its native air.

• But whether right or wrong in our guesses, we return to them again and again. Again and again we put our old question, "Which of these, which of us all, will be the greatest?" Doubtless there are now among us young men who, in the judgment of their friends, can hardly fail to be great. • Some of them, it is thought, will put new life into old creeds and old institutions, unfolding and interpreting the eternal truths which abide in old traditions, and loving them the better because they are old.

And upon others other "prophecies" have "gone before" from very different lips. They have seen, it is thought, into the heart of old creeds and old institutions; have seen into them, and proved them false, and have found a better land beyond them, a land of promise, into which, in the years to come, they will be prepared to lead their followers. There are the heroes of tradition and the heroes of revolution; the heroes of belief and the heroes of scepticism.

It must be so. As long as men are young, and live together in a great home of intellectual freedom, they will make their own sets, and think their own thoughts; and the counsel of their elders, whether wise or foolish, will for the time at least have but little weight. And yet even to these, nay, most of all to these, to these men in the prime and perhaps the pride of their hopes, I will hold up this picture of Jesus Christ and the little child. Who is the greatest? Who will do the most? Who, when

the grave closes upon him, and he steps forth, with such strength as earth may have given him, to his new labours in the eternal world—who will be found to have drawn into his being the most effective and the most abiding force? Who will have deserved most of man? Who will have become likest God?

I know no answer to such questions that can compare with that which Jesus gave to His disciples. I pity the man who does not see its beauty and bow to its majesty. I can imagine no picture so suited to the study, or the lecture room, or the laboratory, or the common room, or the library, of the keenest intellect among us, as the picture of Jesus Christ, surrounded by ambitious spirits, and selecting from the throng one little child in the unconscious glory of its innocence, and saying, in the fulness of that "authority" which "hath been given unto" Him "in heaven and on earth," "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

April 26th, 1896.

X.

FOR A GREAT WHILE TO COME.

THE "GREAT JUBILEE."

2 SAM. VII. 18—19.

Then went King David in, and set before the Lord, and he said, Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto? And this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God, but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come.

It is the kingly utterance of a King's heart. David is conscious of his greatness, but it fills him with no kind of pride. It is all the gift of God, Who has dealt with him very wonderfully. It is God Who took him away from the sheepfolds, to feed Jacob His people. It is God Who has delivered him from the strivings of the people, and made him the head of the nations. It is God Who has given him not a past only, or a present, but the sure promise of a future. He has spoken to him of his kingly house "for a great while to come."

Christian friends, it is no foolish flattery to suppose that thoughts of this kind must be very near

to the heart of our own Queen at this solemn time. Even to us the 20th morning of June has long meant much. What must it always have meant to Her! In some years, indeed, it may have dawned upon her only to be at once clouded and forgotten. Eighteen years since, in 1879, she writes in her journal, "My accession day, forty-two years ago; but no thought of it in presence of this frightful event," that is, the death of the young Prince Imperial by the spears of the Zulus.

But Accession Day, "My Accession Day,"—what must it not mean to a Christian sovereign and a Christian woman? When she looks back upon her quiet childhood; when she remembers how in the first flush of maidenhood she was summoned from her sleep to be the chief of a kingdom and an empire; when she recalls the amazing growth of that empire during the sixty years that date from that morning, and the love and reverence, ever increasing, which are borne in to her from every part of her dominion, when, again, she turns her eye to the children and children's children grouped about her at this season, each a separate pledge for the length of days of this ancient monarchy—we are certain we cannot doubt, that she *must* be saying in her heart to-day, what David said so humbly and yet so proudly in the day of his prosperity, first, "Who am I, O Lord God, and what is my house, that Thou hast brought me hitherto?" And then again, as she looks upon her sons and daughters and the many young children which God has given them, "And

this was yet a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God; but Thou hast spoken also of Thy servant's house for a great while to come."

My friends, we will find in these words the few and very unpretentious thoughts which I wish to bring before you now. I shall not trouble you with hard questions as to the Victorian era and the part which it plays in history. We are thinking to-day not of the Victorian Age but of Queen Victoria. Our hearts are with *her*, with her greatness, her sorrows, her character, her example. The wisest of us needs not be ashamed to own that he cares more for persons than for periods. When we read the story of David, the mind of the critic may pause to analyse the genius of the Davidic Age and the framework of the Davidic monarchy, but the heart of mankind is with David himself—David the king, David the father, David the tempted, David the man.

And so it always will be. The simpler we are, and the more we say just what we feel and not what we fancy we ought to feel, the more freely we shall own that we love to think and speak of *persons* whom God has set in the high places of the earth. To us they are full of light and colour. They touch our imaginations. They speak to us, silently but truly, of something afar off and long ago, of the oneness of a nation's life, of the sacredness of tradition, of the majesty of law, of the growth of freedom, of the responsibilities of power.

It is this deep moral instinct, and not a mere vulgar curiosity, which makes us wonder in ourselves

how great persons carry their greatness; whether they keep human through it all, either in spite of it or because of it; whether they love the country whose name they bear; whether, when alone with God, they pray for it, as parents pray for their children, and are willing to bear for its sake calumny and wrong; whether, again, they really feel for the poor and the forlorn; whether the suffering of their people, sometimes so intense and so wide-spread—as in India during the past awful months—pierces through the thick walls of their palaces and the deepest seclusion of their woods and their gardens; whether, in short, while princely and royal, they are also and above all manly and womanly, honouring all men, loving the brotherhood, fearing God, honouring their people.

The week on which we are now entering—this Great Jubilee week, as we call it—gives an answer to these questionings of the heart, and we all know that it gives a happy answer. These services of thanksgiving would be different indeed from what they are, if at the bottom of our hearts there did not lie the deep conviction, She is a good woman, and she has been a good Queen. We know the story told of her when she was about twelve years old, and first found out, almost by a chance, that she would one day be Queen. The little girl was awed by the discovery. "It is a very solemn thing," she said; and then, lifting up her forefinger, and giving her hand to her governess, she added earnestly, "I will be good."

It is the belief of her people to-day, not of us

educated men only, but of millions of millions in India, in America, in Africa, and Australia, that God has enabled her to keep inviolate, through long years of grandeur, and sorrow, and perplexity, that little child's promise and profession. We believe that she has been, and that she is, good: that in her inmost heart she has "loved righteousness and hated iniquity"; that in an age of vast wealth, boundless self-indulgence, and almost fanatical worship of pleasure, she has set an example of simple tastes, of home affections, of faithful work, of spotless purity. It has pleased God to try her in ways which most severely test character.

The first twenty-four years of her reign were a time of almost unbroken happiness in her own home. There were indeed great public anxieties—in 1848, the upturning of more than one foreign throne; from 1854-56, the wasting war in the Crimea; in 1857, the ghastly Indian Mutiny.

All these troubles, as we well know, sat heavy on her heart. But through them all, and for some restless years after she was upheld not only by her own intrepid spirit, not only by her calm trust in God, but by the wise counsels of her Royal Husband, who, for force of will, clearness of insight, and strength of purpose, had few equals among the statesmen of Europe.

At last, as it were in a moment, the great sorrow of her life fell upon her—that unique sorrow which may either crush or lift, but in any case proves a human heart of what sort it is.

That great blow can never be forgotten by those who love Queen Victoria, or would at any time hereafter understand her character. Least of all can it be forgotten here. There may be still some three or four among us who remember the great days just fifty years ago, when, with her beloved and almost adored Husband, she came among us to see him receive the homage of our University. They were both in the flower of their youth, not yet thirty years of age. In the long chapter of her Reign there is no more graceful page than that which records the young Queen, surrounded by so many of her most famous servants, merging for the time the majesty of the Sovereign in the simple love and reverence of the Wife, rejoicing that in this great seat of learning her gifted Husband should receive, almost for the first time in England, what she had known to be his due.

Only ten years since, on the evening of one of the brightest days of her Jubilee, when all the East of London had flocked around her with every sign of loyal rejoicing, she was heard to speak of that day as almost as happy as "those happy Cambridge days" of forty years before. *Sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*

Fourteen years were to pass after this bright summer festival, and then came, all unheralded, that dark December day, dark at home and dark abroad,

Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
which was to deprive us of our high-minded

Chancellor and her of the star and pride of her life.

That was the life's crisis, that was the time which showed us the reserved forces of our Queen's character—its strength as well as its goodness, its piety and trust as well as its grace and purity. That too was the time which won for her, never to be lost, the hearts, not of crowds only or courtiers, but of the good, the silent, and the devout.

Then it was that there went up for her, in the words of our great Cambridge Poet, that noble prayer worthy of a Christian nation :

Break not, O Woman's heart, but still endure,
Break not, for Thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside Thee, that it made
One light together, but has past and left
The Crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,
His love, unseen, but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set Thee at his side again !

Surely we may say to-day that prayer has been answered. The "Woman's heart" has not broken, but has nobly endured. She had to face the dreary prospect of perhaps another forty years of sovereignty, without the support of that faithful arm which had made its burthen tolerable. She was indeed well-nigh crushed by the blow, but she never lost either her trust in God, or her womanly sympathy with the

sorrows of others. I suppose nothing has done more to make her beloved in quiet obscure homes than the belief that, in all her greatness, she does really care for those who suffer.

It is not indeed difficult for a great person to pretend to care for the poor and the suffering, to gain credit for it with the public, and to do from time to time a few theatrical acts of a kind to confirm the popular belief. But no one has ever suspected the sincerity of our beloved Queen. Her heart has always been at leisure to the wants and distresses of all classes.

Whether it is the brave Soldiers and Sailors who are killed or maimed in her service, or personal friends who drop off one by one, or humble members of her household who are ill, or mourners in some Highland cottage, or sufferers from some devastating wreck or fire or famine or explosion, her sympathy is always ready and tender. And it is always valued, because it is known to be genuine, coming straight from the heart of one who has known sorrows and is "acquainted with grief."

The country has long since learned to believe in its Queen. The week which begins to-day, and which must surely long live in history, is setting, as it were, a nation's seal to a long-gathering national conviction. It says, in a stately and monumental way, what the heart of almost every one is saying quietly from itself: May God bless you as long as you stay with us! We thank God, every one of us, for having so long given us so good a Queen.

These are not mere phrases. As we advance in life, we come to value more and more what is thoroughly genuine, and I declare, I know nothing more genuine—nothing that, as they say, “rings more true,”—than the loving trustful reverence with which the English people regard their Queen. Sixty years are time enough to find out hollowness, if hollowness lies beneath. But there is here no hollowness, and no suspicion of it. Our assurance of her worth is deep-set and far-reaching. To prove it, but one more test is, I will not say needed, but possible. That test would be her death. God grant it may still be distant! When that sad day comes, there will be no hypocrisy. There will be a world-wide mourning, on such a scale and with such a sorrow as the world has never known. Our children will not need our teaching and our traditions to tell them how to grieve. They will know it of themselves, and they will hand down to those who come after them the memory of the good Queen Victoria as one of the best and truest and most unsullied things that has come across their path in their passage through life.

Christian friends, I commend to you during the coming week, which must be a trying week to the Queen herself, these very homely thoughts. So far as you can mix with them deeper thoughts, do not fail to do so; for, indeed, these last sixty years, to those who have eyes to see, have been rich in public blessings and public lessons, and now, teem with hopes, magnificent at once and sobering.

The bare mention of a few names awakens such memories, and kindles such hopes. Peace, education, expansion of Empire, loyalty of the Colonies—each in itself a nation—glorious discoveries of Science, extension of the influence of the Universities, the awakening of the Church, the resurrection of Missionary zeal, the growing of sympathy between rich and poor, the splendid victories over disease and pain—these names have of late been so familiar in men's mouths that we almost dread to repeat them, so easy is it for glib, self-complacent phrases to usurp the sacred seat of reverent gratitude. Doubtless as a nation, which would fain look back with Christian eyes on this eventful period of its history, we must use the language of the humblest confession. "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." "

Still, while we would listen to this "still small voice" of humility, always the surest oracle both to men and to nations, we may yet open our ears this day to louder and more jubilant voices—the "voice of praise and thanksgiving," the voice which says, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy Name give the praise"; the voice which says, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty"; the voice which speaks both of our Royal and our National House "for a great while to come"; the voice also which says, "The Lord hath done great things for us *already*, whereof we rejoice."

But, as we said before, we are thinking to-day, not so much of the period as of the Person, not so much of the Queen's epoch as of the Queen. She is much to us and to our children. What has she not been to those who have gone before us? What a part she has played in the affections and the imaginations of the best men and women of the last sixty years; of the poor as well as the rich; of foreign princes, of statesmen, of soldiers and sailors, of clergy at home and clergy abroad, of men of letters and of all professions, of servants, and nurses, and little children! How our fathers and mothers loved her! How our children have been taught to love her! How much of the future history of our country, the feelings, instincts, imagination of the coming race, are bound up with the events of this historic week! Let us all unite in thanks to God for having so long given to us so sterling a character and so pure an example. And, before we leave this house of prayer, let us send forth two earnest petitions to the Throne of Grace.

I. That the blessings and the solaces of the God of all comfort may attend our beloved Queen to the latest hour of her honoured life.

II. That all who in after days shall win the hearts of the British people may be as true and as gracious, as sincere in sympathy with human needs, as humble in submission to the will of God!

June 20th, 1897.

' XI.

WHO MAKETH THEE TO DIFFER?

I COR. IV. 7.

Who maketh thee to differ?

WE are at the beginning of the Term which is almost a proverb for joyousness. Many have come back in the last day or two resolved to enjoy it to the utmost. No misgiving haunts us. No shadow of danger or of sorrow seems to be brooding over us.

That is our own position here. As a country, we believe that we were never stronger or, what is called, more "prosperous." Never, I believe, has the National Income been so large. Never, I suppose, have the taxes been lighter compared with the vast numbers and increasing comfort of the population. Further, we have just been cheered by a gallant feat* of arms, well planned and well executed. It has touched the heart of the country, for it seems to say, We have taught an abject populace, the scorn and by-word of centuries, to become in due time a nation

* The Battle of the Atbara.

of freemen; and further, the hour of redress to a lonely and heroic memory seems to be at last on the point of striking.

So it stands, or seems to stand, with us. But how stands it with others to-day, on this solemn Sunday that seems to be a land-mark in history? I had meant to speak of quite other matters, matters that no man could have hesitated to call Christian. But events are too much for us. They take away our poor words, and they put perforce other words into our mouth. To-day, it is simply impossible not to speak on the war, which has just broken out between two great nations. What does this Sunday mean to *them*? Have we sufficient heart, sufficient sympathy, sufficient imagination to place before our minds what men and women are hoping, dreading, praying for among the many millions of these "mighty opposites"? What eager anticipations with all! What resentment, indignation, almost fury with some! What anxious hopes and prayers on the part of the best in both nations that in some way, however dark, it may please Almighty God, the Father of all, to work out some good for the family of man!

My friends, it must be possible to cherish Christian thoughts on this great subject. Thoughts short of Christian we can find elsewhere. The papers will soon provide us with events only too thrilling. The papers too have given us, and will continue to give us, material for forming opinions as to the causes of the struggle, its moral merits, its contending

passions, its probable results. For deeper lessons we must fall back on ourselves. Let us, then, try to draw from our hearts and our consciences some thoughts not unworthy of the faith that God "made of one blood all nations of men," and that brotherhood, not ascendancy—mutual service, not brilliant victory—is the final goal of human effort and human ambition.

"Who maketh thee to differ?" That at least is one thought that can do us no harm to-day. Who gave us the peace, the wealth, the power, the intellectual luxuries, the amazing physical comfort that almost every man in this church claims for himself, for his family, and for his nation? We might find our wisest answer in the impressive Lesson of this forenoon. Few words of our Master are better known than those which were then read to us afresh. "He spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous and despised others." It is the Parable which perhaps more than any other has reached the heart and even won the applause not only of those who receive the kingdom of God "as a little child," but even of "the children of this world." For once all are agreed in theory, if not in practice. We are all against the boasting Pharisee, we are all on the side of the humble Publican. The first over-reaches himself. The blindest can see through him. The least delicate finds him repulsive. The other, the Publican, is not a saint, nor a hero; but he has a future. Good will yet come into him and out of him. There is in

him a stamp, a character, on which the spirit of good, the Spirit of God, can fasten and work.

My friends, it is not only in our personal life that we need again and again this great reminder. We do indeed need it there. The humblest among us knows that he needs it for himself. Again and again some irritation, some wrong, real or fancied, over which he broods, proves to him that he is thinking complacently of himself, and slightly, perhaps much more than slightly, of others. We are making but poor progress in the life of the soul, unless we find ourselves more and more driven to that lowliest and most fruitful of all its many cries, "God be merciful to me, the sinner."

But, as I said, it is not only in personal life that this warning is a friend. As a University, as a Church, as a Nation, how greatly we need it!

As a University—not to stand on our culture, our learning, our great name; not to exaggerate and deify the claims of the mind; not to look down upon classes of men, or individual men in any class, who may seem to us deficient in perception, in range of thought, in delicacy, in manners. "Who maketh thee to differ?"

Again, as a Church—what would we not give to recover ground so fatally lost because we have too often made the grievous blunder of saying, or seeming to say, to others, Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou. I have a history, and a prestige, and a commission, and a social status, and a spiritual refinement, and a literary culture which you and

others cannot claim. Let us agree to differ. Let us live and work and feel apart. Again, "Who maketh thee to differ?"

And then, lastly, as a Country. Can it be unpatriotic, on a day like this, to think seriously whether as Englishmen, as members of the most wonderful Empire that has ever, under the unseen, unfelt touch of Him Who is Invisible, become "a living soul," we are free from the danger of over self-complacency, or, in the words of the Master, "trusting in ourselves that we are righteous and despising others"?

If some man of genius were to draw a picture of the political Pharisee, criticising not too mercifully the selfish grasping policy of other nations, and yet contriving, by repeated conquest, to hold in fee the fairest half of the world, is it certain that no critic, no foreign critic, would ever think of England?

Has not the last year, I might also add, have not the last two or three days, been enough to remind us that we may have one measure for judging the ambitions of our neighbours and another for judging our own? Let us avow it: the joy of empire is near akin to the lust of empire. The joy of feeling and believing that God has committed to our trust, in the far-off distant workings of history, a wondrous, nay, an overwhelming share in shaping the moral and intellectual standards of mankind, and that, with all our failings, we have many special gifts for this high function—this joy is perilously near to low passions which one shrinks from even naming in this place,

passions of which coarse hearts and truculent voices are the symbol and the instrument, passions which have all the vulgarity of the Pharisee, with none of his punctual service or his habitual self-restraint. Once more, "Who maketh thee to differ?"

Some of us can remember well the last great war, the dreadful Civil War, with which our kinsmen in America were afflicted. It was a time at which the thoughts of many hearts were revealed. Many of us then made great mistakes in the bestowal of our sympathies through not looking deep enough into the facts that lay below the surface. And worse than this, we allowed ourselves the frequent use of language which, to a proud and sensitive nation, is the very language of the Pharisee, language of superior censure, language of suspicion, an apparent pleasure in judging the secret motives of the best men by the rough utterances of the worst.

Let us not repeat that mistake. It was unworthy alike of Christians and of men of sense. Now we have to deal not with one only but with two proud and sensitive nations. It would be easy enough to lecture each upon what we regard as their respective failings: to say to the one, "Your diplomacy lacks courtesy, and your interference is not purely chivalrous"; and to the other, "You have strangely missed or lost the art of governing Colonies. It was an ill day for Cuba when, after our capture of Havana in the middle of last century, we handed her back to you."

Christian friends, I dread this sort of language; it is wicked as well as foolish. By its folly it does infinite harm in our relations with others; by its wickedness it does infinite harm in our relation to ourselves.

If to-day, on this first Sunday of a war that may have a sinister place in history, we are willing to put up some Christian prayer to God, let one such prayer be this. O God, save us from the cold Pharisaism of thanking Thee for our own self-restraint, while we look severely on the pride and self-seeking of others, either in their characters or their acts.

And we may add something to this prayer. We may not only refrain from censure, we may even bestow sympathy. There is a sympathy, remember, which is not that of the partisan. It is the sympathy which springs up, in loftier natures, from generous intuition and genial training. It is the sympathy which honestly tries to read the character of another nation, to see it at its best, to see it with the eyes of its Creator, to assume that it wishes to act rightly and not to outrage the laws of God or the courtesies of time.

I confess I do not envy the man, whatever his age or whatever his politics, who can look quite unmoved on the present position of Spain. What a past she has had! What a part she has played! How must this past be burnt into the very soul of her best men and women, her young boys and her young girls, now that they are suddenly and

roughly called to an almost desperate struggle for one cherished fragment of an Empire once so glorious!

Let me read you a few words of an historian* not too favourable to the men of the Armada.

"Before the sixteenth century had measured half its course, the shadow of Spain already stretched beyond the Andes. From the mines of Peru and the custom houses of Antwerp the golden rivers streamed into her imperial treasury. The crown of Arragon and Castile, of Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily clustered on the brow of her sovereigns; and the Spaniards themselves, before their national liberties were broken, were beyond comparison the noblest, grandest, and most enlightened people in the known world."

Strong language, but true. And if this past grandeur can be thus felt by a foreigner, how much more must it be felt by the nation itself at this dreadful moment of supreme, if hopeless, effort! How present it must have been to all that was noblest in Spain at that memorable meeting of the Cortes a few days back, when the Queen Mother appeared in state with her Royal Son, a boy of thirteen, and, in a few words, not unworthy of such a moment, appealed to the patriotism and the loyalty of her people! We all know how that appeal was answered.

History has a warm place in its regard for that other touching scene† at Presburg, in Hungary,

* Froude, *History of England*, viii. 425.

† Carlyle, *Frederick the Great*, iii. 472—475.

more than a hundred and fifty years ago, when the young Queen, Maria Theresa, ancestress of the present Queen of Spain, appeared with her Infant Son before the estates of her kingdom, and there threw herself and him upon their as yet wavering allegiance. It may well be that we, too, are living in times and beholding events which, when the loud voices of the present are silent, will evoke pity and reverence in centuries to come. Anyhow we are men. We may almost say of Spain what was so finely said of Venice a hundred years since:

And what if she hath seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay?

Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reached the final day.

Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great has passed away.*

But if generous sympathy is not ill bestowed in thinking of the proud and ancient race with which our own country has by comparison so few ties in common, how much more shall we follow with respect and wonder all that is best and truest in the young gigantic nation which is our own flesh and blood. Like ourselves, they are often blind, and hasty in judgment, and in language somewhat callous to the feelings of others; but also, like ourselves, they have a genuine horror of cruelty and disorder and misgovernment, and believe that one responsibility of their astonishing growth is to enlarge and consolidate the liberties of mankind.

* W. Wordsworth on "Venice."

I said, "like ourselves." They too feel it. It was an American Poet, not a man* of weak puling sentimentalities, but truly masculine as well as devout, who, in the great crisis of their Civil War, made his indignant appeal to Englishmen, too many of whom seemed but cold in their hatred of slavery, and too prompt to carp and criticise:

Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred frail and human;
We carp at faults with bitter speech,
The while, for one unshared by each,
We have a score in common.

And it was the same voice which then gave utterance to the honest hopes of the deeper and more Christian consciences of his countrymen, as they girded themselves for a war which they felt to be at once hateful and sublime:

It, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain,
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Many of us have friends in America, whose moral and Christian worth we know and prize. I believe—I cannot doubt it—that to-day, as in their earlier struggle more than thirty-five years ago—to-day, alike in private homes and in houses of prayer, there are thousands and thousands of American men and women who, in all purity and veracity of heart, are

* J. G. Whittier—"In War Time," "Thy will be done," "To Englishmen."

offering to God the essence of that petition—hating what they deem the necessity of war; longing for the permanent removal, through their sacrifices, of what they believe to be an inveterate and an intolerable wrong.

And therefore I claim to-day the sympathies, the respectful sympathies, of generous and enlightened men for both the parties to this great struggle. Let us do to each of them what we should wish to be done to ourselves should we ever be as severely tried. Let us, in justice to both sides, idealize the object of the contest, look at it apart from the baseness which is sure to deform it, look at it as it appears to the best men, the men who most truly represent their respective nations.

To the one it is the cause of national independence, national dignity, national self-respect; to the other it is the cause of humanity and freedom.

In truth, the American ideal of to-day has much of the Spanish ideal in the days of Columbus four hundred years ago, when, as expressed in the words of Archbishop Trench, "the Spaniards advanced to the conquering of a new world quite as much in the spirit of a Crusader as of a gold-seeker."

History teaches us—it is one of its most consoling lessons—that War, while it lets slip the most frightful passions, and prepares for us scenes, not in battle only or chiefly, at which human nature shudders, yet also, by a blessed compensation, difficult to explain, gives birth, if not too long continued, to deeds of heroism, of patience, of forbearance, of

chivalry, which enter into the life-blood of men of all classes, and "feed the high tradition of the world." Let us hope—and if we believe in the power of unselfish prayer, let us quietly and humbly pray—that such results may spring from this new War which is ushered in by so much bitter hate.

Thank God, the enmities of nations are not eternal. Never, I suppose, was national hate more intense, or more justified by deeds of hideous cruelty on both sides, than that which burned between Spaniards and Englishmen three hundred years ago, and culminated in the carnage and the havoc of the Armada. Yet the descendants of those men in both nations fought side by side in more than one field of honour in the days of our fathers under the guidance of Wellington. Let us dare to hope that this war, however prolific in suffering, mourning, shame, disappointment, may be stained by no wanton cruelties, no mean suspicions, no outrageous insults, no witness-stones of an interminable vendetta, but that amidst the fiercest struggles the voice of humanity, of respect for the innocent, the wounded and the dying, nay, even the voice of Christian brotherhood, may not be wholly stifled in despair.

There is yet another thought—almost impotent in its vagueness, but yet surely of Christian origin—which arises irrepressibly in our minds as we watch the outbreak of the war between two Christian and civilized nations. Could it all have been prevented? Could the good that some expect from it have been obtained otherwise? Could the evils which both

plainly foresee have been averted? And, once more, inevitably a part of the same thought, can we, in our humble measure, do anything to retard or prevent such troubles? •.

Some two and a half centuries ago a shrewd statesman allowed his son to embark on a political career with the famous warning, "Go forth, my son, to see with how little wisdom the world is governed." We are tempted to say the same whenever a war breaks out. Is it not a failure, not only in a true deep sense of religious obligation, but also a failure of statesmanship and diplomacy?

There seems, I think, to be a general feeling that with more skill, more frankness, more timely and courteous disclosure of views, this particular war might have been staved off by a voluntary concession on the part of Spain. Whether this be so or not, I can of course have no opinion, but as Christians we ask ourselves, in the Name and the Presence of our Master, whether we cannot by our words and lives so mould opinion with regard to such evils as misgovernment, cruelty, slavery, ambition, as to prevent by anticipation those wars which are supposed to be their only remedy.

Our own Poet* was not speaking wildly when he wrote, at the time of the Crimean War,

Can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth Hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,

* Tennyson, *Maud*, x. 3.

Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fire-side
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

In such an outburst as that we seem to find some answer to the Christian question, "What can we do?"

There are, and I suppose there always will be, some men of little faith and little hope, in whose eyes war is one of the solid impregnable institutions of the world, as natural to man as to the wild beasts. No increasing intervals between wars, no increase in the deadliness of weapons, no increase in the inter-communication of peoples, still less the growth of the conception of Christian brotherhood, will in any way weaken their pessimistic conviction that war is one of those fixities without which human society cannot exist.

A ghastly faith surely! Yet it cannot be disproved by conclusive argument. If disproved at all, if the opposite faith can take root in any heart, and grow up firm, and strong, and beautiful, and persuasive, it will only be by more perfect knowledge of Him Who taught, as we have read again to-day, "that men ought always to pray and not to faint." To men so taught it seems inconceivable, nay unthinkable, that this great curse should live for ever on an earth which Christ has loved and redeemed, even for the extinction of curses yet more virulent and insidious— inconceivable that He Who said "All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth," and again, "By this

shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye have love one to another," should also permanently be so little welcomed, and enter so little into thoughts and lives, that war, that gigantic anti-Christ, should remain enthroned for ever. War puts many hard questions to the Christian. One of them is, "Where is your faith?"

"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

Part. II.

SERMONS
HISTORICAL • & BIOGRAPHICAL.

I.

AUGUSTINE AIDAN BFDE. ANSELM*

•PSALM CXXII. 8-9.

For my brethren and companions' sakes I will wish thee prosperity. Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek to do thee good

IT is the voice of a pious patriot. He loves his country, his countrymen, his Church, his God. He wishes them prosperity. Further, he loves the house of the Lord his God. For its sake, over and above all other ties of affection to his "brethren and companions," he seeks to do them good.

Christian friends, I have been invited to speak to you on a very interesting event in your Parish history, the gift of a beautiful window to your ancient Church. It occurs at the same time as an event of overwhelming interest in our national history. The greater event does not eclipse the lesser. On the contrary, it gives it fresh meaning

* Preached in the Parish Church of Chesterton, Cambridge, June 27th, 1897. A painted window had just been given by a Parishioner in memory of the sixtieth year of Queen Victoria's Reign.

and dignity. Search your own hearts and minds. Was there ever a time when the thought of patriotism, as an ancient heirloom, came closer to your whole being? Through all the wonderful week which has just closed, has not the air almost rung with echoes of this kind: "I will remember the days of old, and the years that are past"; "And this was but a small thing in Thy sight, O Lord God, but Thou hast spoken of Thy servant's house for a great while to come"; "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever"? Yes, He is at once the starting-point and the goal of our thoughts, the First and the Last, the Eternal and the Incarnate, the Living One and He that became dead, and behold He is alive for evermore. To Him every Church bears witness, and every church building, and every church ornament, and every church gift. True, He needs no such building to make His Presence Real and His blessing felt. There can be sermons without a pulpit, and songs without an organ, and Baptism without a Font, and Communion, even the Holiest, without a Table.

Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
 There they behold Thy Mercy-seat;
 Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
 And every place is hallowed ground.

True, most true. The outward does not make the inward, and never is the inward. The "Real Presence" of the Saviour can be with His servants anywhere, with Gordon in the lonely Soudan, with

the shipwrecked sailor in the half-swamped boat, with the poor penitent felon as he stands upon the drop.

But to say this, to own it, to feel it, is not to make light of outward symbols. Beautiful Churches, beautiful church music, beautiful arches, beautiful windows, beautiful glass in those windows, may all be helps both to the mind and the conscience. They may all bring something of heaven before our eyes. And surely it is so specially when they recall to us something great or lovely in the past; when they point us to the holy lives of All Saints—the men and the women “of whom,” in their own day, “the world was not worthy.”

So at least it seemed to me, my friends, when I was allowed to see the design of your fine historic window. It seemed to speak to me out of the far distant past. It has been said of a talk with some highly-gifted persons, that “it is in itself a liberal education.” One may say at least as much of some painted windows, whether at home or abroad. If, for example, you go to Munich, in Bavaria, and visit the Church of St. Boniface, you may educate yourself in some of the most stirring pages of Church history. There you can follow the young Englishman, for he *was* an Englishman, from the time that he left his beautiful Devonshire, all through his heroic career as the Apostle of pagan Germany, till at last, on one memorable Whitsunday in 755, at the age of seventy-five, he laid down his life in glorious martyrdom.

Again, let any man enter our own Chapel at Trinity. There, by studying our windows, he may educate himself, in much that is noblest in the State, in the Church, and in the Schools; so much learning, genius, and piety shine out from those emblazoned worthies.

And so with your own window, the pious gift of to-day, a memorial at once of the brotherly heart of one of the Parishioners and of the long reign of good Queen Victoria. The more it is studied, the more it must be loved. Out of your twenty-eight figures we will take just four. We will think of them not only for what they were in themselves, not only for what study and reverence can make them to us, but what they were to Jesus Christ. They all gave Him their hearts. Without Him you cannot understand one of them. They form two pairs—two of them “Apostles,” as they are rightly called, that is, Missionaries or messengers of Christ to the heathen, I mean St. Augustine and St. Aidan; and two of them famous Theologians and Scholars, Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bede, the Student-Monk of Jarrow.

Just now every one is hearing of St. Augustine. Every one knows how, exactly thirteen hundred years ago, he was sent by Pope Gregory the Great to this country; how he landed in the Isle of Thanet; how on Whitsunday as in this very year, thirteen centuries back, he baptized King Ethelbert, and by that royal baptism prepared the way for Christ in the south-east corner of Britain.

I.] *Augustine.*

In a few days you will see of what I may call the Bishops of the from all parts of the the sacred spot where ing God for His mercy, bringing him to our shores.

All honour to the Benedictine Monk for coming to us as Christ's messenger. He was perhaps a good rather than a great man. He was a lieutenant rather than a leader. He had his moments of doubt and of fear, from which some heroic souls are exempt. Let those criticize him who are worthy even to dream of what he strove to do, and what he did.

In any case, to one corner of Britain he brought the order of the Church, as well as the fire of the Gospel. In that corner, limit it as much as you please, he lit such a candle as, by God's grace, has never been put out. It was an immense service. While remembering what we owe to others, let us pay ungrudgingly what we owe to him.

Yet what says our good Bishop Lightfoot? "Not Augustine, but Aidan, is the true apostle of England." And again, still more explicitly, "Augustine was the apostle of Kent, but Aidan was the apostle of England." Aidan it was who brought the torch of the Gospel, not from Rome or from any southern sanctuary, but from the little island of Iona, on the western coast of Scotland. There, some thirty years before Augustine landed in Kent,

* *Leaders in the Northern Church*, pages 9, 11, 43, 44.

the fervent Irishman, Columba, had planted his spiritual fastness. Thence, in rapid succession, he sent forth his intrepid Missionaries. To this "school of the prophets" belonged Aidan, sent by Iona to Northumbria some thirty-eight years after Columba's death.

He was not the first choice of his brother-monks. The first was one Cormac, who wholly failed. "He returned speedily to Iona, disheartened, reporting that the Northumbrians were a stubborn people, with whom nothing could be done" Among those who heard this dismal report was Aidan, and he made a criticism upon it which has become famous. "Brother," he said, "it seems to me that thou hast been unduly hard upon these untwilight hearers, and hast not given them first, according to the Apostle's precept, the milk of less solid doctrine, until, gradually nurtured on the Word of God, they should have strength enough to digest the more perfect lessons." "All eyes," we read, "were at once turned on the speaker. Here was the very man whom the work demanded."

So Aidan "went out" from Iona to succeed in the task in which the less patient Cormac had failed. He became "the true apostle of England." From Lindisfarne in the north-east to Lichfield in the west, it was his teaching, his traditions, his influence, which prevailed. If you would know what manner of man he was, listen yet again to Bishop Lightfoot. "I know," he says, "no nobler type of the missionary spirit than Aidan. His character, as it appears

through the haze of antiquity, in *faultless*. He was tender, sympathetic, generous, self-sacrificing; but, before all things, he was patient, steadfast, calm, discreet. He was pleasant in his journeys through town and country, always travelling on foot where it was possible. He rebuked the wealthy without fear or favour. He was most merciful and kindly to the poor, a very father to the wretched. He treated all men, even the lowliest, not only with sympathy as brothers, but with reverence as sons of God."

In short, if I may close with the words of the saintly Scholar who died eighty years after him and is our chief authority as to the acts of this holy apostle of North England: "Aidan was careful not to neglect any duty which he had learnt from the writings of the evangelists, and apostles, and prophets, but to put every one in practice with all his might. These features I heartily cherish and love, because I believe them to be well-pleasing to God."

Christian friends, would not this new window of yours have some lessons to teach if it only bore witness to these two English apostles—Augustine of Rome, the apostle of the South-East, Aidan of Iona and Lindisfarne, the Apostle of the North-East?

But you have other holy men brought to your remembrance—not Aidan only, but Aidan's biographer, whom I was just quoting, the truly venerable Bede. Nowhere should Bede be held in higher honour than in a University town. He

on [redacted] a learner, a reader,
do [redacted] of the age seemed
beast summed up in this one man. From boyhood
to old age he never stirred from Jarrow. "I spent,"
he says, "my whole life in the same monastery,
and, while attentive to the rule of my Order and
the service of the Church, my constant pleasure
lay in learning, or teaching, or writing."

Six hundred Monks, we are told, studied under
him at Jarrow. The great Burke calls him "the
father of English learning." A recent writer, Mr.
Green, praises him as "the founder of Mediaeval
History and the first English historian." "All," he
says, "that we really know of the century and a
half that follows the landing of Augustine we know
from him."

It is this writer who gives us the touching story
of the venerable Scholar's death. Those of you, my
friends, who know it already will, I am certain, be
the first to forgive me for reminding you of its
beauty.

It was Ascension-tide in the year 735, exactly
one hundred years after Aidan began his work.
Bede was a dying man, and he knew it. He longed
to bring to an end his translation of St. John's
Gospel. "Learn," he said to his young scholars,
"with what speed you may ; I know not how long
I may last." "There is still a chapter wanting," said
the scribe, as the morning drew on after another
sleepless night. "It is hard for thee to question
thyself any further." "It is easily done," said Bede ;

"take thy pen, and write quickly," said the master, as a-
 farewells the day wore on to the night, and he
 yet one sentence unwritten, and the boy
 boy. "Write it quickly," bade the master. "It
 is finished now," said the little scholar. "You
 speak truth," said the master; "all is now."

Placed upon the pavement, his head supported in
 his scholar's arms, his face turned to the spot where
 he was wont to pray, Bede chanted the solemn
 "Glory to God." As his voice reached the close
 of his song, he passed quietly away.

One more servant of Christ still remains to be
 spoken of. Three hundred and fifty years have been
 added to the history of the English people, and
 then another great Saint and Scholar stands before
 us. In some respects he may be held the greatest
 of our four. Like Augustine, Anselm was Arch-
 bishop of Canterbury, but he was cast in a higher
 mould. Like Bede, he was an eager Student, but he
 represents profound and subtle thought even more
 than wide range of learning. His genius and
 character, as portrayed by the late Dean Church,
 are almost unmatched for beauty; so rare is the
 combination of heavenly-mindedness, unflinching
 courage, exquisite tenderness, and "all-subtilising
 intellect."* In his gentleness as a teacher we are
 reminded of Aidan at Iona. "Force your scholars
 to improve!" he cried out indignantly to another
 teacher who relied on blows and compulsion. "Did
 you ever see a craftsman fashion a fair image out

* Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, lxxxv.

of a golden plate by blows alone? . . . What do your scholars turn into under this ceaseless beating?" "They turn only brutal," was the "unavoidable reply."

"The worst natures," we read, "softened before Anselm. Even the Conqueror, so harsh and terrible to others, became with him gracious and easy of speech. Sick Monks in the infirmary could relish no drink save the juice which his hand squeezed for them from the grape-bunch. In the later days of his Archbishoprick, a hare chased by the hounds took refuge under his horse. He forbade a huntsman to stir, while the poor creature darted off again to the woods."

We have heard of the last hours of Bede. Let us see how another Monk and Scholar could die. In April, 1109, Anselm took to his bed, and with gasping breath continued to exhort all who had the privilege of drawing near unto him to live to God. "Palm Sunday had dawned, and we, as usual, were sitting round him." So writes his faithful attendant, Eadmer. "One of us said to him, 'Lord Father, we are given to understand that you are going to quit the world for your Lord's Easter Court.' He answered, 'If His will be so, I shall gladly obey His will. But if He willed rather that I should yet remain amongst you, at least till I have solved a question which I am turning in my mind about the origin of the soul, I should receive it thankfully, for I know not whether any one will finish it after I am gone.'

At last the end came. He was telling to him the history of the Passion. He came to our Lord's words, 'Ye are the world,' continued with Me in My temptations. He drew his breath more slowly. "We were just going, so he was removed from his bed and laid upon sackcloth and ashes. And thus, the whole family of his spiritual children being collected around him, he gave up his last breath into the hands of his Creator, and slept in peace."

• So far the faithful Eadmer. Could the death-bed of the greatest of earthly princes be more truly royal? This is the great man whom, as Dean Church puts it, Dante, in his *Vision of Paradise*, sees among the spirits of light and power in the sphere of the sun, the special ministers of God's gifts of reason. He sees him also "in the noble company of the strong and meek, who have not been afraid of the mightiest, and have not disdained to work for and with the lowliest, capable of the highest things, content, as living before Him with Whom there is neither high nor low, to minister in the humblest."

My friends, were we wrong in saying that the study of a window like yours is in itself a liberal education? Nay, is it not a Christian education? Does it not lift us to the hills, from whence cometh our help, and leave us there breathing mountain air, and in converse with heavenly companions? We have spoken only of four, Augustine and Aidan, the apostles of our land, Bede and Anselm, its

teachers and scholars. What are they but "ministering spirits" to their one Lord and King? What possible meaning has the life of any one of them save as a "service" to Him, and, for His sake, to their brethren?

When from time to time you turn your eyes to your beautiful window, the gift of one who will not be forgotten, I counsel you to look beyond its colour to its human and divine teaching. Remember, I would say, "the days of old and the years that are past." Above all, remember Him of Whom those ancient days and years bear the unbroken and the majestic record, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever", Jesus Christ, Who says to you, even from that window, "I am the First and the Last. I am He that liveth, and I became dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore."

June 27th, 1897.

II.

THE TRANSLATION OF KING EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.*

PSALM LXXVII. 5

I will consider the days of old and the years that are past.

IF the Special Service of to-day means anything, it means this. It bids us stand aside for a few minutes from the dust and noise of this bustling time, and beckons us back to "the days of old." They seem indeed very far away, separated by centuries not of time only but of feeling. There are indeed centuries much further back which seem close to us. If the brilliant Greeks who lived four hundred years before the coming of our Lord, or the accomplished Romans who were living when He was born, could come suddenly into our streets or our clubs or our houses, they would seem hardly strangers. Their manners, their tastes, their objects of interest, their views on politics and literature and philosophy, I had almost said much even of their

* Preached in Westminster Abbey, October 13th, 1897.

religion, would find itself, so to speak, at home. But how different it is when we look back to the 13th of October as it passed eight hundred years ago! It once meant so much, it now means so little. How many among us ever even heard of the "translation" of St. Edward the Confessor? How many even guess what the word means? And yet of the two "translations," for there were at least two, the first is but seven centuries distant from us, and the second but six centuries, whereas the landing of Augustine, which we have felt of late to be so near us, is separated from us by thirteen hundred years.

The truth is, that the "translation," as it was called, of a dead man, the removal of his body from its earthly resting-place, jars somewhat on our present feelings. "Let no man move his bones," is, I think, the instinctive verdict of modern reverence, and certainly of modern indifference. Not so in "the days of old and the years that are past"—at least, in some of them. It would be a true unveiling of the human heart, in some of its deepest, perhaps also in some of its tenderest and most pious yearnings, if we could recall something of what good men felt and thought and hoped and feared when *three* events happened in the olden time. First, when on January 5th, the eve of the Epiphany, in the year 1066, King Edward the Confessor died, and was buried in the great Norman Abbey which he had dedicated to God's service only a few days before. Secondly,

when on October 13th, 1163, King Henry II., and his new Primate, Becket, removed the body to another and a grander tomb. And, thirdly, when King Henry III., after completing the unequalled Abbey in which we are now worshipping, again on another October 13th, 1269, "translated" the Royal Saint to the new and splendid shrine destined to be the centre of so many Royal Sepulchres.

Carry back your thoughts, my friends, a few moments to each of these periods.

I. First, to the memorable year 1066, the year of which its great historian says,* "No one year in later English history can for a moment compare with it in lasting importance. . . . In the eleventh century there is a single year and a single day which stand forth in a way in which no single day or year stands forth in the ages after them. There is no later year to compare to the year in which the Crown of England was worn by the last King (the Confessor) of the old sacred and immemorial stock; by the first and last King (Harold) who reigned only because he was the best and bravest among the people; and by the first and last King (of course William the Conqueror) who could boast that he held his Kingdom only of God and his own sword."

As to the Confessor, the pious Founder of this Abbey, a certain halo still lingers round his head. We know him both as he was, and as he seemed to the men and women of his day—the

* Freeman's *History of the Conquest of England*, Vol. III., p. 4.

foreigner more than the Englishman, yet loved and revered as the last scion of the old English stock and the guardian of the old English laws; the dupe of foreign favourites, both lay and clerical, so as to provoke even the most loyal to mutiny, and yet destined to loom in after ages as the patriotic English king; the feeble, peevish, passionate ascetic who, in dark days of intrigue and violence, brought the spirit of a monk and a recluse to the government of a kingdom torn and mangled by intestine faction. Though far from great in his life, scarcely even loveable, yet even before his death he seemed to his people a Saint and a Prophet. "Men wept," says Freeman,* "over his bier; and in truth not only the poor whom he had relieved, the churchmen whom he had enriched, and the strangers on whom he had lavished the wealth of England, but Englishmen of all ranks might well weep in awe and in sorrow over the grave of the last son of Cerdic and Woden."

His funeral was one of which England had never seen the like—the funeral of a King in the great Church which he had just built in the new Norman style to the amazement of his English subjects, a King canonized by popular feeling even before he drew his latest breath. His obsequies were solemnized while the very heavens seemed alive with portents, and when the new tenant of the throne would, it was plain, have to fight for his precarious heritage.

* Vol. III., p. 29.

II. But we must pass onward. Nearly a hundred years have rolled away. During all that period, miracles, it was believed, were constantly performed at the tomb of the saintly King. The Pope, who had cursed his cause and blessed that of the foreign invader, had long passed to his account. His namesake, Alexander the Third, urged by the potent voices of Henry II. and Thomas Becket, had formally canonized the last of the old English Kings. Piety seemed to call for some fresh homage to his remains. On October 13th, 1163, the body of Edward was "translated" from his tomb before the altar of St. Peter to a shrine more worthy of the relics of a Saint in glory.* "The ring of St. John was drawn from the finger of the dead man and kept as a wonder-working relic. The robes in which the body had been enfolded were borne away and became vestments for the holiest worship of the sanctuary." Among those present at this high function were the haughty and godless King Henry II., in whom nevertheless men now saw the lawful heir of Edward, and his favourite, the Norman Primate, Becket, whom England, a few years later, learned to love and worship as a champion and martyr.

Analyse, if you can, the feeling which ran through these ninety-seven years, from the funeral to the first "translation" of the Confessor. Compare it with that of any other ninety-seven years. Contrast

* See Freeman, Vol. III., p. 32; Dean Stanley's *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, ch. iii., p. 120.

it—the contrast is almost grim and stark—with say the ninety-seven years of our own century. Yet the feeling, then was at least real. There is no reason to doubt that Henry II. and Becket were followed at least, if not rather led, by the most genuine piety of their contemporaries. It seemed to them that, in some way, God and goodness and all the best powers of the unseen world drew nearer to Christendom and to the realm of England if the bones of this Royal Saint, re-consecrated by the Papal blessing, were moved to a statelier and perchance a holier resting-place.

III. Another century passes, more strictly, a hundred and six years. It has seen some of the most momentous events and some of the most impressive characters in our long history—the brutal murder of Becket and the strange worship paid at his shrine; the grovelling of the wickedest of English kings at the feet of the proudest of Roman Pontiffs; the extortion from him of the great Charter; the lowly and almost imperceptible birth of the House of Commons; the lives of such men as Stephen Langton, and Simon de Montfort, and Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, and the famous Grossetête, and the myriad-minded Roger Bacon; but it is with one year and one day, and one scene on one day, that we are now dealing. On October 13th, 1269, this sublime building, which we can hardly name without applying to it the title of “venerable,” was then shining, as it were,

in the loveliness of its first youth * “the most lovely and loveable thing in Christendom.”

King Henry III. was nearing the haven of his storm-tost life, only three more years remained to him. In all his troubles—and they were many, and he was not the man to cope with troubles—one great hope had gleamed out before him.† “One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require; even that I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit His Temple.” Such might well have been his utterance through many years, as he watched these lovely pointed arches rising on the ruins of Edward’s massive pillars. And at last his loving work was accomplished, and the time had come for the first Royal Founder to receive a fresh mark of reverence from the Royal successor, who was so like him in temperament, in piety, and, we must add, in weakness.

October 13th, the day of the first “translation,” had come round once more. Again the mortal remains must be roused from their sleeping-place, and borne to a yet more magnificent shrine. The scene is described by Freeman and Dean Stanley, but it needs a poet rather than an annalist.‡ “The body of the Saint was borne by a crowd of the noblest of the land. Among them two Kings and two Kings’ sons bowed their shoulders beneath the

* Dean Stanley’s *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, ch. iii., p. 121.

† Psalm xxvii. 4.

‡ Freeman, Vol. III., p. 37.

hallowed weight. The two highest of earthly rulers, Richard of Germany and Henry of England, were foremost to bear the burthen to which it was deemed a holy work to stretch forth a single finger." . . . But "among those who bent to bear Edward's body was the Prince who was named after his name, but whose life reproduced not the life of Edward the Confessor but the life of Edward the Unconquered." Yes, in the pride of his splendid youth, just before he started for the last Crusade to join his godfather, Saint Louis, in the Holy Land, Edward the First, that was to be, was a sharer in the function of this day. On the 13th of October, this Eve of St Calixtus' day, the day which, two centuries before, placed the realm of England in the hand of the Norman, Edward of Westminster, the victor at Fvesham four years before, was a bearer of the sacred remains of the Confessor, whose name then symbolized to Englishmen law and peace and piety and humanity and the foundership of this glorious Abbey.

We have thus very hastily considered "the days of old and the years that are past." Are they dead to us or living? Let us admit it. The spirit which made "translations" of the dead a sacred rite of the Church is a living spirit no longer, at least in England. Were such an act now conceivable, it would be less an act of religion than of affection, such as that which transferred the headless frame of Mary Stuart from Peterborough to Westminster, or the mangled limbs of Montrose

to 'St. Giles' at Edinburgh, or the bones of Livingstone from Africa to our own central aisle, or which may perhaps in some coming year, near or distant, bring home to these shores, and if may be these very walls, the bones of Charles Gordon from the sands of Khartoum. The act of Henry II. and the act of Henry III. were, if you like, what our age calls superstitious. To propitiate the Royal Saint, to secure his protection, alike on earth and in heaven, was doubtless one motive with the godless Henry II. no less than with his devout grandson. And when Henry III., after his long and troubled reign of fifty-six years, desired that his own remains should rest in the Monastery of Westminster "out of reverence," as he said, "to the most glorious King Edward," he doubtless believed that he was gaining a potent intercessor with St. Peter, the first Patron Saint of the Abbey, and also with the Virgin Mother of God, whose worship during those years was at its height.

To us the voice of those "days of old" is different but not dumb. It says, Let the goodness of the great be for you a matter of giving of thanks. Let the good that men do, even if less than it is thought to be, "live after them." Such "pious memories" are not "a vain thing." They are a strength to a State, to a Church, to a School, to a College, to every great human society. A carping spirit, that minimizes human merit, is always a low thing, but it is specially low when it defames or

sneers at the dead. "*I hate scorn*," was the characteristic outburst of the great Poet, whose dust lies among our latest worthies here, and whose "*Life*"* everyone is now reading. It applies to the dead as well as to the living. "Reverence your dead" is a fitting motto for a great Christian nation.

Again, the voice of those "days of old," of those "years" so long "past," says to Christian and patriotic ears, "Abound in hope." When the Confessor was borne to his grave on that dark morning of the Epiphany, the hearts of men were "failing them for fear." A new and dreadful time was nigh, even at the door, and in part they knew it. The whole framework of the nation seemed to be shaken. Yet from that Conquest, which dates from to-morrow, October 14th, and which seemed then so terrible, it is hardly too much to say that "a new created world sprang up at God's command." "Abound in hope."

So, again, when Henry II. and Thomas Becket stood side by side, ninety-seven years later, at the "translation" of the Confessor's bones, who would have dreamed that those fierce spirits, destined so soon to close with each other in mortal strife, were still, in the hands of God, instruments for the securing to England of political greatness and spiritual freedom? "Abound in hope."

Lastly, when, one hundred and six years later, a second October 13th saw a second "translation" of

* *The Life of Lord Tennyson*, by his Son, was published on October 6th.

the sacred remains, with all the allied pomp of the Church and the State, who could have dared to hope that the noble and sacred blood so lately shed at Evesham would prove, what we now see it to have proved, the august and prolific parent of English liberty?

"Abound in hope" is the voice of History as well as the voice of Faith. In every true and noble Religion there is a place for imagination, for the mind as well as the soul. Life is not wasted or degraded but, it may be, ennobled by the thought, the vision, of that October 13th, 1269, when this Abbey gleamed forth in its fresh bridal beauty, and the pious King with his heroic Son, destined to be the darling of the English nation, laid their hands, in fulness of faith, on the body of its first Founder.

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build *

It is our fault and our littleness if, with wider knowledge, we contract our spiritual horizon, and, while we congratulate ourselves on the flight of superstition, discover too late that we have also lost our reverence and our faith.

In hours of pettiness and frivolity, in hours when the world and the flesh hold us in their grasp and seem to chill our blood, in hours when the unseen world seems a dream and they who believe in it seem to be visionaries, we do well to remember

* Wordsworth, "Sonnet on the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge."

“ what our fathers have told us ” of God’s mighty dealings in the time of old. We do well to “ consider the days of old and the years that are past.”

October 13th, 1897.

III.

ARCHBISHOP ANSELM AT HARROW.*

ST. MARK vi. 47-51.

When even was come, the boat was in the midst of the sea, and He was alone on the land; and seeing them distressed in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them, about the fourth watch of the night He cometh unto them, walking on the sea, and He would have passed by them. But they, when they saw Him walking on the sea, supposed that it was an apparition, and cried out; for they all saw Him, and were troubled. But He straightway spake with them, and said unto them, 'Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.' And He went up unto them into the boat, and the wind ceased.

NOTICE here, my friends, the two speakers, as the storm rises and the darkness thickens. First we hear the rowers. It is, they said, "an apparition," a φάντασμα, and they cried out for fear. And then at once, across the storm and through the darkness, is heard the voice of One talking with them: "It is I; be not afraid."

* Preached in Harrow Parish Church, on the Eight Hundredth Anniversary of its Consecration, Ascension Day, May 3rd, 1894.

These shall be our two voices for this morning. Each answers to each. We shall see in a moment that they were in substance the first two voices that ever sounded in this Church.

Some of you at least know the story, how that early in the year 1094, just eight hundred years ago, the saintly and learned Anselm, fresh from his consecration as Archbishop of Canterbury, came to rest for a few days in this his own Manor of Harrow. He came to consecrate this Church of ours, which had been built by his great predecessor Lanfranc. He consecrated it with all the solemn pomp and ceremony of the mediæval Church. He passed, we are told,* within that Western Door in full procession. Before him was borne the Pontifical Cross, and, as he entered, the singers took up the old Latin Chant :

Ecce Crucis signum, fugiant phantasmata cuncta !

Lo, the Cross with saving Light !

Hence, ye spectres of the night !

The word *phantasma*, rudely Latinized, is the same word that I read just now from the Gospel. Here the contrast is between the saving sign of Holy Cross and all the apparitions of the powers of darkness. There the contrast was between the Real Presence of the Saviour and the fancied presence of shade or spectre that seemed to wear His Form.

* For this and some other particulars I have to thank my old friend and colleague, the Rev. W. Done Bushell, who has thrown so much light on the early connection of Harrow with the See of Canterbury.

The boat in the midst of the sea, or, as St. Matthew says, "many furlongs from the land," the boat "tormented by the waves," has always been regarded as a fitting symbol of the Christian Church. Not in the "haven" where she would be, not in smooth waters, not even anchoring for a time to rest and re-fit behind some sheltering headland in the warmth and light of the summer sun; not thus, but at sea, far out at sea, in the fourth watch of the night, the wind contrary, the light gone, "the sea and the waves roaring"—that is the picture in which, by a sure and true instinct, the Church of Christ claims to see herself. And the symbol then tells its tale most truly, and then most completely justifies the instinct which selected it, when in any period, in any year, at any midnight, of her long voyage, the mariners on board first see, in their alarm, a Form which they take for an empty apparition, and then hear a Voice, as of One talking with them, "It is I; be not afraid."

This is a great subject. To treat it worthily would require powers which are not mine. To mark and read the storm-signals of Christendom, to note throughout the centuries how tempest after tempest smote upon the imperishable ship, and how it was just in those darkest hours, when earthly hopes were at their weakest, and the land was many furlongs off, that the Presence became once more Real and the Voice once more audible—in this lies the charm of the study of human history since the day of Christ, whether you choose to call it political or ecclesi-

astical, the life of nations or the life of the Church.

But this high theme we must pursue no further; only I must remind you of just one fact. Seldom can the horizon have appeared more black to devout observers than on that cold January day when Anselm and his priests stood outside our Western door before entering the newly-walled space in which we are all now assembled. It was emphatically a bad time. The throne was then filled, what we call the State was then represented, by perhaps the most impious in the long series of British Sovereigns. Our age has found a languid amusement in rehabilitating some of the most discredited culprits of old time. Tiberius is one, Nero is another; but I am not aware that any one has yet been found so bold as to attempt to wash away the blackness from the name of William Rufus.

Anselm had good cause to know him. For nearly four years the King had kept vacant the great see of Canterbury, that he might squander its revenues on his wars and his pleasures. At last, stretched on what seemed a death bed, he was forced to name an Archbishop, and he named Anselm. No sooner was his health restored than he wished to undo what he had done, and picked a quarrel with his Primate. A hollow truce of a few months was patched up. Then, on Christmas Day of the same year 1093, Anselm visited him at Gloucester, and was shortly dismissed with insults. Next followed the weary winter-ride from Gloucester to Harrow.

We know in part what the Archbishop's thoughts were. His whole soul was bowed down by the knowledge that vices the most hideous and negligence the most shameless were poisoning or palsyng every limb of the State and of the Church. And now he must have felt, as he pursued his journey, that the King, who alone could support him in his struggle for reforms, himself set the foulest example, and treated the Church with the most exasperating scorn. Truly the good ship was "in the midst of the sea, tormented with the waves"; but, with all these anxieties and misgivings, there was a good work that day to do at Harrow. Anselm had to carry out and carry on the work of Lanfranc. The one had designed and built the vessel, the other had to launch her on her course.

Long years before, in the great Norman Monastery of Bec, the two men had been master and pupil together. Their friendship is one of the most pleasing features of that great but hard age. In consecrating the Church which his predecessor had built on this their common Manor of Harrow, Anselm must have rejoiced that he was not only preparing one more harbour of refuge for the labouring vessel of the Church of God, but also fulfilling the heart's desire of a great and beloved friend.

And what does all this record of the past say to us to-day, to the men and the women and the boys of Harrow? What does it say to you, my elder friends, who will so soon be going back to your

regular occupations ; or to you again, boys of the dearly-loved School, who an hour hence will be playing your summer game on the fields which, during Anselm's hurried visit in that cruel winter, were white with snow or hard with frost ?

There are smaller lessons and greater. It is something, no doubt, to be lifted for a moment out of ourselves, or rather, not out of our true selves, but out of those lighter, emptier selves which vary with the hour, and never continue in one stay. It is something, also, to claim kin with the past, to trace to it both the good and the evil which we inherit. It is something, again, as we gaze for the thousandth time on some familiar scene, to remember that other eyes have gazed upon it, perhaps even in far-gone centuries, and that to them also it gave thoughts, and, perhaps, thoughts of pleasure and thankfulness. To some of us there is no spot in this neighbourhood more sacred than that rise in the road just above the old Farmhouse of Preston. Standing there, we not only conjecture but positively know how Lyon must day after day have enjoyed that lovely view, while meditating the good that he was to do to Harrow. In like manner no man or boy need be ashamed to-day to remember that the glorious prospect from our Hill, which Byron made famous in all lands some eighty years ago, was enjoyed, as on this day, eight centuries back, by the holiest Saint, the subtlest thinker, and the most renowned Prelate of his time.

But we must go further and deeper than this. We are commemorating to-day not a scene of nature, or a picturesque ruin, or even a secular building of signal antiquity. It is not a Tempe, or a Tintern, or a Tower of London with which we have to do. To each of such scenes and buildings a spell attaches, according to the taste, the learning, the "natural piety" of the spectator.

But the building which holds us here to-day in its arms, and makes us for the moment of one kin, is a living Church of Christ that has never died or even slept since Anselm and his priests entered it in their solemn procession, to the cry of the old chant :

Ecce Crucis signum, fugiant phantasmata cuncta!

Ever since that joyful morning, that entry of good and exorcism of evil, this building, changed no doubt in many parts, yet as a whole the same, has been a witness for the Cross of Christ. Here it has stood, "beautiful for situation," seen from afar, a witness of spiritual powers, an interpreter of things pertaining to God, a consoler of sorrows, a protester against sin. Here parents have stood at the Font with their infants, and friends at the hallowed union of bride and bridegroom. Here, during those long centuries, the dead have been committed to their last resting-place with words and thoughts of Christian faith and hope.

And this home of many pieties is still living—living in every limb and every nerve. It feels its

fulness of life and the responsibilities which life imposes. We believe in our hearts that at no period, since Anselm owned and visited this Manor, has the Church of the nation striven to fulfil its duties to the nation with a higher sense of their importance, their range, their urgency. And what the Church at large feels is not unfelt here, or felt feebly. No Parishioner of this Church desires to slip cheaply through life without having done something for the higher life of his neighbours. No Scholar of our famous School, who is here perhaps to-day for the first time, will doubt that he owes much to the Parish which nurtured the munificent spirit of his Founder, and that he must do his part to keep alive the tradition that the welfare of the School and of the Parish is the same.

I can remember when the School as well as the Parish all worshipped together in these walls, and when -I sat as a boy, Sunday after Sunday, where so many of you, my younger friends, are sitting, as an exceptional thing, to-day. That common worship was one symbol of union, but by its nature it could not last. The School grew and the Parish grew. Each needed its own House of Prayer. It must be hard for you to imagine the time, even your fathers can hardly recall it, when week by week Harrow boys took their places near the Tower, and near the Font, and in the Gallery which has since been removed, and when Memorials to Harrow boys and Harrow Masters found their natural home not on younger walls but on these.

Our Chapel is young indeed, more than seven hundred years younger than the Church, younger by the whole length of Roman History from Romulus to Augustus. Let us all join to-day in the prayer that the two sacred buildings, the one so vigorous in its youth, the other so venerable from its age, may never cease to bear witness to a true Christian brotherhood, each branch of the family cordially respecting the other and all "dwelling together in unity."

• Unity—unity—it is a word of many meanings. It is a word that we come to prize more as the years draw on. We spoke just now of the Church of Christ as truly symbolized in all ages by the boat in the midst of the sea, tormented by the waves, and dreading apparitions. Even as we speak, the symbol is again verified. The eight hundredth birthday of a Church consecrated by Anselm gives to a Churchman at least, of this year and this month, food for thought. He can hardly fail to ask himself, "Is, then, the long union of the Church with the State, the union which never began but always *was*—*was* centuries before Anselm was born—is it to be henceforth a memory of the past, a 'national monument' indeed, but no longer a national bulwark? Are men even now hollowing out its tomb? Is some hand even now writing its epitaph?"

We cannot answer such questions, nor in these sacred walls may we pursue them further. But one thought let us take to heart. So long as our

Church¹ is faithful to her spiritual task ; so long as she clings to Christ and not to herself, or her great name, or her length of days ; so long as she is resolved, ^{come} what may, established or dis-established, endowed or disendowed, in popular favour or in popular 'dis-esteem, to love and to cherish all Christ's people, as His people, for His sake rather than her own, so long we may be ~~sure~~ sure He will make His old promise good. The ship may be, or seem, many furlongs from the land, but in some true form, not a phantasm, He will be seen walking on the water.

I shall be forgiven, if, on this solemn subject, I recall for a moment a voice that was once often heard at Harrow, both in Church and Chapel, and never without respect. *He who worked so hard and so long has become of a sudden an enfeebled man. His last view of this Spire of ours, if he was strong enough to take it in, must have been from the train the other day as it hurried him westwards to his Welsh home. Were he able, to speak at this moment to the Church of England, his counsel would be worth hearing. But I may repeat a few sentences which he did utter only in August last. They were addressed to some two hundred and fifty of the Clergy, all his own scholars in Christ. They were spoken in the Chapel of his beloved College of Trinity, the College of his father, of his

* Dean Vaughan, after a grave illness at the Temple, had just travelled home to Llandaff.

brother, and of many a cherished pupil. And this is what he said to these young Clergymen on the prospect of the disestablishment of the great Church of England: "One thing let us remember, that the true battle of the Church will be fought out in our Parishes. One devoted Parish Priest, whose people are ready to rise up and call him blessed, will be worth more to the National Church in its day of rebuke and blasphemy, than a whole library of polemical literature or a locust-swarm of smart and telling leaflets. What we have to prove is, not that the Church has an indefeasible right to its property, but that the Church of this moment is worth its salt. Not that the Church of England is ancient—older than her municipalities, older than her Parliaments—not that she is ancient, but that she is modern, alive to the sorrows, awake to the wants of the English people, wise to know the times, and alert to minister to them—this is the thing to be proved, and each one of us, my beloved brethren, has it laid upon him, in his place, in his day, either to prove or to disprove it."

Lofty and inspiring words! To me at least they seem words for this place and this day. In the country Parishes is, or ought to be, the strength of the Church of England. They have known her longest. Some of them have known her for a thousand years. If they have known her only to mis-know, if she has laboured for them without being loved and trusted, the day will declare it.

If in the day of her visitation they reject her, or will know her only under another name, it may be her fault, or it may be theirs. She may have been less a blessing than she might have been. But it is possible that, they too may have been blind to the worth of a blessing while it was still with them.

Meanwhile, Christian friends, let us on this memorable day "pray for the peace of Jerusalem." For this Church building, so dear to many of us, so bound up with the most sacred ties of the past, the present, and the future; for its chief Pastor, known to us for so many years; for all who assist him in his sacred duties, let us pray that the blessing of eight hundred years may still abide with this House of God, even as the House abides in Christ.

We are tempted at times to breathe a lighter prayer; "May it have bright and easy days, with troops of friends and favouring critics." But it is a worthier task, after so many centuries of mercy, and on this Ascension Day, when the Lord unfolds a little of the mystery, "It is expedient for you that I go away," to pray for something nobler than prosperity. Let us pray, before we leave this place, that if ever troubles thicken around this ancient sanctuary, it may meet them by yet more devoted service; that if on some dark and perilous night the ship seem "many furlongs from land," and the oarsmen almost faint beneath the toil, they may see then no vain phantasms of imagined

spèctres, but the Real Presence of the Ascended Lord, Very God and Very Man, and hear His own calm Voice from out of the darkness, "It is I; be not afraid!"

May 3rd, 1894

IV.

ARCHBISHOP WHITGIFT.*

2 CHRON. xxiv. 15, 16.

But Jehoiada waxed old, and was full of days when he died; an hundred and thirty years old was he when he died. And they buried him in the city of David among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward His house

SUCH was the text, two hundred and eighty-five years ago, of the Funeral Sermon of the great man whose name is on our lips and in our hearts to-day. It was felt then by the friends who survived him that he was worthy to be, compared with one of the mightiest of the priest-statesmen who ever ruled in Judah; that it was true and fitting to say of him, as the sacred writer had said of the venerable Jehoiada, "he had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward His house."

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

* Preached at Croydon at the Restoration of his Tomb, Nov. 14, 1888.

We all know that famous lament over unrecognized greatness. It is a half truth, and a sad one. Scandal and detraction are not bounded by the grave. They love to prey, like vultures, on the dead. They delight to expose the weaknesses, the inconsistencies, the hours or days or, it may be, years when some man of noble nature was, through temptation, less noble than himself. These blots are paraded, sometimes with avowed relish, sometimes with hypocritical affectation of regret. And the result is that the evil alone lives; the good is suppressed, buried, and often for long years forgotten. •

But, thank God, there is another half truth, or, let us rather say, a counter-balancing fact equally true, which covers another half of human life. It is embalmed in many a saying that has become dear to the heart of man.

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust;

“The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day;”
“The just shall be had in everlasting remembrance;” or, sweetest and most soothing and most solemn of all, that truest “Voice from heaven” that still vibrates in our souls when the good and the great pass from our view, “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labours, for their works do follow with them.”

It is to these good men whose good is still freshly and gratefully remembered that Archbishop Whitgift belongs. To-day is a declaration that he is one of those whose righteousness is not and shall not be forgotten. It is a declaration too that the place which has reaped the fruits of his affection is still loyal to its Benefactor, and resolved to show its reverent gratitude by faithfully forwarding his aims and his injunctions.

I speak to-day in the presence of many who desire to thank God for His gift of a good and a great man. We have here the Warden, with the Brothers and Sisters, of the Hospital, which, to his great joy, he founded in his lifetime. We have the Governors of his generous Foundation, never more proud of their trust. We have the Vicar and Clergy of the Church in which his body was entombed; the Mayor and Corporation of the town of which he was the constant friend and patron; the Heads of more than one College at which the foundations of his learning and his influence were laid; the Bishop of the great adjoining Diocese which cries out so loudly for help to its poor, as thoughtful and large-hearted as he bestowed; the beloved Archbishop who, after well nigh three hundred years, bears the same grave responsibilities that pressed so heavily on the heart of Whitgift.

Among so many representatives of his many-sided life, I may be forgiven if, as I speak to you to-day, my own heart is chiefly with those younger members of this audience to whom Whitgift, little as they may

know of him personally, is each day they give a present and active benefactor. I shall account myself happy if any word spoken this morning to any boy in either of Whitgift's Schools can prompt him, in after years, to emulate the worth of his Founder, and in spirit at least, in some part of England's wide empire—in our own islands, in America, in India, in Australia—to “go and do likewise.”

Let us, then, first of all try, as it were, to feel at home with him. There are some men of whom we can scarcely think without thinking at the same moment of some place that they greatly loved. George Herbert and Bemerton, Burke and Beaconsfield, Washington and Mount Vernon, Scott and Abbotsford, Wordsworth and Rydal, Arnold and Rugby, Kingsley and Eversley—you can hardly bring the vision of the man before you without seeing also the spot which sometimes soothed and sometimes stirred, but always haunted and enchain'd, his heart. So, as we gather here to-day, we are touched by the remembrance of what Croydon was to the famous Archbishop who prayed by the dying bed of Elizabeth.

Listen for a moment to the record of one loyal and reverential friend.* “The Archbishop had ever a great affection to lie at his mansion house at Croydon, for the sweetness of the place, especially in summer time, whereby also he might sometimes

* Sir George Paule, Comptroller of the Archbishop's household. His “Life of Whitgift” is given in Wordsworth's *Ecclesiastical Biography*, iii. 553.

retire himself from the multiplicity of businesses and suitors in the vacations." And then follow words that bring him still closer to us and to you : " Yet after he had built his Hospital and his School, he was further in love with the place than before."

As to these lasting monuments of his bounty, I cannot help reading you a few words, written some sixty years after his death. When Izaak Walton has once laid his finger on a man or a place, he has marked them for his own. To use our own language is to intrude and to desecrate. We have no choice but to quote. In his *Life of Hooker*, Walton speaks thus of Whitgift : " He built a large ~~alms-house~~ near to his own place at Croydon in Surrey, and endowed it with maintenance for a Master and twenty-eight poor men and women, which he visited so often that he knew their names and dispositions, and was so truly humble that he called them brothers and sisters. And whensoever the Queen descended to that lowliness to dine with him at his palace at Lambeth (which was very often) he would usually the next day shew the like lowliness to his poor brothers and sisters at Croydon, and dine with them at his Hospital, at which time you may believe there was joy at the table. And at this place he built also a fair free-School, with a good accommodation, and maintenance for the Master and Scholars, which gave just occasion for the then ambassador for the French King and resident here at the Bishop's death, to say, ' The Bishop had published many learned books, but a free-School

to train up youth, and an Hospital to lodge and maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning that a Bishop could leave to posterity."

"A free School to train up youth, and an Hospital to lodge and maintain aged and poor people." A School and a Hospital—the young the healthy, the gifted, the confident, the makers or menders of the coming age—these on the one side; and on the other, the poor, the aged, the infirm, the sick. Between these extremes of the wide human family, what room there is still, and ever must be, for Christian sympathy and Christian thoughtfulness!

The poor and the young We have both "always with us" • Our treatment of them is one of the truest touchstones of our own worth. As to the poor, I would only to-day remind my younger hearers—for to remind is sometimes to inspire—that if they are to be good Christians and good Englishmen, a large part of the lives of their manhood must be devoted to them. The day has gone by when it was excusable for the great body of the well-educated and well-to-do to forget the poor. How to remember them, how to uplift without pauperizing and therefore degrading, how best to show an intelligent as well as a kindly sympathy, stimulating, not overlaying, self-respect and self-help—this is a problem which needs the best brain of the best thinkers of our day. But the first thing is to see, and deeply feel, that to help the poor is a clearly defined part of the life of every Christian, and that

those who in youth are trying, more or less clearly, to map out the lines of their coming career must allow, and surely with a joyful heart, no small part of their imagination to rest on the wants, the difficulties, and the Christian claims of the poor.

Whitgift, in his day, did what he could to recognize this duty. We, my friends, young and old, in our day, when the problem is infinitely more complicated, must ask Divine guidance in the endeavour to do ours. Thank God, the young, as well as the middle-aged and the old, are coming to see and to welcome this plain duty. Boys at School, young men at College, young men just after leaving College, women too in their Schools and Colleges are awaking to the conviction that they can and must do something for the poor. In many directions this conviction is bearing rich fruit. Surely it is one of the most hopeful signs that we of this generation have been privileged to see.

But it is to the boys of Whitgift's two Schools, and, if it may be, to their teachers also, that I would desire on this day of happy commemoration, to offer my chief word of sympathy and exhortation.

What manner of persons ought you, my friends, to be if you are to be worthy of your Founder and of the best traditions of three hundred years? Think a little of what he was. Whitgift was a very learned man. From the day that he was a boy at St. Anthony's School in London—the same School that trained Sir Thomas More and Archbishop Heath—through his days of studentship at Pem-

broke Hall and at Peterhouse, and on to the day when he bequeathed his rich collection of MSS. to the Library of Trinity College, Whitgift, at each stage of his eventful life, hungered and thirsted after knowledge, sacred and secular.

Be it *your* ambition, my younger friends, to love knowledge—to love it for its own sake rather than for its rewards—to prize and have a share in all the true learning of your day; nay, to do something—some of you at least—to extend its bounds. Such victories may be organized even at school. The spectacle has more than once been given to the world of a few friends at school so bound together by a common spell of devotion to a Teacher, or by a common passion for some one branch of learning, that their school life is a new departure in the history of knowledge. You can say with truth, “Up to the boyhood of those men, something *was not* which from their time, in consequence of their happy and fruitful brotherhood, has come into being, and is now read and praised of all men.”

To live at such a time at school, to be one in such a brotherhood, is surely a not ignoble nor yet a wholly fanciful ambition. Thinking of Whitgift, as well as of some others; thinking of the name which you bear, and which to-day recalls our purest memories and inspires our kindest hopes; I say, partly in prayer, and partly (may it be?) even in prophecy, may that ambition be yours!

Again, my younger friends, I point you to a second trait in your Founder's features.

Whitgift was a magnanimous man. He was often insulted, often thwarted by the powerful, often stung by libels and lampoons. Further, he was naturally of a quick temper. The friend* who lived with him and loved him, says, in the inimitable language of the time, which makes a biography of the 17th century a kind of conversation with the heart of the reader, "Yet was he not void of infirmities. The Holy Scripture noteth of Elias, 'that he was a man subject to the like passions as we are.' So may it be confessed of this Archbishop, that the greatest, or rather only fault known in him was choler; and yet in him so corrected, not by philosophy ~~alone~~ (as Socrates confessed of his faults), but by the word and grace of God, as it rather served for a whetstone of his courage in just causes, than any weapon whetted against the person, goods or good name of any other."

Notwithstanding this choler, or 'quick temper, Whitgift was, as we have said, magnanimous. Constantly braved and insulted, he was placable, generous, long-suffering, unwilling to put forth his power to crush. "He ever observed this rule, that he would not wound where he could not salve." A golden rule surely, and one that boys as well as men may observe. For do not suppose, my friends, that you must wait till you are men to be magnanimous. There are several of us here to-day who are fairly familiar with boy-life, and have found our chief happiness in watching its progress

* Sir George Paule, p. 613.

and its issues I do not think any one of us would hesitate to tell you in all simple directness, You can be magnanimous at school; you can there learn to make little of all that touches yourself—all personal slights, personal indignities, personal trials of temper, personal defeats and disappointments, even personal wrongs. You can learn to make little of all these, and to make much of the things that, at every stage in life, deserve to be made much of, the interests of justice, and of honour, and of truth, and of kindness, and of purity; the name and dignity of the body of which you are privileged to be members; the cause of right, which is the cause of every true-hearted man and boy because it is the cause of God.

Yet, again, magnanimity is largely made up of quiet courage, and Whitgift was a man of marked courage. I beg you to remember this when you are sometimes inclined to ask yourselves whether courage is a part of religion, whether in order to be a Christian you must also be brave. Courage is sometimes easy, and then we do not care to praise it, but courage has not always been easy. Most assuredly it was not easy for public men in the days of the Tudors, when a man had to deal with a Henry, a Mary, an Elizabeth. There was one occasion in Whitgift's life, apparently early in his career, while he was still Bishop of Worcester, when he addressed to Elizabeth, face to face, what Strype* justly calls a "memorable speech."

* *Life and Acts of Archbishop Whitgift*, i. 173.

There had been great inroads by grasping courtiers on the lands that a few years before had belonged to the Church. Among the chief of these depredators, or, as Strype quaintly calls them, these "greedy cormorants," was the famous Earl of Leicester, then in high favour with the proud and imperious Queen. The story of what followed may be told briefly in the words of Izaak Walton : * "The Bishop having, by his interest with Her Majesty, put a stop to the Earl's sacrilegious designs, they two fell to an open opposition before her, after which they both quitted the room not friends in appearance. But the Bishop made a sudden and seasonable return to Her Majesty (for he found her alone) and spake to her with great humility and reverence to this purpose." I must not give his words further than to say that he urges upon the Queen in the plainest terms the grave sin of sacrilege, and implores God to prevent Her Majesty and her successors "from being liable to that curse which will cleave unto Church lands as the leprosy to the Jews."

But there is one sentence in which his courage takes a yet higher flight, and makes one wonder how it was received by the haughty daughter of Henry. "Though," the brave Bishop said, "I shall forbear to speak reproachfully of your father, yet I beg you to take notice that after the violation of those laws, to which he had sworn in Magna Charta, God did so far deny him His restraining grace, that, as King Saul after he was forsaken of God fell from one sin

* *Life of Mr. Richard Hooker*, pp. 146-9.

to another, so he, till at last he fell into greater sins than I am willing to mention. . . . Pardon this affectionate plainness, my most dear Sovereign, and let me beg to be still continued in your favour, and the Lord still continue you in His."

No wonder Strype should observe upon this, "Words becoming the mouth of a truly apostolical Bishop." How refreshing is the breath of true courage borne to us across the centuries! Even tenderness and devoutness and the full "beauty of holiness" are scarcely more charged with health and life.

Newer forget, you boys of Whitgift's Schools, never forget—in hours of weakness, here or hereafter—that the man whose name you bear was a man of sturdy soldier-like courage. It might have been said of him, as was said of John Lawrence, and might, thank God, be said of so many other Christian statesmen and rulers, "He feared man so little because he feared God so much."

But we will not close by speaking of a gift which, however, precious, is the birth-right of so many Englishmen and English boys, the gift of moral courage. Whitgift was not only a highly courageous man, he was a great Churchman and a great Prelate, in no common degree godly and strict of life, and zealous to plant godliness in the hearts and lives of others. He longed for a learned Clergy. He loved teaching. In founding your School he showed his conviction, so deeply shared by other good men of the same age—Lawrence Sheriff,

for example, at Rugby, and John Lyon at my own Harrow—that in the union of trained intellect with personal faith and personal holiness lay the one sure basis of greatness of the Reformed Church and nation. A purely intellectual training, without the daily presence of voices and examples and traditions pointing upwards and crying, like the heavens themselves, “Lift up your hearts,” would have seemed to Whitgift a strange *non sequitur*, a scandalous putting asunder of those whom God had irrevocably joined together, an audacious flying in the face of facts and reason and divinely implanted instincts.

My friends, old and young, we are not met here to-day to discuss the “means and the expedients by which, in these days of divisions and jealousies and embittered controversies, the culture of the intellect and the training of the spirit can best be combined in our Schools throughout the land. But in this historic Church, and beside the restored and now unveiled Tomb of this devout and large-minded Prelate we *are* here prepared to say that man doth not live by brain alone, and that no nation can be living in touch with the mind and heart of the Most High which refuses to hear, through the deafening din of controversies, the calm loving command of the Master and Trainer of us all, “Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not.”

Such a reminder passes naturally from our hearts to our lips in the presence of the scholars of any

and every School, but surely it pleads with special force to a School whose Founder was so devout a Christian and so learned a Churchman as Whiggift. There are Schools which bear the name of some pious King, or some upright Merchant, or some large-hearted Yeoman, or some illustrious Soldier. We rejoice for the nation's sake when, as the years advance, we mark any one of their sons putting forth, so that men may take knowledge of them, the qualities or the gifts which we associate with the Founder. Here, in this historic home of great Prelates, and in the presence of boys who are all made brothers by one great Prelate's name, it is not unnatural to hope that the ambition of many may stir them to become devoted Churchmen; to live and die, in the farewell words of their Founder, *Pro Ecclesia Dei*; to strive to be learned in the Scriptures, ripe students in that generous Theology which refuses to regard any study as alien to itself; thoughtful and honest and fervent Preachers; scholars fully equipped to contend, not with obsolete or unproved but with tried and weighty weapons, for the faith once delivered in its simplicity to the saints, and now demanding to be delivered anew, the same and yet with fresh features and more familiar tone, to those, alike cultured and simple, "on whom the ends of the world are come."

We need for the modern wants of the Church, which is only another name for the spiritual wants of God's people, a body of Christian Preachers sprung

from the people, instinct with the longings of the people, speaking their language, interpreting their needs. How would Whitgift have rejoiced to think that schools of his founding should ever breed such men and send forth such heralds of the dawn! Remember, he was himself a great Preacher. If I may be permitted one more quotation from the friend who loved him, Sir George Paule:*

“His gift that way was excellent, as if you had heard Saint Augustine himself, or some of the ancient Bishops in the primitive Church. His gesture and action in the pulpit so grave and decent, his words coming from him so fatherly and comely, and though plainly (for the most part) and without affectation, yet always elegantly, with special choice and substantial matter, full of good and sound learning, plentiful in authorities out of Scripture, Fathers, and Schoolmen, so singularly applied that he much affected his auditory therewith. Thus he oftentimes stirred and moved men’s minds and affections; and that not by the love of eloquence only, but by his pious life, answerable to his religious sentences; the opinion and confidence which the people had of his integrity being very great, because he did live unspotted of the world, and would not any was he corrupted.”

With these simple words of one who knew him well let us take reverent leave of the man who was buried in this Church with high honour nearly three hundred years ago; in high honour, I say, “because

* Wordsworth, III. 600.

he had done good in Israel, both towards God, and toward His house."

His long life had been rich in good works. He had moved on from one high post to the highest of all, "in all which removes" (I once more quote Izaak Walton) "in all which removes he was like the ark, which left a blessing on the place where it rested; and in all his employments was like Jehoiada, that did good unto Israel."

So at this distance of time we presume to praise him. Can we also follow him?

Some of us bear high offices which he once bore. Some of us administer a trust of beneficence and enlightenment which he, in the days of his strength and the fulness of his hopes, right lovingly bequeathed. Some of us are teaching and training the children for whose welfare he provided, and whose young faces and wants and powers and duties he, the old man, (in a figure) foresaw. Others, again, you, my younger friends—whose presence haunts me and fills my mind and my heart and my prayers—

You are spending your boyhood, surely a free and happy one, in the place in which he delighted to find relief and refreshment from the anxious cares of his high office. You are the heirs of his bounty and the living monuments of his prayers. Let us each, in our measure, so far as we can comprehend the breadth and the height of our responsibilities and our opportunities, make full proof of our ministry, as he made of his. Let the motto which he loved and the cause which he loved sometimes bring to us also the

“faith and patience” which in every age are the true mark of “saints.”

That motto ‘was *Vincit qui patitur*, victory through suffering. ‘That cause was—it is given in the very last words that ever passed his lips—*Pro Ecclesia Dei, pro Ecclesia Dei*, “for the Church of God, for the Church of God.” Believe it, Christian friends, take it into your hearts, translate it into your lives. It is not great Prelates only, or great Churchmen, or great Students, to whom that high aspiration belongs. There is not an upright layman, there is not a devout and refined woman, there is not a brave and truthful and pure minded boy at school, who may not strike a blow and merit an abiding memorial for the Church of God—for the Church of God, the inspired and “blessed company of all faithful people,” “the pillar and ground of the truth.” as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

November 14th, 1888.

V.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE *

HEB. XI. 4.

Through his faith he being dead yet speaketh.

Or how many great and holy men who sleep in this Abbey might these lofty words be quoted! "Faith," the assurance of things hoped for, the firm trust that what they longed for but saw not would at last by God's mercy be theirs—this faith was the mark of them all. In the search for hidden truth, in the stress of Mutiny, in the strain of politics, in the storms of war, in the inward spiritual struggle, in the eager effort to serve God by breaking some human yoke, or by ministering in some way to the relief of man's estate—on all these fields of trial, faith in the unseen made them more than conquerors, and by that noble faith one after another of them "being dead yet speaketh."

* Preached in Westminster Abbey, July 30th, 1893.

Of one of these I would say something this evening. The date, the anniversary, long reverence from early youth for his work and his character have chosen my subject for me.

Yesterday, as it were, on July 29th, just sixty years ago, William Wilberforce breathed his last. On July 31st, as it were to-morrow, the Dean of Westminster received two addresses from almost every man of note in the two Houses of Parliament, "earnestly requesting that he might be buried in the Abbey," being "satisfied," as they said, "that public honours can never be more fitly bestowed than upon such benefactors of mankind."

Suffer me, Christian friends, to recall to you some passages in the life of this admirable man. No sermon can be quite valuable which brings us into the Presence of Christ; and in some moods, I think, we never feel that Presence to be more Real than when we "remember the days of old and the years that are past," and see how one and another of His servants lived "by the faith of the Son of God."

"God Almighty has set before me two great objects, the Suppression of the Slave Trade and the Reformation of Manners." So Wilberforce wrote in his journal in 1787, when he was but twenty-eight years of age. From early boyhood his heart had been touched by the miseries of slaves. When a schoolboy of fourteen, he had written to his county paper denouncing what his child's

conscience called "the odious traffic in human flesh." Seven years afterward, when he first entered Parliament, he had asked a friend on his way to the West Indies to collect information about the slaves, expressing his hope that, some time or other he "should redress the wrongs of those wretched and degraded beings."

But in 1787 he first formed his resolve, the resolve from which he never after swerved. Forty-six years of life were still before him. After twenty of these he was to carry the Abolition of the Slave Trade. Twenty-six years still later, just before his death, he was to hear that Slavery also was no more to pollute the English name.

What sort of man, then, was he for whom this signal glory was reserved, the man of whom the most eloquent of his sons, once Dean of this Abbey, said in his place in the House of Lords, "he has left to us, his children, the perilous inheritance of a name venerated by the Christian world?"

William Wilberforce seemed born to make goodness not revered only but loveable. He began life with all that seems to make it enviable—a vivid intelligence, an ample fortune, a sweet and joyous temper, a brilliant position in Parliament, the almost brotherly friendship of the young Prime Minister. Pitt himself said of his friend that he had known no one equal to him for natural eloquence. Madame de Staël said of him, "You told me I should see the holiest man in England; you did not tell me I should also see the wittiest." With such gifts as these, he

was naturally among the choice favourites of society. For a short time it seemed as if he was content to be brilliant and fascinating, and nothing more. Like other young men of his time, and of other times, he lived for distinction. But when he was twenty-six years old there came a great change. We may use the English word change, or we may use the Latin word conversion, but he was henceforward another man. He passed through the strait gate of profound self-condemnation and bitter sense of sinfulness into the clear light of God's forgiving love through His Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

There are Christian lives in which the change is much more startling, but I know of none where it has been at once more visible and more real. A "new creation," a "new creature," a "new birth"—you need such words as these to mark the vital growth. Nay, it was more than a growth, it was a transformation. The old powers of mind, the old social charm and playfulness, the old freshness of affection and of pity were still there, but they were "clothed upon" henceforward, and lit up by new motives, new hopes, and one supreme devotion to an ever-present Friend. Never did a man consecrate himself more solemnly to a personal God, and surely no man ever kept his vow of consecration with less of break or of relapse. With these new vows upon him he set himself to the two fixed objects of his life—the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and the Reformation of Manners.

It is the first of these—we have no time for more—which I wish to recall to you on this Anniversary

of his death. It is a glorious Victory of Faith, and by that faith, I dare to say it to-day, "he being dead yet speaketh."

It was in 1788 that, after careful collection of facts, he determined to make the first move in the House of Commons. But at this moment occurred one of those surprises which the older among us must more than once have marked, and never, surely, without awe and sympathy. A man is appointed to a great post, or he is entering upon a great work. Suddenly he is stricken down by grave illness. Death, or paralysis, or failure of the brain—one or the other threatens. In a moment all seems changed. What was to be seems destined not to be. The windows of the house are darkened.

So it was with the young champion of Abolition. "All through life," we are told, "his labours were performed in spite of a delicate constitution"; it was his one earthly drawback. But in this spring of 1788 his health appeared entirely to fail. There was a seeming decay of all the vital functions. The best physicians agreed 'that he had not stamina to last a fortnight.' He was sent to Bath, after a promise from Mr. Pitt that he would himself take up charge of the cause, and indeed the first motion on the subject was made by the Prime Minister in his friend's absence. The sick man, however, by God's mercy, recovered; and in the following year, in a speech of three hours, dragged before the House the shameful secrets of the prison-house

which had been so long ignored. It was one of those rare speeches which, alike by their matter and their form, arrest the conscience of mankind, and create a new starting-point for human endeavour. Mr. Burke spoke of it as "masterly and impressive." "The principles," he said, "were so well laid down, and supported with so much force and order, that it equalled anything he had heard in modern times, and was not, perhaps, to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence."

But it was not before blasts of eloquence, however loud and long, that the walls of this cruel Jericho were to crumble. Full eighteen years were yet to pass before the promised land was won.

I cannot, of course, take you through these years. We can but select a point here and there on the wide battlefield, through the long campaign, and watch how the Leader bore himself at each. Like all such leaders, he had to face murmurs from friends as well as menaces from foes. If at any moment he judged it wise to halt or postpone the attack, he was sure to be taunted with fickleness or weariness. In 1790 we find him replying to one of these critics. "The principles," he says, "upon which I act in this business being those of religion, not of sensibility and personal feeling, can know no remission, and yield to no delay. I am confident of success, though I dare not say anything positive as to the period of it."

So "he speaks by his faith." The following year, 1791, he received a letter of a very different kind.

It has often been quoted. It links together, with a pathos which even a child can understand, two names whose praise is in all the Churches, the name of Wilberforce and the name of Wesley. It is docketed as "Wesley's last words." It was written the day before the old man sank into the lethargy in which he lay till his death, five days after.

"My dear Sir," it runs, "unless the divine power has raised you up to be an Athanasius against the world, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you? Oh, be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it. That He who has guided you from your youth may continue to strengthen you in this and all things, is the prayer of your affectionate servant, John Wesley"

Such a message from such a death-bed may well have cheered the younger combatant when, three weeks later, he was again defeated in his annual appeal to Parliament.

The next year, 1792, the prospect was a little brighter. A resolution was passed, providing for Abolition four years after; but in 1793, just one hundred years ago, the year of the guillotining

of the King and Queen of France, and of the Reign of Terror, the House turned its back upon itself and rescinded even this instalment of reform.

It was shortly before this that sympathy came to him which must have been precious—not this time from a veteran saint, like John Wesley, but from the tender-hearted and melancholy Poet, who as a boy had been educated in these precincts and worshipped in these walls. The sonnet of William Cowper is a kind of phonograph of those gloomy hours of delay and calumny.

Thy country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd
Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose th' enthrall'd
From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain.
Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter-gall'd,
Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.
Thou hast achiev'd a part; hast gain'd the ear
Of Britain's Senate to thy glorious cause.
Hope smiles, joy springs, and tho' cold caution pause
And weave delay, the better hour is near
That shall remunerate thy toils severe,
By peace for Afric, fenc'd with British laws
Enjoy what thou hast won, esteem and love
From all the just on earth, and all the bless'd above

Surely a kind of expansion of that loftiest of Christian promises, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

1795 was again a year of defeat, but 1796 began more brightly. The second reading of the Slave Bill was carried by more than two to one. In committee it passed even more decisively; but on the third reading, only a few days after, it was

thrown out by a majority of four. "Ten or twelve of our friends," he says, "absent in the country, or on pleasure. Enough at the Opera to have carried it."

"His heart was sickened at this wretched lukewarmness." Still he persevered. At last, in 1804, after seven more years of toil and obloquy, the Bill passed the Commons by large majorities. In the Lords, after a full debate, it was "hung up" for a year. Then in 1805 came once more a cruel check. The first reading in the Commons was so decisive that Wilberforce, in spite of so many warnings, had no longer any fears. To his astonishment and deep distress, he was again beaten on the second reading. "I never felt so much," he wrote in his diary, "on any Parliamentary occasion. I could not sleep at night. The poor blacks rushed into my mind, and the guilt of our wicked land." This was the sorest disappointment of all, but it was also the last. In 1806 both the division and the tone of members were such as to assure ultimate success; and finally, in 1807, just twenty years after he had lain, as it was thought, a dying man at Bath, he carried the second reading of his Bill by 283 to 16. Doubt and delay were at last swallowed up in victory.

It is one of the privileges of the House of Commons to inherit and to transmit illustrious traditions of noble manners and high-hearted feeling. Of these heirlooms it is the august trustee on behalf of the whole nation, and, I think I may say, they are

“precious in these days.” One of the most beautiful of such traditions, such almost sacred records, dates from the memorable night on which the Twenty Years’ War against the traffic in human flesh was brought to its triumphant close. Among the speakers was Sir Samuel Romilly, always humane and chivalrous. At the close of his speech, he addressed himself to the young members of Parliament. He urged them to let this day’s event be a lesson how much the rewards of virtue exceeded those of ambition. He contrasted the feelings of the Emperor Napoleon, in all his greatness, encircled with Kings of his own blood, with the feelings of that honourable member who would this night lay his head upon his pillow and remember that the Slave Trade was no more. At these words—the whole House, we are told, surprised into a forgetfulness of its then ordinary habits, burst forth into shouts of applause, “such as was scarcely ever before given to any man sitting in his place in either House of Parliament.” As for the object of these acclamations—I quote a faithful witness,* who lived under his roof, and knew him well—“The friendly shouts of victory which arose on every side were scarcely observed or heeded in the delightful consciousness of having rendered to mankind a service of unequalled magnitude. He retired to prostrate himself before the Giver of all good things, in profound humility and thankfulness, wondering at the unmerited bounty of

* Sir James Stephen, K.C.B., *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*,
“William Wilberforce.”

God, Who had carried him through twenty years of unremitting labour, and bestowed on him a name of imperishable glory."

It was the Victory of Faith, a victory which had overcome the world; a victory long deferred, but never despaired of; a victory, we may truly say, sought "earnestly and with tears." Not by his eloquence, not by his wit and social charm, not even by his singularly winning piety, but by his faith he had won that renowned victory, and by that faith he being dead yet speaketh.

He speaks by inspiring faith in those who come after. At the time it was felt that this would be his lot. "Who knows," said Sir James Mackintosh, "who knows whether the greater part of the benefit that he has conferred on the world, the greatest that any one man has had the means of conferring, may not be the encouraging example that the exertions of virtue may be crowned by such splendid success?"

Four years before, the young Henry Martyn had been introduced to Wilberforce. He saw him engaged on his daily work. He went and told others, with profound veneration, what things he had seen and heard. Three years after the passing of Abolition, in 1810, Martyn, then in India, showed that he too had learned both to live and to die in faith. "Were I never to see," he said, "one single native convert among the Hindus, I should still labour on, believing that the design of God with me was, that by my patience and

continued perseverance I might encourage future missionaries."

The mantle of Elijah had fallen on Elisha. Yes, it is still true that 'the just man lives by his faith. By his faith he speaks to the men of his day. By his faith he speaks to posterity. It was so, and it is so, with William Wilberforce. After the Abolition of the Slave Trade, for twenty-six years longer he spoke to his own generation. He spoke with an authority ever increasing. One more victory, and that a crowning victory, was to gladden his eyes. Slavery itself was to share the doom of the Slave Trade. "Thank God," he exclaimed, only three days before his death, "that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the Abolition of Slavery"

And as he spoke in life, so he has spoken in death. Sixty years have passed since that worn and frail form was laid in this "consecrated mould." During these sixty years, is it not the literal fact that he has spoken to the choicest of our fathers at every great moral crisis and in the conduct of every great moral enterprise—primarily, no doubt, and chiefly wherever the clank of the old iron chain was still heard, in America, in the Soudan, in Darkest Africa, at Uganda—but, more than this, whenever any man or woman has said to themselves in any solemn hour, "God has set before me the reformation of my country's manners,"—whenever, I say, during the last sixty years some voice of warning or of

mercy has called for some fresh "venture of faith," there hath this that this great Christian hath done been spoken of for a memorial of him.

"And still his name sounds stirring." Still he speaks by his faith. Still that beloved and venerable name champions and dignifies every cause of justice and humanity. There are burthens which now press on the brain alike and the conscience of our generation. There are negligences and ignorances not less crass and stolid than those which made gross the hearts of our fathers a hundred years ago, when, in fighting for the cruel Moloch of the Slave Trade, they believed that they were doing service to the God of the Christian. There must be men and women among us now, some of them perhaps even now within these walls, who have heard the Voice of the God of the Christian calling them to the same sacred conflict with blinding custom and tyrannous tradition.

Such spirits as these will, I know, draw their chief strength from the living God, Who willeth not that any should perish, and from the loving and compassionate Saviour, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." But I know also that in dark hours they will find some help and solace in the thought that men like Wilberforce have gone before them, hearers of the same Divine call and heirs with them of the same promises; men who were tried by the same depressions, tortured by the same sickening doubts, and nerved by the same hopes; men who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, out of weakness were made strong," and now,

through the same imperishable faith, if we have but ears to hear, speak from their honoured graves to ourselves and our children.

July 30th, 1893

VI.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.*

‘ GAL. II. 10.

Only they would that we should remember the poor, the same which I also was forward to do.

“THEY would that we should remember the poor.” They, the heads of the Church at Jerusalem, some fourteen or seventeen years after the Ascension, were urging upon Paul and Barnabas that, while working among Gentile peoples, they should not forget the poor of the Mother Church. Those of us who know a little of St. Paul’s Epistles know how earnestly he responded to this charge; how full a right he had to say, “the same which I also was forward to do.” And what they said to their great fellow-labourers with regard to the poor of a single small nation, perhaps a single small city, is the voice of the Church of Christ at all times in every nation under heaven. No Church can be doing her duty unless

* Preached in Gloucester Cathedral, October 4th, 1885, three days after the death of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

a very 'large part of her message to the world is just this—"Remember the poor."

I know, of course, and you, brethren, know very well, that this remembering of the poor is not the same thing at all times and in all places. In St. Paul's time it was met by simple almsgiving. He made collections for the poor Christians at Jerusalem in one foreign city after another, in Galatia, in Macedonia, at Corinth.' If we limited our remembrance of the poor to almsgiving, we should be utterly failing to catch the spirit of Christ's law of love. In our day the problem is far more complex, differing in great cities, in towns, in villages; one thing in London, another at Gloucester, another at Highnam or at Birdlip. But still, if we are Christians at all, and wish to grasp something of the whole counsel of God concerning us, we must try to believe that the Church of Christ is daily willing, urging, entreating, in the Name of her Master, that we, in our several vocations and ministries, should "remember the poor"—remember their existence, remember their claims, their hardships, their dwellings, their education, their family life, their means of subsistence, their wages, their temptations, their social and political duties.

What a subject opens out before us, if only we had time, strength, and ability to grasp its fulness! How much brainwork we all need, how much heartwork, how much reading and hearing, above all how much daily re-tempering and renewing by the Spirit of Divine Love, if we are in any way to respond

adequately to the message of the Church, "Remember the Poor!"

My purpose to-day is of a narrower and more personal kind. I seek not to instruct but to animate; not to solve a problem but to remind every man who has ears to hear of the duty of facing it.

We are all aware that a great man has just been taken from us in the fulness of years; a man who perhaps beyond all others during half a century has been the Statesman of the poor; the man who listened, with a keenness of hearing given to few, to the will of the Church that he should remember the poor, and more than almost any, perhaps than any, living public man had the right humbly and yet firmly to add, The same which I also have been forward to do.

It is probably the simple truth to say that, allowing for his length of life, the varied range of his labours, and the high position in which he moved before the public eye, there has been no such death of a Philanthropist in England since Wilberforce was called to his rest just fifty-two years ago. There are perhaps not many here present who, like myself, have read his early speeches delivered half a century ago in the House of Commons. The collection ought to be republished. Scarcely anything helps us so keenly to understand the horrible degradation in which numbers of our labouring men and women were then enslaved. I say "enslaved," and the word is strictly though of course not legally true. It is sheer mockery to talk of "freedom of contract," or

to imagine some moral magic in the principle of supply and demand, when you have to deal with half-savage, unsexed women, as they then were, passing their lives among nameless horrors at the bottom of coal mines. They were veritable slaves—slaves of that callous task-master, unquestioned routine. For years and years horrors were being perpetrated, unsuspected by any of those numerous “worlds” into which English society is sub-divided—the world of fashion, the world of thinkers, the world of writers, the world of trade, the world of professional men, the world of religion. Not one of these “worlds,” each busily revolving in its own small orbit, ever suspected the co-existence of yet another world of such profound misery and such abysmal degradation. And yet it was there! And the hand which chiefly dragged it up before the public gaze was the hand of a young man of noble birth, then entering on his life’s career, and with the old choice before him—pleasure or virtue, amusement or self-sacrifice, ambition for self or ambition for others. Happily for his country, happily for “the miserable ones” of his generation, happily for his own fame, he chose the better part. He heard, as we have said, that voice of humanity, which is in truth the voice of the Church of Christ, willing, urging, praying, that he should “Remember the poor.”

How such voices are heard by men who afterwards become “great in the sight of the Lord,” by what channels they flow in and penetrate, how often the voice seems to lie forgotten for a time, and again

to rush in like a flood and carry captive the whole man, till he has but one answer, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"—to bring out this is one of the grand interests of biography. So we enlarge our conception of the Divine communing with human hearts. We see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

Francis of Assisi in early youth heard a voice bidding him "Build the Church." At first, according to his wont, he took the command literally, and began with his own hand to rebuild the shattered walls of the little church of his home. Soon it was revealed to him that a spiritual building was meant, and that the Church to be restored was the Presence of Christ, fast fading from the heart of Christendom, because, amid the splendours of Ecclesiastical power, the poor had been forgotten.

Wilberforce, at the age of fourteen, gives to a schoolfellow, to put into the Post-office, a letter to a York journal "in condemnation of the odious traffic in human flesh." Ten years followed of idleness, dissipation, ambition. The voice seemed buried; but then it re-appeared, never again to be silent.

Coleridge Patteson, as an Eton boy of fourteen, heard the farewell sermon of Bishop Selwyn in a Church at Windsor, and told his mother it was his greatest wish to go out with the great Missionary hero. Fourteen quiet years passed; then the voice was heard again, and was obeyed, we know how faithfully.

What were some of the varied voices which led the young Ashley to enter on his philanthropic course may perchance ere long be revealed by the hand of his biographer. To one I can myself bear witness, and I dare to name it because it has not pathos only, but instruction. It was some eight or nine years ago that he came over to see his old School at Harrow. It was for the first time since, nearly thirty years before, he had laid in our churchyard the body of a most promising son, already devoted to his father's works among the poor. We went up to the top of the hill to see the grave, and the text upon it, so full of Christian hope, "Is it well with the child? It is well." As we returned, we came to a place on the steep road, just outside the School gates. Suddenly the old man stopped as if he had seen a vision, and after a pause he said slowly to his son, "It was just there, Evelyn," pointing to it, "that when I was a boy here, some sixty years ago, I saw two men bringing up the coffin of a pauper to be buried. They were both drunk. They were laughing and jesting in a brutal manner. The pall was just carelessly thrown over the coffin. I can see them there now as I saw them then. The impression made upon me by that sight was, under God, one of the influences which led me to choose my life's career." And then he just added, with great feeling, "*There is nothing the poor feel so keenly as dishonour to their dead.*"

I need not remind you how widely beneficent that life's career has, in God's shaping hands,

become ; what it has done for those who have been called "the sons and daughters of misery, and the multitude who are ready to perish"; what it has done for the chimney-sweep, the street-Arab, the agricultural gangs, the factory women and children, the lunatic, the over-worked artisans of India. To no man who ever lived in England has it been given to pass more statutes for the relief of human misery, or, if I may borrow once again the eloquent words of a great living orator,* to "embody more of Holy Writ in Acts of Parliament"

Nor must we imagine for a moment that this career was one easy unbroken advance. We who lived to see him an acknowledged benefactor of his country and friend of the human race can little judge of the ridicule, the cold-shouldering, the bitter opposition which he had to sustain in early years, not only from interested capitalists, or cold men of the world, but from humane and enlightened statesmen. Here, too, I happen to be able to speak from personal knowledge. Only last year, such was his bodily strength, he presided at the triennial festival of the great School which was proud to regard him as its most distinguished living member. As I sat beside him, and respectfully questioned him on the past, he spoke with much feeling, but not bitterly, of the great men of all parties who had opposed his most cherished schemes, and how some of them at a later stage had expressed their regret. It

* John Bright.

is the old humiliating story, "with how little wisdom the world is governed"; how little insight into what is morally possible; how little faith in the truth that what is morally degrading and will not bear discussion must in a Christian land be doomed.

The lesson of such a life, Christian brethren, cannot be far to seek. Your own hearts will have already found it. I have ventured to sum it up—though to sum up is always to narrow—in the one message of the Church, "Remember the poor!" And this lesson you will, I know, be all ready and thankful to receive, quite irrespectively of any particular Church views which any of you may entertain. He, as we know, was through life a conspicuous and consistent member of one great section of our Church—that section to which belonged perhaps the two most famous Christians that our city of Gloucester boasts; the martyred Hooper, who still speaks to us by his Monument, and the greatest of all Preachers to the people, George Whitefield.

But there is nothing of party feeling in the genuine mourning which is felt to-day throughout our land for the loss of One who has done in his day a giant's work for the cause of the Gospel and of those "poor" to whom first the Gospel was preached. Our ears must indeed be stuffed with party prejudice if we any of us refuse to find in such a life a rebuke of our own inertness, an appeal to our own chivalry and zeal for the Lord.

If I were speaking to many high-born, or many born to wealth, I would say to them, as I have been wont to say in past years to another and younger congregation: "Rank and wealth have their obligations. The only justification of privilege is prominence in duty. For English gentlemen there is but one befitting post—and if they strive to hold it, their countrymen will never grudge them the possession—the first place in self-sacrifice; first in battle, in front of their regiments; first at home, in the struggle against social wrongs; first in the sacred war with ignorance, with intemperance, with impurity; first in the championship of weakness, whether innocent or degraded; first, in one word, in 'remembering the poor.'"

This man, for whom we thank God to-day, has shown a bright example to men of birth and wealth. He has recorded, by his long and laborious and courageous life, the most emphatic protest against mere amusement and lounging self-indulgence. He has said: It is a sin and a shame for an English gentleman to forget that his Saviour alike and his country call upon him to work.

And, brethren, all of us, whatever our birth, our rank, our worldly means, may well put up a prayer to-day that, though any efforts of ours will necessarily be on a smaller scale and most of them wholly obscure, our hearts may be as warm, our faith as unchilled, our sympathy with wrong and suffering as active and unsleeping, as were

those of the brave man and the earnest Christian whose praise is to-day in all the Churches. In the "Churches," I say, and it is true; but yet the phrase sounds cold. I *believe* we might say, "in the heart of the nation"; I am *sure* we may say, "in the hearts, and hereafter in the annals, of the poor."

October 4, 1885.

VII.

"CHINESE GORDON."*

ISAIAH xxvi 3.

*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind
is stayed on Thee.*

"How will a man bear himself at any great crisis of his life?", is a question which can never fail to interest. If the man be a personal friend, the interest becomes yet keener. If he be in any sense a great and famous man, who has already shown that he possesses noble gifts both of intellect and character, we follow him in thought with something more than interest. It seems as though he represented human nature itself, and that the credit of human nature was at stake.

Some of you will have divined already, even from these few words, of what and of whom I am thinking. I am thinking of one who has suddenly become known to our countrymen, and has aroused a feeling of love among them such

* Preached in the Chapel of Harrow School, February 10th, 1884. Gordon had just reached Egypt, and was on his way to Khartoum.

as falls to the lot of few men in a century. It is no exaggeration to say that the hearts of thousands upon thousands, not in Great Britain only but over the wide British Empire, are fixed to-day upon one heroic Englishman as he rides on his swift dromedary, almost alone, over the Nubian desert, bent on an errand—if it be not too late—of mercy and of hope.

As we speak, he may be living or he may be dead. If he be dead, he has reaped the reward to which, as his private letters show, he has long looked joyfully forward. If he be living, one thing is absolutely certain. Whether he be alone or among enemies, whether he is still over-awing, as of old, by the magic of his name and presence, or whether he be exposed to mockery or insult and threatened with torture or death, one thing, I say, is certain, though no telegraph can transnit the news, *that* man is "in perfect peace," because his mind is stayed on God. There is no man, we dare to say it, in the wide world to whom God is nearer to-day than to this true Christian soldier, Charles Gordon. He is now, unless it be already passed, at the very crisis of his life. A few days—it may be a few hours, more or less—will determine whether one more romantic triumph is to be for ever linked with his illustrious name, or whether he is to be one of those who win their chiefest victory by their deaths, and leave to others the imperishable legacy not of what they have done in their latest enterprise, but of

what they have been, what they have dared, what they have resolved and intended to achieve.

It must be good for us, brethren, to think for a while on such a man. If he were in England, there is, I believe, literally no man whose presence among us would do us so much good; for he has the power—the most precious, surely, of all human gifts—of calling out in old and young whatever is best and least selfish in them, and also of shaming into their proper obscurity all foulness and treachery that dread the light.

And now, since we cannot have, and perhaps never may be able to have, his personal presence, it may do us good to think for a few minutes of so great a Christian, that we may be stirred to follow him as he so nobly followed Christ. I shall give you only a few passages from his life, just enough to bring out some little part of his character.

Soon after he was of age, he went out as an Engineer officer to the Crimean War—that war in which so many of our honoured Schoolfellows were destined to die and to bequeath their names to the Memorial Aisle of our Chapel. One extract from a letter of that time shows already something of the man. He thus writes to his parents: "You are only called on at intervals to rely on your God; with me I am obliged continually to do so. I mean by this that you have only great trials, such as the illness of a child, when you feel yourself utterly weak, now and then. I am constantly in anxiety. The body rebels against this constant leaning on God."

Nine years afterwards, just as he was thirty years old, he entered on the work which was to make him famous, and become, as it were, part of his very name. He went to China, and was appointed to the command of the Chinese army, which was engaged in putting down a strange and barbarous rebellion. Such a task might be attractive to any soldier of fortune, but Gordon took it up in a spirit all his own. This is how he explains himself to his mother: "I am afraid you will be much vexed at my having taken the command of the Chinese force. I have taken the step on consideration. I think that anyone who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task. If I had not accepted the command, I believe the rebellion would have gone on in its misery for years. You must not fret on this matter. I think I am doing a good service. I keep your likeness before me, and can assure you and my father that I will not be rash, and that as soon as I can I will return home." Strange apologies of a son to his parents for the heroic "venture of faith" which was to make his name and theirs immortal!

I must not dwell on the military genius, the inspiring power, the astonishing calmness in danger with which, during two years, he created an army and led it to invariable victory. We are told that he never "carried any weapon himself." He always went into action armed with a small cane, with which he would stand calmly under the hottest fire, pointing to the spots he wished to be attacked

This little cane came to be called by the soldiers, Gordon's "wand of victory."

When at last the war was over, the Emperor sent him £10,000. He refused to keep it, and divided it all among his soldiers. He says to his mother: "I think if I am spared, I shall be home by Christmas. I do not care about my promotion, or what people may say. I know I shall leave China as poor as I entered it, but with the knowledge that through my weak instrumentality upwards of eighty thousand to a hundred thousand lives have been spared. I want no further satisfaction than this."

He came back to England at the end of 1874, just before he was thirty-two years of age. Then began six quiet years of obscure professional work at Gravesend, which to an ordinary officer of Engineers would have been dull indeed. To Gordon they were the happiest years of his life. I will read you a few words as to the way in which he spent them. He lived wholly for others. His house was school, and hospital, and almshouse in turn; more like the abode of a Missionary than of a Colonel of Engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome. He always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them, and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his home. For their benefit he established evening classes, reading to the lads, and teaching them with as much ardour

as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his "kings," and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantelpiece; he was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages, that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went, day and night.

Again, the Workhouse and the Infirmary were his constant haunts. "Many of the dying"—a good test this of a man's spiritual power—"many of the dying sent for him in preference to the Clergy, and he was ever ready to visit them, no matter in what weather or at what distance. But he would never take the chair at a religious meeting or be in any way prominent." Such he was during his few years of self-suppression at home.

But we must hasten on to the next great work of his life, that work which is bearing its fruits now.

In 1874, just ten years ago, he was appointed by the then Khedive of Egypt to be Governor-General of the Soudan. He accepted the post, in the belief that he might do much to put down the miseries of the Slave Trade in those vast regions. "I will do it," he said, "for I value my life as nothing, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace." And again, as he noted the extreme wretchedness of many of his new subjects, "What a mystery why they are created! a life of fear and misery night

and day. One does not wonder at their not fearing death. No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands. . . . But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people."

And yet again, later on, "I feel in great contentment. I wish for no higher or other post than the one I have, and I know I cannot be removed unless it is God's will, so I rest on a rock, and can be content. The very wear and tear makes me cling more to the place, and I thank God. He has made me succeed, not in any very glorious way, but in a substantial and lasting manner. I entirely take that prophecy of Isaiah as my own, and work to it as far as I can."

What do you suppose is this prophecy of Isaiah which the Governor of the Soudan, the friend of the slaves, "took to himself" in the land of bondage? It is this*—"And it shall be for a sign, and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt, for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them."

If General Gordon is alive on this Sunday, and if it be still true that man doth not live by bread alone but by every word of God, then rely upon it, these are some of the words by which he is living to-day. And if we wish to know his present thoughts, we have only to turn to words which he wrote in the Soudan less than ten years ago: "My work is great,

* Isaiah xix. 20.

but does not weigh me down. I feel my own weakness, and look to Him Who is almighty. I am quite alone, and like it. I have become what people call a great fatalist, viz., I trust God will pull me through every difficulty. The solitary grandeur of the desert makes one feel how vain is the effort of man. . . . It is only my firm conviction that I am merely an instrument put in use for a time that enables me to bear up; and in my present state, during my long, hot, weary rides, I think my thoughts better and clearer than I should with a companion."

I shall not attempt even to sum up the result of his heroic and romantic five years in the Soudan. My object is not to give you even a sketch of a notable page of contemporary history, but to help you to see what manner of man is the great Englishman and the great Christian who is now, as I said, at the crisis of his life. We began by asking, How will a man bear himself at the great crisis of his life? It was said of an unhappy King, as he bowed his head on the scaffold,

He nothing common did or mean

Upon that memorable scene.*

Of Gordon we may use even bolder language. We know the man, and the rock on which he builds. We know that his thoughts are now fixed on God, and that he cares absolutely nothing for himself save as an instrument for putting down tyranny and wretchedness. We know that he has with him, and

* Andrew Marvell's *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*.

is hourly feeding on them, his Bible and his Thomas à Kempis on the *Imitation of Christ*. One of his last acts before leaving England was to call the attention of his visitor to these words in that famous book of devotion: "Follow thou Me. Let not thy peace be in the tongues of men. Where is true peace and true glory? Is it not in Me? And he, who covets not to please men, and fears not their displeasure, shall enjoy much peace."

And once again, now in his own words: "All I can say is, that amidst troubles and worries no one can have peace till he thus stays upon his God. It gives a man a superhuman strength. The quiet, peaceful life of our Lord was solely due to His submission to God's will."

And therefore, brethren, you will see that I did not choose at random the beautiful words of our text. Often as they have been quoted, whether as a prayer or a record of the troubles and the deaths of God's dearest children; often as they have brought a comfort, not of this world, to perplexity, to worldly failure, to the dying bed and the open grave, it may be doubted whether they were ever more truly applicable than to that well-nigh solitary Traveller, who, at his country's call, has put his life in his hand, and carries with him to-day across the sands of Africa the hopes and the prayers of the Western world. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

VIII.

DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON.*

PSALM CXVI 15.

Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

THERE ought to be a lesson from God in the death which the nation is to-day mourning. There ought to be matter in it to feed the spiritual life. With its political and its military aspects we have, of course, nothing here to do. It is its spiritual aspect, its power on the soul and on the moral life, that forces itself, unbidden, on any faithful minister of Christ to-day. We are so made that, when rare goodness and greatness are cut short on earth by a tragic death, all the nobler parts of our nature are moved. The grandeur of human life is revealed to us, and the immeasurable opportunities that lie within it. As we gaze on some great figure that puts to shame the average feebleness of man, we pass far beyond mere vulgar hero-worship. We lift our hearts to the God of the spirits of all flesh,

* Preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and the Chapel of Harrow School, on Quinquagesima Sunday, February 15, 1885.

and glorify Him "Who hath given such power unto men."

I suppose we may say with perfect truth that "a mourning so world-wide, so peculiarly poignant, and so intensely personal as the present has not been known in our generation. Indeed, there have been but few periods in history when so many elements of love and pity and reverence combined to turn the mourning of a people into a solemn religious act. We are to-day full of the memory of one who was both a hero and a saint—the most soldier-like of saints, the most saintly of soldiers. So special a combination can never be common. It may, perhaps, tend to deepen at once and hallow our own sense of loss to think of just a few other instances when the heart of nations has been clouded by a like sorrow, and when all that is most human among them has been stirred to its depths. Such occasions are, so to speak, the All Saints' Days of history, the time when goodness is doing its appointed work, drawing men to God by its very beauty, and shaming evil out of sight.

We are thinking of men who, by the rare nobleness of their character, have for a time, short or long, attracted in a high degree the love of mankind, and have then, as in a moment, fallen in fight.

I. There is perhaps no figure which better bears the fierce light of modern criticism than the character of the illustrious Bayard. Now, no less than in his own time, he is the "Good Knight, without

fear and without reproach," the very type of Chivalry at its best, though Chivalry, as an institution, was even then stricken with palsy. Three hundred and sixty years have passed since Bayard fell in battle, yet how modern is the sound of the lamentations which were then dedicated to him by his faithful servitor and biographer!* Are they not almost a prophecy of another character, cast in the same knightly mould, which is to-day receiving the homage of all true Christian hearts?

"The mourning which took place at the announcement of his death passes all description, and I believe there has not died these thousand years a gentleman so lamented by all ranks. To enumerate the virtues of the Good Knight were superfluous. All things pass away but the love of God.^c Suffice it, then, to say that he loved and feared God above all things, and in all his affairs and necessities he ever had recourse to Him, being fully persuaded that by Him and His infinite goodness all things are ordered, nor did he ever leave his chamber without recommending himself to Him in prayer. He loved his neighbour as himself, and never possessed a crown but it was at the service of the first who needed it. He was a great almsgiver, and gave his alms in secret. He was a sorry flatterer, and never swerved from speaking truth, were it to the greatest of friends. He looked with contempt upon this world's wealth, and was at his death no richer than at his birth. In war none excelled

* Translation by E. C. Kindersley, 1848, page 233-5.

him; dreadful to the enemy, gentle and courteous to his friends."

What a pure, fragrant flower of a life! we say to ourselves, when we remember the times at which it bloomed—an age not indeed without its grandeur, but deeply stained by profligacy, and corruption, and servility, and selfish lust of power.

Bayard, let us remember, was not the contemporary of a St. Louis or an Edward I., but of a Francis, and a Henry VIII., and a Constable de Bourbon, the brutal sacker of the Sacred City. How must the pure example of the "Good Knight" have been cherished in those days by every "humble and holy man of heart"! How must mothers have held him forth as an example to their sons, and wives as a model to their husbands!

II. Let us pass on a hundred years to another saintly hero, whose goodness no less than his marvellous successes filled the imagination and stirred the heart of Europe—I mean the brave and devout King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus. When, after barely two years of victory, he was struck down on the field of Lützen, this is how the general feeling is described by that venerable Poet and Theologian who, till a few weeks ago, was known to many of us as the loved and honoured Archbishop of Dublin.

"It will be easy,"* he says, "to imagine what a cry, I will not say of despair, but of anguish, went

* Archbishop Trench's *Gustavus Adolphus in Germany*, end of Lecture II.

up from 'all Reformed Europe at the tidings' of Gustavus's death. In England men found it hard to believe that he was indeed dead ; and more than once the report came that, though grievously wounded, he was still alive and would recover, and yet accomplish 'the work' which he had begun. And the circle of those who mourned his premature taking away was wider even than this. The Christians of the East had learned to look forward to him as their destined deliverer from the yoke of the Mohammedan oppressor ; they, too, bewailed the shattering of those visionary hopes of theirs. And, if not mourned by his foes, still it was most honourable to them and to him that, in Germany at least, all violence of party hate appeared hushed for the moment in the presence of such a death."

Strange, brethren, the spiritual kinship between all saintly and heroic souls, so that the eulogy pronounced upon one seems almost to have been written for another who was to be born two centuries after !

III. Shall I weary you if I refer to just one more record of the past, when national love and sorrow reached that point which may fairly be called sublime ? There are those of us whose fathers or whose mothers have told us of what they saw and felt at the funeral of Nelson. In this case the hero—"the darling hero of England," as he has been called by his eloquent biographer* in a passage of almost unsurpassed beauty—was, as we know, com-

* Southey.

passed with many a human infirmity. His poor sailors, indeed, with touching idolatry, called him "Saint Nelson," and distributed his relics at his grave; but we know that we are treading spiritually on less exalted ground when we pass from Bayard and Gustavus and Gordon to the great and most loveable, but still crying Nelson.

And yet, what a true religion there was in the man! What a devotion of himself to God and to England! Do you remember the prayer which he penned just five weeks before Trafalgar, when, as he said, "I drove from dear, dear Merton to go to serve my King and country? May the great God Whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission. His will be done. Amen."

•Have we not heard a prayer not unlike this even in these latter days? Have we forgotten the words which were written from Khartoum on March 3rd of last year—not twelve months since—words which might well be engraved hereafter, in some happier hour, on the pedestal of a column in that Mussulman city in honour of the great Christian who conceived and wrote them? "I am comforted here in my weakness by the reflection that our Lord rules all things; and it is dire rebellion to dislike or murmur against His rule. May His Name be glorified, these people blessed and comforted, and may I be deeply humbled, and thus have a greater sense of His indwelling Spirit! This is my earnest prayer!"

Truly, brethren, "deep answers to deep." Sailor and soldier alike throw their cares on God, alike pray the unselfish prayer that those whom they serve may be blessed through them, and that His will, not theirs, may be done. So may it ever be with the heroes whom England delights to honour! How feeble beside theirs is the preaching of the Pulpit, on a day of peace, within hallowed walls!

And so it is that what Southey says of Nelson's death sounds as though it had been written for Gordon's. "The death was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him."

Surely, brethren, *we* may use these beautiful words, with even a deeper meaning, of the great and good man who has just been snatched away. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that he speaks like a prophet of Christ to the men of this generation. The last week has been a week of *Mission* in this vast Diocese. Its object has been to stir men and women from the dull stagnation of their moral and spiritual routine; to appeal to the Divine element within their souls; to call them one and all—the rich, the high-born, the highly cultured and the fashionable, no less than the poor and degraded and

ignorant—to look at *Christ's* ideal of life, and, gazing on it, compare with it their own.

And then, just as these Special Services began, and the prayers of thousands were rising to God that He would lift them out of their worldliness and teach them the lessons of the Manger and the Cross, suddenly there flashed across deserts and seas the tidings of the lonely martyrdom of One who stood out before the world as the very symbol of unworldliness and self-sacrifice; a man who cared absolutely nothing for wealth, or honour, or comforts of any kind; who lived for others, prayed for others, and was at any moment ready to die for them;

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
 And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train,
 Turned his necessity to glorious gain; *

a man who was never so much in his element as when ministering, at home or abroad, to misery and want; whose conception of life was drawn straight from the Bible, and that faithful mirror of one aspect of the Bible, the famous *Imitation of Christ*; a man who had for years trodden with unfaltering feet what that high-toned book describes as “the King’s Highway of the Holy Cross,” and had accepted and, as it were, drunk in with every fibre of His being that most sublime of Christian truisms: “Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross.”

* Wordsworth’s *Happy Warrior*.

During the solemn week that has just closed, while every Preacher and Missioner in London was seeking to impress once more this idea first on himself and then on those to whom he ministered, was it nothing to know that the most conspicuously Christ-like man of his day had just crowned a Christ-like life with a Christ-like death? Was there any appeal at such a time to compare with his example? Was there any voice so eloquent as the hushed voice of the dead?

Therefore in an age of boundless self-indulgence, when comfort in every form and avoidance of effort, physical and intellectual, spread their snares so wide and so fatally, let us give thanks for this illustrious spectacle of heroic and saintly self-sacrifice.

Let his great example stand,
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure.*

Ay, his great example! What an example to the *young*, who have life before them and have not yet shaped the lines of their career! What an elevating guide to *parents* in their aspirations for their children!

For where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstained, than his?†

What an example for the *soldier*! Surely among the many brave men over whom the flag of England waves somewhere to-day, in some portion of her world-wide empire, there must be not a few who are

* Tennyson's *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.

† Tennyson's Dedication to the *Idylls of the King*.

even now turning over the pages of a Bible, perhaps too long unopened, and saying to themselves in their hearts, This is the book which, under God, gave Gordon his heroism. This is the companion which never failed him. This is the friend which stood beside him "in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren." This is the book by whose rule he lived, and in whose spirit and power we doubt not he died.

Once more, what an example to *us all*! How clear a summons to set the house of our social life in order, and see if it bears any prints of the Holy Cross! The "world is with us" everywhere, even in our religion. Even our modes of worship are a luxury. What a call from Khartoum to greater simplicity of life, greater dread of softness, greater thought for the poor and the suffering, greater longing for the mind of Christ! We have heard once again to-day those immortal words that give each year to Quinquagesima Sunday a sanctity of its own: "Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

And here we have a man, our own countryman, who possessed in the highest degree both these Divine gifts, not only that boundless faith in God which made no task seem to him impossible, but even that rarer and purer treasure, the unfeigned love of his brother-men.

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" to His people and to His Church!

February 15th, 1885.

IX.

"GORDON'S PSALM."*

PSALM XCI. 1,

*Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High shall abide
under the shadow of the Almighty*

"THE 91st Psalm is a mountain of strength to all believers," so Gordon wrote from Gravesend in 1869, one of the six quiet years which he used to speak of as the happiest of his life. Again, thirteen years later, in "January, 1882, he wrote thus from Mauritius: "I dwell more or less (I wish it were more) under the shadow of the Almighty." Few men, perhaps, even of the saintliest, have ever lived, who could use such words quite so simply and so naturally as the great man whose memory lays hold of us at this season. We are living just now among his anniversaries. Thursday last, the 26th, was the eighth anniversary of his death. Yesterday, the 28th, was the sixtieth anniversary of his birth.

* Preached in St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, London, on behalf of the Gordon Boys' Home, January 29th, 1893.

I know, Christian friends, that we speak and listen to-day for one definite object. Important as it is, it may be explained in a few sentences. But when those few sentences have been spoken, there remains something behind. There remains the character of Gordon himself, of which it is but little to say that any man or woman who studies it and honours it incurs a life long Christian responsibility. A great character is like a great sanctuary. You visit it, and leave it, and go away, and then duty begins.

• The Gordon Boys' Home, at Woking, is the National Memorial to a great man. Its object is to save those that are lost; to turn human waste into human wealth; to take boys, as the phrase is, from the gutter, and train them to be men and Christians; to do for them what Gordon did for them during his six years at Gravesend, and what he longed to do on a larger scale in the closing years of his life. Everyone remembers Tennyson's famous letter a year-and-a-half ago: "The only time I ever met Gordon, he spoke to me with great fervour about that project of his, 'The Boys' Home,' and added, 'You are the man to bring it about.' I wish I were. I grieve to hear that the Gordon Home at Woking is in want of £40,000. He perished at Khartoum, leaving an everlasting memory. In so wealthy a country as England shall we suffer the cause in which his whole heart was interested to perish also for lack of funds?"

The Home for which Tennyson thus spoke and for which, in some ears at least, he still seems to

speak, was begun in 1885, the very year of Gordon's death. At present, it shelters some two-hundred-and-thirty boys "of fourteen years and upwards" (I quote from the 'official Report'), "with a view to fitting them for service in any branch of Her Majesty's land 'or sea forces, or for earning their livelihood by trade or industry 'or civil employment."

A great many of them naturally go into the army, but so far not the majority. As to the effect of their discipline and common life, we all know how difficult it is to draw up moral statistics. Those whose duty it is to draw them up are probably the first to distrust them; still we look with interest to the reports furnished by Commanding Officers and Employers, and in these we find that of those who have left the Home fifty-five out of a hundred are described as very good, thirty-three as good, and only twelve as indifferent or bad. That the Home was well planned, that it is well governed, that it is doing a great good, that the good done is precisely of the kind that would have been dearest to Gordon's heart—all this may very safely be asserted. And this being so, it is painful to have to add, on this anniversary, that far more money is needed. Out of the £40,000 for which Tennyson asked as an endowment only £4,000 has yet been obtained. Some of us may think, and think deliberately, that for a memorial so truly national, and so wholly exceptional, a grant of £20,000 or £30,000 by the House of Commons would be more than justified,

and be grudged by very few—least of all, perhaps, by the working classes.

Others may think that, while the date of January 26, 1885, is still a near and a dreadful memory, and while the men who knew Gordon personally are still living and honoured among us, some of them might, perhaps, band together to write privately all over the country till the endowment so greatly needed is happily secured. The time for public appeals is perhaps nearly over; but time for private effort, though fast ebbing, may still be found available.

Meanwhile, Christian friends, if it be not impertinent in the preacher, to offer such counsel to strangers, let us do *what we can*. Let us put ourselves to some inconvenience; let us be willing to spread our gifts over some years to come, that this truly good work may not be only a half-success. For in truth we all owe much to this man, Charles Gordon. Ten years ago he was almost unknown to the nation at large. He was famous in China, in Egypt, in the Soudan, but he was not yet revealed to his countrymen. He had lived and ruled in strange solitudes. One might almost say of him, "He was *in the deserts* till the day of his showing unto Israel."

It is not here that we can speak, even in passing, of his brilliant exploits as a soldier and a governor. Rather I would ask you to follow me as I try to say something of his religious life. It is in truth unlike any other, and yet it is a visible branch of the One true Vine. You might put aside for the time all the

romantic story of his strictly soldier-life—the "forlorn hopes" in China, led *cane* in hand; the astonishing camel rides, often alone, over the deserts of the Soudan, more than eight thousand miles in three years; the riding alone, unarmed, into the den of thousands of slave-hunters, his bitterest enemies; the quiet interview, chair beside chair, with the blood-thirsty King of Abyssinia, whom he had just infuriated by observing that six feet of earth would soon hold them both; all this, I say, you might for the moment put aside, together with all the marvellous resources, military as well as moral, moral as well as military, which he developed so unweariedly at Khartoum, up to the very eve of its fall. Even so, there would still remain underneath all this, visible to reverent insight, the spiritual life of the man, the "life hid with Christ in God."

This century has been rich in Christian portraits. Some of us can say with truth that we have found hardly any reading of keener interest than religious biographies, those, for example, of the two Wilberforces, of Simeon, of Chalmers, of Arnold, of Maurice, of Shaftesbury, of Tait, of Thomas Erskine and M'Leod Campbell, of Charles Kingsley, of Keble, of Selwyn, of Patteson, of Hannington, of Livingstone, of the two Lawrences, of Norman Macleod and others; but, speaking for myself, I have not found a life of what I may call fresher spiritual flavour than that of Gordon. His thoughts are always his own. What he says, whether new or old, is new *to him*. He has found it

for himself, and so it acts in him as a living force. In Bishop Westcott's latest work* there is a fine sentence: "As long as an opinion on any of the great mysteries of self, the world and God is a reality for those who entertain it, and not a conventional phrase, it will be a moral power." Just so it is with Gordon. Every one of his opinions was with him a *moral power*. Read his letters to his sister: note when and where they were written—in what solitudes, amid what dangers and what ventures—and you will be startled by what I call their freshness. You feel and almost hear beneath their words the pulses of the life of the soul.

And the growth of this rich religious life may be in a measure traced. In 1854, just before he went to the Crimea, we begin to see signs of it. There, amid hairbreadth escapes and constant hardship, the seed was doubtless ripening. The wonderful three years of his command in China must have revealed to such an eye still more clearly the shaping as well as the protecting hand of God. His own troops, we are told, and also his enemies, came to believe that he bore a "charmed life." The phrase has, from long use, lost some of its sharpness of edge, but there are still men of whom it is believed by others that they bear a "charmed life," and some who believe it of themselves. To a Napoleon at Lodi, it is his "star"; to many a brave but careless soldier of fortune, it is his

* *The Gospel of Life*, page 57.

"luck"; "to a Havelock, a Stonewall Jackson, a Gordon, it is the protecting hand of God. He has dwelt under the defence of the Most High; he abides under the Shadow of the Almighty.

"It was not, however, in China, if we may judge from Gordon's letters, that his soul received that decisive stamp which was to seal him as Christ's servant unto his life's end.

It is at Gravesend, from 1865 to 1871, when he was from thirty-two to thirty-eight years of age, that we first begin to see clearly the disciplined Christian life. We see it in words, now becoming habitual, and we see it still more in deeds.

Such a life of a brother-man is surely "holy ground." We would wish to tread it with reverence, as we point here and there to a few sacred spots

1. One great Christian truth seems to have arrested Gordon early, and, unlike some other parts of his youthful endowment, to have clung to him through life, I mean the indwelling of God in man. Passages like this occur constantly:

"The indwelling of the Spirit makes the Christian faith different from all other religions." This at Gravesend in 1866.

Again, at Jerusalem, in 1883, seventeen years after, "The grand distinctive mark of the Christian religion, which causes it to differ from any other religion, is the indwelling of God in man."

And, once more, on March 3rd, 1884, from Khartoum—how eloquent, how touching, both the

date and the place—"I am interested in my book," (his *Reflections in Palestine*) "for it may tend to show forth God's dwelling to us. This is the great secret. Without us He is houseless. He needs us, and how much do we need Him. I am comforted here in my weakness by the reflection that our Lord rules all things. May His name be glorified; these people, the poor Sudanese, blessed and comforted; and may I be deeply humbled, and thus have a greater sense of His indwelling Spirit! This is my earnest prayer"

We are not, of course, representing this great Scriptural thought as a new thought. We are not again, as critics and students, inquiring how far it is strictly true to speak of it as the distinctive mark of the Christian religion. What we do note is that this great Soldier took it to his heart, embraced it, worshipped it, and, by every faculty of which life is capable—gratitude, praise, self-surrender, tender sympathy, boundless daring, and yet more boundless hope—*lived* by it.

They tell us that once, and only once, he preached what might be called a sermon.* It was at Gravesend, in a small Sunday School, on a seething summer day. He had to speak to children seated on two different storeys, and could only be seen by half of them. He stood on the rickety staircase, took out his little Bible—that Bible which the Queen now keeps in a crystal case at Windsor

* I quote here from *The World's Workers*—"General Gordon," page 65. By the Rev. J. A. Swaine.

by the side of his bust—and read out to these "little ones" of Christ those profound and majestic words on which His greatest saints and scholars have thought and thought again without fathoming their depths: "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God."

One of those who then heard him recalls his look, "that far away look in the speaker's eyes, as of one lost in wonder at the grandeur of the truth." One thinks of him with this look, and this thought, on the roof of the palace at Khartoum in March, 1884, and again—may we not?—in January, 1885.

2. Let us take another of his favourite thoughts. Gordon is one of the witnesses, truly "a great multitude which no man can number," to the preciousness and the power of prayer, whether that prayer be for ourselves or for others.

It is our century, it is almost our generation, which has been privileged to receive *one* call to prayer, not likely ever to be silenced:

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of, therefore let thy voice
Rise, like a fountain, for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep, or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

That is the way in which the Poet presents the great thought. How is it presented by the Soldier and Ruler of the solitudes of the Soudan? As

we might have expected, it is in a practical, not a literary form. I quote one sentence: "Praying for the people whom I am about to visit gives me much strength and it is wonderful how something seems always to have passed between us when I meet for the first time with a chief for whom I have prayed." "Something has passed between us." There has been already an embassy and an interview. The Christian who prays for another and the man for whom he prays are not strangers. They are in touch. A "wall of partition" has been broken down.

3. Another thought, a truly great one, where it is sincere, is the *knowing of God*. It seems to me that few, even among good Christians, have the sustained elevation of soul to repeat quite honestly the sublime words: "Almighty God, Whom truly to know is everlasting life, grant us perfectly to know Thy Son Jesus Christ to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Most of us who call ourselves His servants are glad to work for Him in some way, and to do or even suffer some things in His name, but to *know* Him, to love Him with all the *mind*, to think of Him, to seek after Him as known and yet unknown, the Omega as well as the Alpha of the Infinite Self-unveiling, this to most of us is a fatigue. "It is high, we cannot attain unto it."

In one of the Magazines* of this month, which everyone is reading, there is a story about Tennyson

* *The Nineteenth Century*.

not likely to be forgotten. Some one had said to him, "My dearest object in life, when at my best, is to leave the world, by however little, better than I found it—what is yours?" To this, Tennyson answered, "My greatest wish is to have a clearer vision of God."

Is it fanciful to detect a 'common' "touch of nature" in this reply of the great Poet and in one of the most remarkable of all Gordon's letters? It was written in July, 1876, from Laborè, on the Nile, between Gondokoro and the Albert Nyanza. He was just starting on an expedition which sorely strained his health. He was preparing to take to pieces a one hundred and eight ton steamer and put her together on Victoria Lake. These are some of his "home thoughts" at this moment: "We are all approaching, at different intervals, our great existence—God. According to His pleasure, He reveals Himself in different degrees to different people. *To know Him* is the ultimate point of His vast design in the creation of this world and of all worlds. Man at his birth beholds a veil before him which shrouds the Godhead. If his lot is to be born in Christian lands, he has the attributes of the Godhead explained to him by the Word, both written and incarnated; but, though he may know by his intellect the truth of the Word, things are so contradictory in this life that the mystery still remains. . . . To the black man the same shrouded Being presents Himself, and we do not know how He reveals Himself, and perhaps the black man could not say himself,

but it is the same Godhead, and has the same attributes, whether known or unknown."

Lofty thoughts these, surely! They suggest the picture of a Theologian in his study rather than of an Explorer and an Engineer in his cabin. But they only serve to throw light on another of Gordon's sayings, as racy as it is devout: We would like to know Christ's life in our rooms, *from the Bible*: God teaches it to us actually *by the trials of this life*"

4. Let us end as we began, with the 91st Psalm. We have come to speak of the 46th Psalm as Luther's Psalm, "God is our hope and strength." We might fairly speak of the 91st as Gordon's Psalm, "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." This certainty of God's protection, in life and in death, is always with him. "I have my Kehinour with me"—the Presence of God—"and who can take that from me or make me fear?" Again, late in 1883, just before he was to be made known to his countrymen, "Shall I go to the Congo? For me life is ended. I live more or less in the future life, thanks to God. My Friend is with me, and I am quieted with the knowledge of His rule." And, once more, the last letter ever received from him by the beloved correspondent of forty years: "December 14, 1884, Khartoum. This may be the last letter you will receive from me, for we are on our last legs. . . . However, God rules all, and, as He will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done."

Christian friends, I have tried to remind you, often through his own words, what manner of man this nation lost just eight years ago. To speak of his deeds was out of the question. It seemed less impossible to recall some of his thoughts. If you read his letters, you must not expect to find smooth words. None of our religious schools will find itself highly praised. England herself does not fare very well at the hands of her illustrious son. He felt her faults, I think we must say, even more keenly than her greatness. He was ready to live for her, to suffer for her, and still more ready to die for her, but he was not keen to praise her—either her popular religions, or her social habits, or her politics, or her trade. They did not appear to him quite Christian, or, to say the truth, very noble or very honest. All one can say is, he desired to see her and every act of hers and every National and Imperial responsibility in the light of God's judgment, the same searching light in which he ever strove to stand himself. If he judged his country severely, he was far more severe upon himself.

And yet there was in him an infinite tenderness. The softest part of his heart was in the presence of all that was young, weak, poor, suffering, down-trodden. For once in his life, during the quiet years at Gravesend, this part of his nature had free scope. It was there that he made the discovery, "Love is the badge of discipleship." It was there that this strong Soldier, fresh from

his romantic triumphs in China, found an outlet for a heart which was never destined to know the sweet joy of home and fatherhood. There,* as it has been said, "he lived wholly for others; his house was School and Hospital, and Alms-house in turn, more like the abode of a Missionary than of a Colonel or Engineer's. The troubles of a interested him alike. He took a special delight in children, but specially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his home. . . . He called them his Kings, and for many of them he got berths on board ship." He followed them in thought and in prayer in their voyages, marking their positions with pins on his map. He gave them his heart, and he won theirs.

. And, therefore, it was a true instinct which moved his friends, when the dreadful message flashed from Khartoum eight years ago, to select for his monument the best-loved work of his life. Other legends will doubtless gather in time round the name of Chinese Gordon, and the Governor of the Soudan, and the Defender of Khartoum, standing upon his palace-roof, day after day and week after week, till his hair grew snowy-white, waiting for the far-off waving of the English flag; but the image of him which will visibly live on, embodied in a permanent institution, is the Gordon "who gave his heart to

* I quote here from *The Story of Chinese Gordon*, by A. Egmont Hake, page 223.

the young, the poor, and the outcast"; the beloved Colonel of Gravesend living among his boy-Kings; the man who believed, with an intensity of practical faith rare even among the ripest Christians, that every child of man was born in the image of God; and that it was not, and is not, the will of our Father in Heaven that one of His little ones should perish.

January 29th, 1893

X.

FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD *

THE MOURNING OF HADADRIMMON.

2 KINGS XXIII^o 30, † ZECARIAH XII II, 12.

And his servants carried him in a chariot dead from Megiddo, and brought him to Jerusalem, and buried him in his own sepulchre.

In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Migiddon. And the luna shall mourn, every family apart.

THE valley of Megiddon. Few spots in the Holy Land were linked with such sorrowful memories. It was here that the "last royal hero of Israel" fell in battle. He was pierced by the archers of the Egyptian king. "He was placed in his second chariot of reserve, and carried home to Jerusalem to die" there of his wounds. "So mournful a death," it has been written, ‡ had never occurred in the Jewish annals. All the population of the

* Preached in the Chapel of Harrow School on September 25th, 1881, the first Sunday of the term.

† The First Lesson for the Evening of the 15th Sunday after Trinity.

‡ See Stanley's *Lectures on the Jewish Church*. Second Series. End of Lecture XXXIX.

city and the kingdom attended the funeral. There was an elegy over the departed king. It was written by the most plaintiff of the prophets, Jeremiah, who now first appears on the scene of public acts. Long afterwards was that sad day remembered, both as it was celebrated on the field of battle and at Jerusalem. The lamentation of Jeremiah was preserved in memory as a national institution, even till long after the return from the Captivity. Every family shut itself up and mourned apart. In the prospect of the heaviest calamity that could befall the nation, this was the mourning which recurred to them, mourning as one mourneth for his only son, in bitterness as one that is in bitterness for his first-born."

And why was this? Why was Josiah mourned with an anguish and a universality beyond anything recorded of such princes as David and Solomon and Hezekiah? Partly, no doubt, because of the violent and tragical nature of his death—a King slain in battle, like our own Harold, when fighting for his people against a terrible invader. Partly, again, because, though he had reigned many years, he was still in the prime of his vigour, not yet forty years of age; "his sun had gone down while it was yet day."

Partly, also—and surely we may say chiefly—because of his goodness; because of the high hopes reposed in him; because, from his youth, his heart had been tender to seek the Lord; because, like a true King, he had "loved righteousness and hated

iniquity"; because, almost from the first, when but twelve years of age, he had set himself to reform his nation, and, in the noble language of a far later Prophet, "to make ready a people prepared for the Lord."

It may be worth our while to linger for a few moments on some of the words which have been read to us this evening. It will be seen that they tell of no common career. They bring before us a Reformer, resolute to do good, and carrying his people with him. "And the king stood by a pillar," in the inner court of the house of the Lord, "and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep His commandments and His statutes with all their heart and all their soul, to perform the words of this covenant that were written in this book. And all the people stood to the covenant."

And then follows the catalogue of all that loathsome undergrowth of corruption—all the foul "abuses," as we should call them—which the Reformer bent himself to destroy. One he "burned"; another he "put down"; a third he "stamped small to powder"; a fourth he "brake down"; a fifth he "defiled"; a sixth he "took away"; a seventh he "brake in pieces." Everywhere we find energy, thoroughness, a determination to make no compromise with evil, a sacred "zeal for the Lord," beyond even that of Hezekiah. It is with loyal enthusiasm that the sacred historian thus sums up his acts and his character: "And like unto him

was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses ; neither after him arose there any like him."

And therefore we can understand something of the shock, the horror, the pity, the sense of national desolation, when this beloved and trusted Ruler was stricken down, yet young, by the arrow of the foreigner. There is a terrible store-house of human sorrow that lies buried beneath that cold and marble-like epitaph : " In his days Pharaoh-nechoh, king of Egypt went up against the king of Assyria to the river Euphrates ; and king Josiah went against him ; and he *slew him at Megiddo, when he had seen him.*" He slew him, or rather, he dealt him his mortal blow, near the shrine of the two Syrian gods, Hadad and Rimmon ; and thus we trace the sad allusion of the later Prophet as he looks back upon that fatal field : " In that day shall there be a great mourning in Jerusalem, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon. And the land shall mourn, every family apart."

You will see, I am sure, why I have chosen this passage for our thoughts to-day.

You know that to-morrow there is to be " a great mourning," such as I suppose the world has never seen. Yes ; when we consider, however superficially, the tragic circumstances of the death of the Sufferer, the vast regions now darkened by its shadow, the undoubted depth and genuineness

of the public grief, the electric touch by which it thrills all nations, and above all the two great kindred nations that ought never to have separated in anger, it can be no exaggeration to say that this great mourning of the Anglo-Saxon race is wholly unparalleled in history.

Apart from its graver meaning at this moment, it is, to those who look back upon the past, one of the most strange and startling proofs of the healing touch of time. It is precisely a hundred years since there was seen in North America one of the most signal humiliations that ever discredited the proud English name. It was on September 28th, just one century ago, that the combined forces of America and France first appeared in sight of Yorktown, which was held by the English army, under Lord Cornwallis. It was on the 19th of October, three short weeks after, that the Convention was signed by which the whole of that English army laid down their arms as prisoners of war. The news reached England five weeks later. One of the members of the Cabinet was asked how the Prime Minister took the communication.* "As he would have taken a cannon ball in his breast," was the reply. "He opened his arms, exclaiming, wildly, as he paced up and down the room, 'O God, it is all over!'" Even the King, the firmest of men, showed some signs of unwonted emotion. Abroad, the enemies of England exulted. It was believed that her day was over.

* See Lord Mahon's *History of England*, Vol. VII., chap. lxiv., p. 215.

A hundred years have since rolled away. The empire of Britain has been pushed far and wide over India, and Australia, and New Zealand, and South Africa. The Thirteen Revolted Colonies, which then, by that capitulation, virtually won the prize for which they were struggling, are now fast becoming, and are visibly destined to become, the mightiest of all the peoples of the earth. And now that their foremost Representative has been stricken down by the hand of the assassin, in the first promise of a beneficent career, the two great nations stand as one around his grave; and the most cherished wreath which will lie to-morrow on the coffin of the successor of Washington is the gift of the Queen of England, the grand-daughter of King George III. Truly to nations, as well as to men, to nations on the threshold of a Century, no less than to boys at School on the threshold of a new Term, we may apply with all reverence those solemn words, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be" *

Brethren, it seemed impossible to be silent on such a subject this evening, or to speak of it only by the way. I know there are many other thoughts which are near to our hearts on such a day as this. This autumn Term is the spring of our school year. Many are among us for the first time. Many more feel the newness of their position, of their influence, of their responsibilities. We cannot be suspected of indifference to such thoughts. God forbid! No; to be penetrated by a sense of the eternal freshness

* The Morning Sermon had been preached on this text.

of new responsibilities, of the necessity of God's daily and hourly help, of the grandeur of self-consecration, of the elevating and protective power of prayer :— this is the first test of soundness in the faith, alike in you and in us. May I not dare to apply to this those beautiful words which we heard this morning, "Your heavenly Father *knoweth that ye have need of all these things*?" Yes; deep, deep need. Without them, without Him to keep them alive within us, we can do nothing.

But sufficient to each day is its own duty. To-day we seem drawn out of ourselves by an irresistible force; one of those forces which compels the most frivolous to think, and almost forms an epoch in the hearts of nations. We see the whole civilized world, and chiefly the millions upon millions of our own blood, mourning around the grave of a Man whose very name a year ago was unknown outside his country to all but a few students. He is mourned because of the high place to which he had been called; because the human conscience loathes the trade of the assassin, and sees in this case absolutely nothing to redeem the crime; because the Victim lay through all those weary weeks on a bed of suffering that we could almost see, and bore that suffering with the calmness of a brave man and the submission of a Christian; and also, I cannot doubt it, because there is a deep conviction in the heart of mankind that this violent death had in it something of *martyrdom*; because it is believed that the murdered man was one of those rarer and

choicer spirits which revolt at corruption, and was certain, had his life been spared, to leave his great country purer than he found her. It is these feelings—we cannot tell in what proportions they are intermingled—which give depth and solemnity to the unexampled mourning of to-morrow. It is *much* that a prominent Ruler—one whom England insists on appropriating as an Englishman—has been stricken down in less than mid career. It is *more*, much more, that a Christian Statesman, and honest moral Reformer, should have been suddenly snatched away, “when best employed and wanted most.” Just so far as the hearts of any of us have been touched to search for and to revere *moral worth* among rulers in all ranks of life, so far will the mourning of to-morrow have some meaning for us. It cannot be to us all that it is to his sorrowing fellow-countrymen. It cannot be to us all that it is to older men, who have made a study of America, and who saw in the late President just the kind of Ruler that she seemed to need. But something we can all see, even the youngest, a great office gallantly entered upon in an unselfish and resolute spirit; a sudden blow bravely met; a grievous suffering nobly endured; a nation’s sorrow reaching beyond the grave, and seeming to throw a darkness even over the future.

Let us, brethren, so far as we can, learn here to live outside ourselves. Let us, so far as we can, “rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.” Let us ask God of His mercy to

bring light out of this darkness ; first to the widow and the fatherless, then to every patriot in America who yearns for his country's highest good. With them, as with us, there are diseases which sap the purity of public life. With them, as with us, there are influences at work which threaten to degrade and to vulgarize the noble art of government.

It is, as we have been taught, the office of a great tragedy to "purify the emotions by the sense of pity." May such be the fruit of this august spectacle ! Among the many millions of men and women speaking the same language, on both sides of the Atlantic, who to-morrow will share—or almost share—the same sorrow, may there be many to resolve, by the help of God, that in youth, in middle years, and in old age, they will "lift up their hearts," and show their devotion to their Master, Christ, by living and dying for the regeneration of their country !

September 25th, 1881.

XI

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.*

JOSHUA XXIV. 17 ; JUDGES V. 31.

The Lord our God, He it is that brought us up and our fathers out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage, and which did those great signs in our sight, and preserved us in all the way wherein we went, and among all the people through whom we passed, And the land had rest forty years

DOES anyone believe that God has been less with our fathers than He was with the fathers of the people of Israel? That He was the God of Jewish history, but is not the God of English history? If so, he may be sure that he has read his Bible amiss. He may have read it reverently and devotionally, and may have gained from it many lessons for personal guidance, but still, in great measure, his eyes have been closed. He has forgotten the words of that Divine Master to Whom Moses and the Prophets bore witness, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." He can

* Preached in the Chapel of Harrow School, June 18, 1876

enter but faintly into the noble appeal of Joshua to his countrymen, "Come hither and hear the words of the Lord your God. Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you."

Why do I suggest this thought this evening? The 18th of June is one of the great days in English history. It must always remain so. Whatever be its store for us, and for those that come after, whether centuries of increasing honour or years of crushing humiliation, Englishmen can never cease to be stirred by the memory of that great Sunday, which, just sixty-one years ago, filled every heart in England with joy and pride, and gave rest to Europe for forty years.

It cannot, surely, be wrong to devote a few minutes of reverent thought to that great deliverance, when, through the long summer day, the fate of nations trembled in the balance. The time has gone by for boasting, but it can never be too late to be thankful.

Two at least of England's sternest battles have been fought on the Sunday, Waterloo and Inkermann. One of our Poets,* an honoured Harrowman, still living, has drawn in touching verse the picture of one of them. He contrasts the quiet Sabbath in England with the dreadful turmoil of the battle-field. He speaks of the pleasant Sunday greetings at home—the release from care, the peaceful worship, the thankful ease, the children gathered at evening round the knees of their parents.

* Poems by Archbishop Trench, 1865. *Inkermann*.

So fared this day with us : but how with you ?

What, gallant hosts of England, was your cheer,
Who, numbered hearts as gentle and as true
As any kneeling at our altars here ?

For that same season of our genial ease,

It was your very agony of strife ;

While each of those our golden moments sees

With you the ebbing of some noble life.

And then, hinting at the cause for which they struggled, and the sure help they found in God and in themselves, and the sublime fortitude which they displayed, he thus concludes—he, a grave, devout student and an Archbishop of our Church :

We greet you o'er the waves, nor fear to say,

Our Sabbath setting side by side with yours,

Yours was the better and far nobler day,

And days like it have made that ours endures

Yes ! that last thought is one on which our hearts should linger. The blessings which we enjoy so abundantly, and often so unthinkingly, have been bought, not dropped upon us ; bought with a price, bought with maimed bodies, and blighted youth, and broken hearts, and desolated homes ; bought with boundless devotion and stern manhood, and the resolve that England should not be put to shame.

Of us it is as true as ever it was of the contemporaries of Joshua, "I have given you a land for which ye did not labour, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them ; of the vineyards and oliveyards, which ye planted not, do ye eat."

It is hard for us, my young brethren, to imagine the feelings of our forefathers when the news of

the great victory reached them. For nearly twenty years they had been engaged in the most terrible of wars, till it almost seemed as though war was the natural attitude of nations. The war had been rich in what is called glory, but rich also in miseries—not those miseries only which are symbolized by crowded hospitals and multiplied orphanages and thick-set monuments in Church or Churchyard, but miseries deeper, more wide-spreading, more poisonous—ravenous taxation, the poor forgotten, the growth of barbarism in town and country, an absorption of the best energies of the best men, not in fighting the natural enemies of mankind—ignorance, and disease, and brutality, and crime—but in saving the land from invasion, and helping Europe to be free. A noble cause, God knows, but demanding a fearful price.

Many years may pass, before you even begin to understand the frightful degradation that came on vast masses of Englishmen, and, still worse, English women and children, from the pauperism and the misery occasioned by the war. And now, at last, on the 18th day of June, this long agony had passed away, and the land might breathe again. Trafalgar had freed her from the fear of invasion. Waterloo had guaranteed the independence of Europe.

It is by its Poets that the feeling of a nation is best expressed. We cannot read the language of the Poets of that time without seeing how profoundly they were moved by the moral aspects of the

event. Their tone has but little of boasting. Rather it expresses intense thankfulness, a conviction that God has been with the nation in a just cause, and carried it through for His own purposes. Such is the tone of three men so different in genius and in temperament as Southey, Wordsworth, and Walter Scott. It can hardly be doubted that they interpreted correctly the predominant feeling of the men of their day. When at the conclusion of Peace a general Thanksgiving was appointed through the nation, it was no formal State Service. It was the over-flow of thousands of hearts.

Looking back now on that historic starting point, we can surely see that God has still been among us. It was said at the time by one of the writers to whom I have referred above: "The victory leaves England in security and peace. In no age and in no country has man ever existed under circumstances so favourable to the full development of his moral and intellectual faculties as in England at this time. The peace which she has won by the battle of Waterloo leaves her at leisure to pursue the great objects and duties of diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity."

It would be easy to sneer at the incompleteness with which that great task has been attempted and performed—the timidity of statesmen, the selfishness of privilege, the mammon-worship of wealth, the narrowness of demagogues, the profligacy of fashion, the materialism of science, the worldliness of the

Clergy. Assuredly, if a Joshua or an Isaiah or an Ezekiel could comment on the life of England since the crowning victory of Waterloo, his language would not be honeyed words. He would, as God's ambassador, find much to deplore and to denounce.

But still it seems to me unquestionable that the task I spoke of has been attempted, however imperfectly, and that it is this which has stamped English history during, now, two generations. The best hearts and heads of our countrymen and our countrywomen have been consecrated to the effort of purifying the national blood, of making Christ's religion a fact and not a phrase, of curbing injustice, of remembering the poor, of reclaiming vice, of enlightening ignorance, of helping men to help themselves, of stemming the tide of luxurious prosperity by rigid scrutiny and organized interference.

Much has been done, much is being done, and much still remains to be done. That we have the means and the opportunity and the *will* to do it is due in no slight degree to the great event which this day commemorates. With all the sores that still mar the perfection of our country's health, we may confidently assert that, if England had been stricken down on the field of Waterloo, her subsequent history would have been far darker. A weaker nerve, a poorer spirit, a less buoyant faith, would have directed her efforts after self-regeneration.

If this be sound argument, it is not easy to exaggerate the blessing which this day records. It is

to us what Beth-horon was to Israel in the days of Joshua. It enabled the nation to work out the high destinies to which God had called it. In order to do great things for God or man, a people must first be free.

And this leads me to offer you two pieces of counsel of a plain and practical kind. All history, as we know, is made up greatly of war; and for young readers it is always the wars that have the greatest interest. And this, not from any love of cruelty or horrors, but because wars bring out great deeds, both of courage and of chivalry, for which every-day life seems less to offer scope, and also because there is a tendency to take for granted that the strongest and the boldest is another name for the best. The counsel, then, which I would offer you is this, Always accustom yourselves, in reading of wars, to try to find out the cause, and to care to know the *right*. Ask whether it is a war which, if spoken of in the Bible, would have been spoken of with approval; whether it was meant to bring about good, and whether nations did, in fact, become the better for it. Ask whether it was a struggle with which the hearts of the best men could sympathize, and in which victory was precious not because it fed vanity, but because it broke some crushing yoke. The incidents of battles are sure to be read. Think also of the cause for which men fought. There have been battles which were little more than hecatombs offered to gigantic selfishness. There have been battles—is not Waterloo one of

them?—of which we may say, We remember no more the anguish, for joy that a nation has been born into the world.

This is one homely counsel, which may be useful to us all, helping to make us thoughtful and serious in the midst of carnage and agony, and so, like the well-known Happy Warrior of Wordsworth,

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train,
Turns his necessity to glorious gain

The other I would offer to a certain portion among you, to those who are thinking of the Army as a profession. I would say, Always make an effort, as in God's sight and with your Bible before you to look upon war as strictly ministering to peace. To think of war as existing for its own sake, or for its gallant exploits, or for the thrilling interest which it excites, or for the halo which it sheds over a noble profession, is to a Christian simply horrible. And yet this is a very common feeling—perhaps, we may admit, a not unnatural feeling—among young officers, and not only among officers, but among those who love and honour them. The salt of every profession is the consciousness of being consecrated to a great cause. The danger, the vulgarizing element in every profession is the losing sight of human beings to be helped by it and of God to be served. It is a danger to which all professions are exposed—lawyers, physicians, not least clergymen. Which

of us older men does not know the deadening influence of routine and success in turning us into the machines of our professions—active, it may be, skilful, rapid in efficiency, leaving at the close of each day a tract of fairly reaped ground behind us, but yet machines rather than Christian men; employed, not consecrated; “servent in business,” but not “serving the Lord”? The human element and the divine element alike drop out of our work, and what remains is the material and the mechanical.

And if this be so, as it so often is, with the professional clergyman and the professional lawyer, it is not wonderful if such a danger should be found also in the Army. The remedy for it is to try habitually to feel that an army exists for a grand moral object, namely, to keep a country free from outrage, and enable it to be influential on the side of right. Just so far as he honours this object, and sets it before him as a thing to be longed for, so far an officer may look for God’s blessing on his career. If he sinks to the level of a mere fighter, or, still lower, a mere lounge and idler, his profession has become to him a snare and a curse.

It has been said that in the Jewish Hymns of triumph you have hardly any record of man: God is the doer and the giver of all. In the Song of Miriam, in the Song of Deborah, which will be read to us next Sunday, in one majestic Psalm after another, there is one burthen—not the glory of a hero, or the praises of a heroic house, but

“Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name, give the praise.” Israel was great so long as its heart beat true to such language. Every nation is great so long as it soberly regards itself as God’s instrument, and values its triumphs as furthering His cause. With such feelings—crystallized feelings of thankfulness—not in pride or boastfulness, let us once more think of the closing evening hours of the great 18th of June. As the sun went down at last on this long and awful day, what a scene was there! What exultation, what misery, what a relief, what a hope! What a farewell to a fearful past! What a prophecy of a blessed future! “O God, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have told us, what things THOU hast done in their time of old.”

June 18th, 1876

XII.

BALACLAVA DAY *

OBEDIENT—UNTO DEATH.

PHILIPP. II 8.

*He humbled Himself, becoming obedient, even unto death, yea,
the death of the Cross.*

OBEDIENT, that is, to the will of God, and carrying on that obedience even up to death itself. You know of Whom this is written. It is of Jesus Christ Himself. The three words are a fragment embedded in a great theological statement, if, indeed, we may give so cold and formal a name to what is, in truth, a free outburst of adoring admiration.

St. Paul is cautioning his friends in his best-beloved Church, the Church at Philippi, against strife and faction, and he supports his appeal by the one great example of humility. 'Have in yourselves the mind which was in Christ Jesus, Who, though He was from the first, and throughout, in the essential form of God, did not regard His equality with God as a prize to be

* Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, October 25, 1891.

clutched at, and at all costs retained, but, on the contrary, emptied Himself, and took upon Him the form of a slave, and came into the world in the likeness not of God but of men.* And, being found and recognized in outward appearance as a man, He humbled Himself by becoming obedient—obedient to the Father, Who spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all—and continued his perfect and life-long obedience, till at last, it culminated in the Cross.

This, my friends, slightly expanded, seems to be the meaning of the great passage of Scripture which is every year brought before us as the Epistle for Palm Sunday, the preface, as it were, of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory which is to follow.

From the whole passage we select to-day just three words, “obedient—unto death.” It is one of the torments, so to speak, under which the Apostle conceived of his Master. He thought of Him under many forms. He thought of Him as One “in Whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily”; as “the Image of the invisible God”; as the First-born, with the inherent right of lordship over all creation. He thought of Him also as the Head of His Church on earth; as the power and wisdom of God to men; as the Master with many servants; as the Captain with many soldiers; as the first-fruits from the dead; as the second Adam; as One Who, though He knew not sin, was in some mysterious sense made sin for us; as the Being with Whom his own being was inextricably and indissolubly intertwined—“I am

crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." And, yet again, the Apostle thought of his beloved Master as even still more visibly human, and, perhaps he would have said, as therefore even yet more conclusively Divine; as One Who "pleased not Himself"; as One Who emptied Himself of His greatness; as One Who, though He was rich, became poor; as One Who, though He was God, became obedient, and went on obeying, till, at last, "obedient—unto death," He breathed His last breath upon the Cross of shame.

Such, we say, was one of St Paul's thoughts of his Master. It has become one of the heirlooms of Christians. We cannot conceive its ever ceasing to be part of the great Christian patrimony. The obedience of our Saviour, even more than His kingship—His obedience, unfaltering, unintermitted, never ceasing till the last cry, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit"—this obedience, even unto death, is the thought, or rather, the "great sight," which still takes human hearts captive, and says to thousands upon thousands daily, with unexhausted power of persuasion, "Follow me."

Let us take this thought for our own this evening, "looking unto Jesus." We may be led to think of others also, but that will not make us think less of Him.

Obedience—unto death It is one of the great ideals of human life. By this shall we know that we are His disciples, that our life is shaped on Christian lines, if we revere and follow after this ideal.

There are other ideals more attractive to what we call the natural man. There is the ideal of the subtle or the far-reaching intellect. There is the ideal of daring greatly, and ruling greatly, and impressing our influence on others. There is the ideal of one firm will among the motley mob of waverers, of clear insight when others are in mist, of one strong ringing voice among a thousand feeble echoes. We are all caught by these ideals. We admire, we almost worship, the great discoverer, the great conqueror, the great inspirer, the man who constrains others to know themselves by yielding their wills and their consciences to him. It is nothing less than what St. Paul so truly calls "a new creation" when our reverence for command is transferred to obedience, when we love to trace in any life that is being lived before our eyes, or in any written biography, not the will which asserts, but the will which surrenders. And further, it is a test of our moral worth in the sight of God when we can say, or try to say, 'I admire obedience more than command; and, as to myself, not my will, but Thine be done' *

Christian friends, never make the mistake of supposing that obedience is a weak virtue. It is a stronger thing to cry out for our duties than for our rights. It is an easy thing—any one can do it—either to lead or to join in the clamour, "Give me what I have a right to." It is a hard thing to say, if we say it from the heart, "Tell me what I ought either to do or to suffer." And, rely upon it, no man

is worthy to lead others, unless he is morally strong enough to fill them with a sacred hunger after their duties. Not, indeed, that there is any antagonism between rights and duties. The truth is, all noble zeal for legitimate rights is only another form of obedience. The men who, in our own country, have fought against tyranny for our constitutional rights, were obedient to an exalted love of freedom. The three hundred who died at Thermopylæ to bar the road of the invader, died, as their famous epitaph records, "in obedience to their country's laws."

No, obedience is no weak virtue. It is, indeed, the grace of quiet homes, and the special charm of childhood, but it is also the strength of Armies, the very bond of Churches, the mainstay and cohesion of States and of Empires. Who has not marked and been grateful for its beauty in family life? Who does not know the authority as well as the affection which, ere long, gathers round the wife, the daughter, the sister, whose aim it is not to shine, or to eclipse, or, yet again, to dictate, but rather to give up and to minister? It is a rich blessing to any family when it has members, alive or dead, in whom this grace is a treasure or a memory. It is a rich blessing to any Church when it can count, alike in high places and in obscure corners, thousands of those true rulers, or servants, whose highest ambition is to obey. It is a rich blessing to a nation when anything occurs to remind it that, amid all the clamour and vulgarity of public life, the men who

suffer and obey—even unto death—are the men who draw out lasting reverence and inspire personal affection.

Obedient—unto death might well be the touching and illustrious epitaph of many a faithful servant of his country whose merits are recorded either within or outside these walls. Bear with me if I allude to one or two instances. It is not wasted time to remember the simple goodness that God has given to many of our countrymen, whether renowned or from the ranks.

India has been a grand school in obedience. That great Viceroy, Lord Dalhousie, when in the sixth year of his memorable government, was assured by his physicians that to stay any longer at his post was certain death. The answer of the worn-out but still young ruler, the old man of forty one, was worthy of a patriot and a Christian.* “Believing it to be my duty to remain in India during this year, in fulfilment of my pledge, and trusting in the providence of God to avert from me those indirect risks against which you have so clearly and faithfully warned me, I have resolved to remain.” He remained, not one year, but two years, and then went home to die, resigning his great office on the last day of February. “It is well,” he said to his physician, on the 26th, “that there are only twenty-nine days in this month. I could not have held out two days more.”

* See “Rulers of India—the Marquess of Dalhousie,” by Sir W. W. Hunter, pages 49, 50.

Not the first time, Christian friends—no, nor the last time—that British statesmen have preferred duty to length of days,

* Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held,

believing that a Voice, not their own, nor wholly of man, forbade them to leave their post! These men are our teachers. They teach us, in the field of civic strife, the old lesson that soldiers and sailors teach us by their very profession.

They, too, shall give us an example. Shortly before Wellington died, he was called to speak in public of the troops of the *Birkenhead*, the men who, drawn up on the deck of the sinking ship, sank quietly in the deep waters, amid the crowds of sharks, having first sent ashore all the women and the little ones. When Wellington spoke of them, he spoke not of ~~their~~ courage, but of their discipline. "The women and children," he said, "were all saved," and then his voice failed him; he could say no more. It is another great and good man, not he, who has thus summed up their praise:† "I need not tell you that these soldiers as little dreamed of doing a great and meritorious act as of escaping punishment. Their business was to go to the bottom, and they went." They were *obedient—unto death*.

And surely, my friends, on this day, this 25th day of October, we cannot do wrong in recalling

* Introduction to *Marmion*. The allusion is, of course, to Mr. Pitt.

† Professor F. D. Maurice. See "Aids to Christian Education," by the late Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, page 175

that other act of memorable obedience, when, just thirty-seven years ago, the famous Six Hundred charged at Balaclava. We all know that it was a blunder. In proportion to each man's intelligence he must have known that it was a blunder. But the order had come, or seemed to have come. And then :

Their lot to dare and die,
Their lot to fear or why,
'Tis but to go and die
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Again, *obedient—unto death*. Not, indeed, “war,” but yet how “magnificent”! A colossal mistake, but a glorious revelation of human worth! Who does not feel, on this peaceful Sunday, as we recall the noble act of nearly forty years ago, that these men taught us, by their force of discipline, one of those sublime lessons by which nations live and renew their youth? With its lofty tones of proud and mournful gratitude, the *Dead March* still seems to follow and to hallow their great sacrifice. They did not fancy they were doing anything great, but they did, at a moment's notice, the grandest thing of which man is capable; they were *obedient—unto death*.

My friends, have you thought enough what we lose—what is lost daily, as it were, to the Church, to the country, to society at large—by the lack of this generous, this uncalculating obedience? We are most of us so small and so petty when we go

on our own little way amid our trivial schemes and poor ambitions. We are not small and petty, we are new men, so soon as the conception of a great obedience forces us to look up and say, "It is the will of God. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

One can fancy a great Soldier walking wistfully through our streets and squares, watching the enforced idleness of one man, the wretched squalor of another, the fashionable listlessness of a third—all pointing to waste and aimlessness, or perhaps to low vice or revolutionary passion—and then saying to himself, "If only I could get you under discipline; if I could make you members of a body, with proud traditions of the regiment, the battle, the victory; I could then put a new soul into you, the soul of your country, and make you worthy to charge with the men of Balaclava, or go to the bottom with the ~~men~~ of the *Birkenhead*." What is it that gives the great Soldier this insight into the heart—into the life below the life—of the idler, the gloomy malcontent, the fashionable loungeur? It is his knowledge of the spell of discipline. It can turn waste material into the fuel of heroism. It can save many a soul from moral death, yes, and even in a true sense "hide a multitude of" ignoble "sins."

And, I ask, is there not a parallel to this in the spiritual world? There was One Who said of old, and men still listen to that Voice, "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." It was His own eulogy on obedience, the verdict of Him

of Whom one great servant wrote, "He learned His obedience by the things which He suffered," and another, "He became obedient, even unto death." He came, as we know, and surely He still comes—it is His daily advent—to seek and to save that which was lost." To His eyes what a waste there must be in the souls which He has made! What a loss of opportunity! What a selling of their birth-right! He sees to them so much. He could make so much of them. He could make them His "friends." He could make out of them Saints and Martyrs, men worthy to die with Patten or Hannington in distant lands as His Heralds and Missionaries, or to heal the sick, and cleanse the leper, and take the Gospel to the Zenanas of India, if only they could hear a Voice of Divine command, and have the chance of a perfect obedience.

Shall we turn from these ideals to our own hearts, and our own homes? Shall we ask for some fresh passion for Obedience to bring back into our own poor lives something that is "great in the sight of the Lord?" Let us ask Him to show us some portion of His will—something in the family, or the trade, or the profession—some bad passion to fight down, some low trick to expel, some worldliness to outlive, some sorrow to be patient under; and all because it is His will, the will of the Father Who made us not perishable machines, but, of a truth, living souls.

Ah, my friends, we have found a new birthday in our lives, and no man knows where the dawn

of that birthday may lead us, when we first see that two Divine Voices, though they seem to blow from different quarters, bear one and the same message from on high; the one, "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"; the other, "Even Christ pleased not Himself." "He humbled Himself, and became obedient—unto death, even the death of the Cross."

October 25th, 1891.

XIII

ARTURO PENRION STANLEY *

PSALM CXVI. 15

Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

TO-MORROW we commemorate the first of Christ's Apostles, who died for the new faith. "He killed James, the brother of John, with the sword" It is a short epitaph. We know but little of the man thus rewarded. He had followed Jesus as soon as he was called. He had found in Jesus something that could satisfy. Two remarkable sayings have been preserved of him and his brother John, each revealing character. "Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them, even as Elias did?" You know the rebuke which followed. And again, "Grant unto us that we may sit, one on Thy right hand and the other on Thy left hand, in Thy glory." Here again you will, I think, remember the rebuke,

* Preached in the Chapel of Harrow School on July 24th, 1881, the day before Dean Stanley's Funeral in Westminster Abbey.

“Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all.”

We know the use which the one brother made of these rebukés. We cannot doubt that he who, beyond all other Christian teachers, was to become the Apostle and representative of love, had learned from this experience that zeal and vehemence and hatred of evil are not enough to build up a Christian life, but that the one test by which we know that we have passed from death unto life is that we love the brethren. And, doubtless, James also would have shown that he had learned this high lesson, but he was not destined to leave behind him a Gospel or Epistles. He died almost as his public life began. He drank early of his Master's cup, and was baptized early with the baptism with which He had been baptized.

“Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.” It is a comfort to believe this—to believe that no suffering for the cause of truth is unmarked, or coldly marked, by God. We have heard of great Commanders, on the morrow of their victory, weeping for the loss of their bravest and most devoted officers. It is not irreverent to believe of God that He loves and honours the men who die for Him, and that, as each brave soldier falls at his post, as

Man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return,

he receives as his reward, not only the affectionate memory of man, but, far more, the loving approval

of perfect knowledge : " Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The passing away of Christian worth—the *seeming* passing away of Christian worth—this is part of the lesson of every Saint's Day. On such events martyrdom throws a light of its own, a light which startles and forces even the most careless to pause ; but martyrdom is not necessary to give dignity to a Christian death.

* One is the e. d. of them that shed
 Their life-blood for Thy Name,
 And them that, on the dying-bed
 Have glorified the same

Brethren, the afternoon of this St. James' Day, of to-morrow, July 25th, will see a Funeral the like of which has rarely, if ever, been seen in England. I know that you cannot understand its full meaning : the little that I am about to say will only slightly help you ; but it is my deliberate conviction that, since the Reformation, no English clergyman has died, and no English clergyman now living *could* die, whose death has created, or could create, so wide-spread and so tender a grief in so many countries and among so many " sorts and conditions of men," as the good man, the brave combatant, the dear and chivalrous friend who to-morrow will be laid in the famous Abbey with which his name is imperishably linked.

I cannot explain to you the part which he has played in English history during forty eventful years.

* Hymn by J. M. Neale.

All I can hope to do is to recall two or three traits which may help you to feel why he was so tenderly and passionately loved.

I Some twenty-four years ago he was speaking to the boys of a Public School, and this was the language which he used, language seldom till then heard from the pulpit of a Cathedral.

*“There is no class where Christ can be so faithfully served, or so cruelly persecuted, in the persons of His little ones, as amongst boys at school. That is to say, there is no class where goodness is so easily put down, or, on the other hand, where goodness is so easily encouraged, as by the ill-treatment on the one hand, or the kindness on the other hand, of older and stronger school-fellows” “Think,” he continues, “of those who come among you for the first time; remember the day when you yourselves first came to school, first left your homes, first found yourselves amongst strange faces, loud voices, rough hands—it may be, foul words and wicked deeds. Think of these now, as you were then; think of the inspiriting, cheering effect which a kind act or look would have had on you, and will now have on them, think, on the other hand, of the hardening, chilling, brutalising effect of thoughtless cruelty, of cold indifference, and you will have some notion of the immense force with which Christ’s words apply to you, entreating you to remember that ‘whoso receiveth one of these little ones kindly, receiveth Him. . . .’ The duty—the privilege let me rather call it—of protecting the

weak, of saving the innocent, of guiding the doubtful, of keeping down and driving away the tempter and the persecutor, this is or ought to be the very Religion of school-boys."

This language, brethren, was the language of one who was never a Master at a School, and never had children of his own. He spoke partly from the experience of his boyhood, partly from the sympathy of an affectionate Christian heart. He had seen a great School thirty years before reclaimed in great measure from coarseness and roughness to high and holy purposes. He was the beloved disciple of the great man to whom under God this reform was due, and he recorded the life and character of his master in a work which ranks among the few masterpieces of English biography and is of priceless value to every Public School.

I think you will say that his words which I just quoted do not even now sound exaggerated. I think you will feel that Chivalry is, as he said, indeed the very Religion of school-boys. At school he was bodily weak. He took no part in games. He was even then keenly interested, as most able boys are interested, if they will but trust their better instincts, in the most beautiful fruits of literature and the most stirring problems and scenes alike of past and contemporary history. This was the boy who, even in early manhood, became the acknowledged pride of his School, made its name famous in every land, maintained his school friendships with eager affection, and at every stage of his life, in spite of delicate

health, showed—I do not exaggerate—the inborn and trained courage of a hero. There was no form of danger, of unpopularity, or of loneliness from which Arthur Stanley would for a moment have shrunk.

I have reminded you of his sympathy with weak boys at school. It was but part of his sympathy with weakness everywhere, with weak causes, with discouraged minorities, with suspected or persecuted men. As you grow older, you will feel more the preciousness, the rarity, of this class of men.

II. Let me remind you of another rare gift—a gift half moral, half intellectual—the gift of living in and interpreting the past. It is to him more than to any Englishman that the characters of the Old Testament speak to us of this generation—as real flesh and blood. It is hardly possible to forget him as we read of Abraham on Mount Gerizim, and Jacob at Beth-el and Peniel, and Samuel in his tranquil retreat at Shiloh, and Saul still noble when he fell at Gilboa. Above all, David shines forth in his pages in all his wondrous versatility, his heroic loyalty, his poetic fervour, his dangerous security, his disastrous fall. Few cultivated readers will hear to-day the Lament over Jonathan and the Parable of Nathan without thinking lovingly of him who now lies dead in his home, and who so powerfully aided them to understand those touching stories of sorrow and of shame. It is through his works on the “Jewish Church” and his “Sinai and Palestine” that you, I suppose, will come to know

him best in future years. Biographies soon cease to be read. Essays and sermons on contemporary events are forgotten by all but a few students, but the Bible will continue to be read, and, we may trust, to be ever more and more dear, and then those who have thrown light upon it and life into it, those who have disinterred its dead and made them live before us as citizens, and soldiers, and poets, and statesmen, and fathers, and sons, and brothers, as well as servants and prophets of the Most High God—these men, who have served their own generation, will serve the future also. The poetry which was in them, the genuine imagination, the true re-creative power will not be suffered to die.

III. Another quality which I notice in him, and which we can all surely understand, was his power of throwing himself wholly into an office and inspiring others to do the same. "Make full proof of thy ministry," is a charge which seemed to gain a new meaning when you saw him at work. Each fresh office was discharged with a fulness which permanently raised the ideal of its usefulness. As he himself said,* "Every position, great or small, may be made almost as great or as little as we desire to make it, according as we make the most of it or the least of it." Listen to what he said of Oxford, of Canterbury, of Westminster.

Of Canterbury†: "Art thou engaged in the worship or in the care of this sacred place, young or old,

* Stanley's *Sermons in the East*, 1863, p. 28.

† *Canterbury Sermons*, "The Body and the Members," p. 415.

in humble or in higher station? Join in that worship, care for those buildings, attend on that service, with all thy might, not as a mere bystander, not as a mere machine, but as an active, living, breathing, responsible minister, in the service of God's sanctuary."

Again, of Oxford—I quote from his most touching Farewell Sermon, eighteen years ago—"Oxford offers thee the glorious interval between boyhood and manhood to use or abuse at thy peril. Thou hast but to keep thine eyes awake, open to the destiny that God has prepared for thee. It is marked out for thee. It swarms with golden opportunities. Thou hast but to march straight into it. Thou hast but to do here the one simple duty of making the most and the best of thy time. Thou hast it in thine hands so to misuse or neglect thy stay in this place as that it shall be a clog round thy neck, and a chain about thy feet, as long as thy remembrance of it endures. Thou hast it in thine own hands also to make it a time that thou wilt recall in after years as the happiest of thy life."

And, once more, of Westminster :* "The solemn pledge of duty calls us to the living active service of our neighbours, of our Church, of our country—to the living faithful service of the great institution of which we are members. To protect its interests, to guard its privileges, to extend its usefulness, is the vow which needs, or ought to

* Sermon preached on January 10th, 1864, the day after his Installation.

need, no outward words to express it in any who is summoned to fill any place, from the humblest to the highest, in this sacred building. To breathe a soul even into these dead stones, to draw out the marvellous tale which lies imprisoned within each wall, and tower, and arch, and relic of this most august of English sanctuaries: to make each sepulchre give up again to life its illustrious dead for the glory of God and for the instruction of us who tread these famous floors; to feel within ourselves a new life inspired by the grandeur, the beauty, the hoary crown and the length of days, beneath which our lot is cast; to throw new life and meaning into the words of our Services, into the truths of our Creeds, into the very sounds of our hymns and anthems—this indeed would be to become “living stones, a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.”

So he spoke, so he pledged himself publicly, the day after his Installation, eighteen years ago, and to-day his country with one voice attests that that pledge of Christian and patriotic devotion has been nobly redeemed.

IV. Will you bear with me if I single out another trait, his unworldliness? To the end the *child* was in him. It struck everyone. It struck at times even strange critics. It was my good fortune, more than twenty years ago, to travel through the Holy Land with the Dragoon who had escorted him

through Egypt and Sinai five years before. The man was an Arab, a Mussulman, "faithful and intelligent," but with the usual Arab greed of getting and recklessness in spending. He used often to speak to us with a kind of affectionate awe of his late master.* "We called him," he said, "the Sheykh, the *holy man*; he does not care whether he eats or drinks; he does not know the meaning of money; he thinks of nothing but God Almighty."

This little sketch, drawn by the rough Arab, would, I venture to say, be pronounced true to the life by all who, for thirty years, knew and loved the Scholar, the Theologian, the Courtier, the charm of every society—in the world, but not of it—the friend of Princes and Statesmen and the Chiefs of Science and Literature, but never more at home, never more truly himself, than when year by year he preached his sermons to little children, on Innocents' Day, or when, as each Saturday came round, as on the last Saturday but one before he died, he was showing the historic monuments of his beloved Abbey to a crowd of listening working men.

* The exact words of poor Mohammed Hasein Ghizowee were much more picturesque. He first described Mr. Theodore Walrond as the leader of the party, "the General we call him. And then Mr. Stanley, we call him the Sheykh, what you call 'holy man.' You give him a shilling: he say 'What this?' You put a sovereign into his hand: he not know what to do with it." And then, lifting up his eyes, "he think of nothing but God Almighty." I had the pleasure of telling this little story years after, at Harrow, to Mrs. Arnold, the venerable widow of the great Head^oMaster of Rugby. She recognized the truth of the poor Arab's insight into the character of her husband's beloved pupil.

V. One more trait, and I have done. In no man of whom I have read were the family affections more strong. As a brother, as a son of two most remarkable parents, whose lives he has written, as the husband of a wife who left a deep and a gracious mark on English society, it is hardly too much to say that his private station, were a public service

Let me give one illustration of this out of a thousand.* When he was travelling with the Prince of Wales up the Nile, the sad news reached him of the death of his beloved and gifted mother. Sunday came, and a sermon must be preached. They were near Memphis. He spoke of the story of Joseph. He dwelt on the picture of *family* life which it presents. Speaking to the young Prince, who but three months before had lost his great Father,* "*Home*," he says, "the scenes, the thoughts, the warnings, the pleasures of home—the bonds of lasting and cordial affection which reach across seas and continents, and keep us in spirit close to those who in bodily presence are far away—the images of old days and childlike recollections that visit us in dreams, and soothe us in sorrow, and calm us in joy—these are amongst God's best blessings to His creatures; these are amongst the best safeguards He has given us to protect us against new difficulties, strange temptations, corrupting customs. Those who have passed out of the family circle into the world beyond the grave are, in God's sight,

* *Sermons in the East*, March 23rd, 1862, pp. 21-23.

and before our own hearts, still one with us. . . .
Home is on earth the best likeness of Heaven; and Heaven is that last and best home, in which, when the journey of life is over, Joseph and his brethren, Jacob and his sons, Rachel and her children, shall meet to part no more."

Last Sunday I spoke to you of a memorial slab in the Cloister of Worcester Cathedral with one sad word inscribed upon it, *Miserrimus*. Should you ever visit Norwich Cathedral, you will find another slab, exactly in the centre of the Nave, with the following very different inscription :

In the faith of Christ, here rests from his labours, one who is buried amidst the mourning of the Diocese which he had animated, the City which he had served, the Poor whom he had visited, the Schools which he had fostered, the Family which he had loved, and of all Christian people with whom, howsoever divided, he had joined in whatsoever things were true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report.

This was the record of Edward Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, written, and written truly, by his still more distinguished son. On such a stone we might almost inscribe the word, *Beatissimus*, "Of all men most happy"; happiest of all in the "peace of God which passeth all understanding"; happy also, most happy, in being the father of a son of whom the tears of his countrymen and the crowds of to-morrow will imperishably attest that he too, like his father, was "buried amidst the mourning"—a mourning rarely equalled in depth and intensity—"of all Christian people, with whom, howsoever divided"

—yes, *howsoever divided*, it is half of the lesson of his life—"he had joined," for his Master's sake, "in whatsoever things were true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report."

July 24th, 1881

XIV.

CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN.*

ACTS XIII. 36.

*After he had served his own generation by the counsel of God,
he fell on sleep*

“ST PAUL” here “writes a lovely epitaph upon the chivalrous King and sweet Psalmist of Israel: ‘He served his own generation, and then fell on sleep.’ There may be longer, more detailed, more laudatory epitaphs—the fashion of the last century covered the walls of our churches with elaborate and fulsome panegyrics, amongst which this short sentence of St. Paul’s might have seemed scanty and grudging in its meed of praise—but the truer taste and more reverent feeling of our own age will appreciate the more expressive and in reality more majestic brevity—‘He served his generation, and fell on sleep.’”

* Preached in Llandaff Cathedral on October 24th, 1897, being the Sunday after the Funeral of the Very Rev. Charles John Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff, and formerly Vicar of St. Martin’s, Leicester; Head Master of Harrow School; Vicar of Doncaster; and Master of the Temple.

Christian friends, these words are not mine. Even as I read them to you, some of you may have recognized

the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still

They were spoken at Cambridge* more than twelve years ago in the University Church by him whose living voice has so often pleaded in these sacred walls of ours for "whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report." He gave to that Sermon the title, "Life, the Service of a Generation." I put it to those who knew him, revered him, loved him—and they were many—does not that title, which describes every noble life, most truly describe his own?

"The text" he says, in his own pithy incisive manner, which never failed him from early youth till his eightieth year, "the text presents us with two pairs of equivalents. Life is Service. Death is Sleep." Again I put it to you, does not this "pair of equivalents" at this very moment place him again before us, almost speaking? It links his work with his grave. "Life is service" "He served his generation." He served it long. He served it faithfully. He served it very lovingly. He served it, we must believe, "by the counsel of God"; and then, at last, in the fulness of years, more tardily than his wearied spirit could have desired, but still calmly and peacefully, "he fell on sleep." "Death is Sleep."

* See *University Sermons*, 1888, Sermon xxix.

What can be said of such a life? What can be said here, to-day—here, where he gave and received so much love; to-day, when the scene of Wednesday last is still so close to our eyes, and ears, and hearts? What indeed do we wish for in what is called a “Funeral Sermon” in the House of God? Not surely much of narrative. That we may leave to the journalist and the biographer. Not much of criticism or analysis, the precise delineation of mental gifts, or the suggestion of mental limits.

Nor, again, an attempt—probably presumptuous, certainly premature—to fix his exact place among the preachers, the teachers, the religious writers of the last half century.

Rather let us be content with very simple words, words of love and reverence and thankfulness, thankfulness to God Who has granted us so rich a blessing, and granted it so long. Never was the voice of a Church ritual more truly the voice of Christian hearts than when we listened to those words of piety, first spoken by the Priest and then chanted by the Choristers whom the Dean had loved so truly: “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the Name of the Lord.”

When men are “so strong that they come to fourscore years,” we almost forget that they were once sons. Yet I cannot help reminding you, in almost my first words on this revered Master—he certainly would not have blamed me for saying it—that he owed much to his father. Just ninety-nine years have passed this very month since his father

was elected a Fellow of our Trinity College. I had always hoped to wish his son joy on the completion of the full century, knowing something of the effect which this early victory of his father had exercised on himself. In truth, it bequeathed to him that ardent love of both his College and his University which was one of the few "passions" of his life.

It was in 1802, while still one of our Fellows, that "Vaughan of Leicester," as he came to be known far and wide in Evangelical circles, began that memorable Ministry at St. Martin's which was afterwards carried on by three of his sons, and only ended in 1893. In that Parish the name of Vaughan is still, and must long continue to be, not a "household word" only, but a name of blessing, a name held in memorial before God. It was of this dear and honoured father that his son was thinking when, just forty-six years ago, preaching in St. Paul's Cathedral at the *Festival of the Sons of the Clergy—how well I remember the crowded scene!—he pronounced, if I may borrow his own phrase, this "lovely epitaph":

"Suffer, my brethren, one who has himself known from his childhood the secrets of a ministerial home, to revive for a moment the indelible impressions of that devoted life: the morning hours spent in the self-denying labours of parental education; noon and afternoon, in the various toils of parochial visitation; evening, till a late midnight, in the

* See *Personality of the Tempter, and other Sermons*, 1851, Sermon viii., "The Separation of Levi."

painful researches and deep meditations of a theology fruitful in power and in love and in a sound mind ; interruptions, wearisome and exhausting, perpetually delaying business and destroying repose ; yet, amidst all, the intellect ever occupied with truth, the heart ever communing with the unseen ; life at length sacrificed, in the full vigour of manhood, to exertions unresting yet untiring—indeed, indeed, a labourer like this—there were such then, there are such now—a labourer like this is worthy of his hire ! ”

The quotation is long, but you will more than forgive it. You will see in it, I think, the basis, in part perhaps the cause, of his life-long reverence for the calling of the faithful Parish Priest.

He lost his father early, but the image of that devoted Gospel life, that true “bishopric of souls,” was never blurred or faint. It was before him, I am convinced, when, in 1867, he wrote so like himself from Doncaster : “The backbone of the Church of England is its Presbytery ; and the work of its Presbytery lies in its Parishes.” And again when, as late as 1893, he said to his beloved clerical pupils, at a memorable gathering in our College Chapel, the Chapel in which he and his father and his younger brother had all been admitted Fellows, “One thing let us remember—that the true battle of the Church will be fought out in our Parishes. One devoted Parish Priest, whose people are ready to rise up and call him blessed, will be worth more to the National Church, in its day of rebuke and

blasphemy, than a whole library of polemical literature or a locust-swarm of smart and telling leaflets. What we have to prove is not that the Church has an indefeasible right to its property, but that the Church of this moment is worth its salt. Not that the Church of England is ancient—older than her municipalities, older than her Parliaments—not that she is ancient, but that she is modern, alive to the sorrow, awake to the wants, of the English people, wise to know the times, and alert to minister to them—this is the thing to be proved, and each one of us, my beloved brethren, has it laid upon him, in his place and in his day, either to prove or to disprove it.”

In those fine sentences, my friends, I seem to recognize not only the ring of a Churchman's chivalrous devotion, but the memory of a beloved home and the presence, almost the very presence, of an forgotten father.

The years which he spent as himself a Parish Priest, first, as a very young man, at Leicester, and then, some sixteen years afterwards, at Doncaster, showed what he might have done in great centres like Sheffield, or Nottingham, or Bristol, or Birmingham. Still it is not as a Parish Priest that he will be chiefly remembered. Rather it will be as the restorer, almost the re-Founder, of one of the greatest of our Public Schools; as the much loved Master of the Temple; as the Dean of your restored Cathedral; as the trainer of several hundreds of young men for the work of the Ministry;

and, in all these capacities, during the long round of full fifty years, the searching and stirring and persuasive Preacher.

At Harrow—how can I recall those days which are so dear and so bright to some of us?—we all knew that we had at our head a strong ruler, who could not be trifled with. His softness of voice and manner, at first almost startling, never left any illusion, with boys or masters, as to either his penetrating insight or his resolute will. But he was very gentle with us, more and more so as his time of office drew to its close.

At first—I speak from clear recollection—his bright wit and sense of the ludicrous were not always untinged with sarcasm. But he soon detected and conquered this temptation. No self-conquest was ever more rapid or more complete. Some, I imagine, who have watched him for as much as fifty years will scarcely believe that such a victory was ever needed. But the battle was fought. I saw it.

As to his teaching, his brilliant scholarship and rare clearness of expression gave to almost every lesson something of the finish of a work of art. I have known many of the finest Classical scholars of our day, many with whom in respect of mere learning he would never have thought of comparing himself; but for the sheer scholar's instinct, the thinking and feeling in the great tongues of Greece and Rome, more especially the Greek, the exact perception of the force of words, whether separately

or in their junction and their cadences, there are few indeed that could be placed by his side. Never were these gifts of teaching more conspicuous, or, I think, exercised with more satisfaction to himself, than when he took us in the Greek Testament, notably in the Epistles to the Romans and the Hebrews. He did not deal much with the larger questions which cluster, as it were, round these great writings--questions of theology, of philosophy, of history or of ritual—but he had in the highest degree the gift of linking chapter with chapter and verse with verse, tracking the argument through its windings and seeming disappearances, laying his finger on the sequence of each sentence and paragraph and the exact mission of each word in its own order.

But no doubt his chief chair of teaching, then as afterwards, was the Pulpit. There, for fifteen years, he spoke to us almost every Sunday evening. He was the same man as on other days and in other places, kind, sympathetic, grave, masterful, but here all that was deepest and tenderest in him was, as it were, focussed. He spoke as a man with a message to deliver, a message partly his own, still more that of a Greater. With a quick eye for what was passing in the little world around him, he strove to bring God and Christ, God in Christ, into the simple yet complicated lives of schoolboys. He spoke very seriously, and pitched his standard high, but we did not think he exaggerated; all seemed so real. He seemed to know us, in our lighter as

well as our graver moods. When his appeals were most directly spiritual, this secular knowledge of us was always there in the background. Among the many volumes that he has left, the *Memorials of Harrow Sundays* must always, I think, have a place of its own. It stands out as a landmark of what Christian teaching could be at school in the central years of the nineteenth century.

Of his subsequent life at the Temple, so large a portion of his career, I have no call to speak. I saw him there but seldom, but it was impossible to attend even occasionally those beautiful Services, or to read his sermons when published, without seeing how intimately and from the first he had made himself at home with that exceptional audience. Much was due to the rare beauty of his language, for few in our day have written English so terse, so arresting, and so musical, but I would rather speak of his direct grappling with consciences. He was not afraid or shy of those able, critical, highly-cultivated men who were now his appointed "flock." He took them as men, as friends, as brothers, as Christians by profession—tempted, like others, to the worldly and frivolous; needing, like others, the "word in due season," the word of warning and sympathy in "things pertaining to God."

To such men he could speak of the innermost things of the soul in language always riveting, because always fresh, fresh from the mintage of the heart and the life. He was specially happy, I have always thought, when dealing with those common-

places of life which in less gifted hands are so dull and insipid--such subjects I mean, as 'youth and age, restlessness, impulsiveness, purity, peace, "ever learning, never attaining," and the like. Such topics he would bring into what he called "that *privacy of publicity, which is the beauty and the safety of congregational worship," and there, with a delicate touch granted to few, convert the Pulpit, almost imperceptibly, and without losing any of its authority, into the quiet chair of a private interview. He seemed to see before him not "all men" only, but the "each man," the individual in the congregation; the friend, known or unknown, in the silent and listening crowd. Does the spell that he threw over his old pupils mislead me, or is it the simple truth, that no man of our Church in this generation has spoken so much from the Pulpit that slipped, as they say, so "inevitably" into the crevices and lurking-places of conscience? There have been a few greater orators. There have been a few who handled with a familiarity which he never claimed problems of the intellect and problems of Church order, but I venture to think there was no man, certainly no man who spoke so often and so continuously, of whom St Paul's words were so habitually true: "thus are the secrets of the man's heart made manifest; and so falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth."

* See *Last Words in the Temple Church*, Sermon xii.³, p. 162, and elsewhere.

Is it not thus, my brethren, that you have felt when he spoke to you here in these latter years as your Dean? Have you not started and almost quivered at the biting force of his penetrating words, the *clairvoyance* with which he read to you some secret of your heart, some dark passage of your daily life, and showed you some unexpected opening for improvement, reform, repentance? Have you not been surprised to see how much he seemed to know of you—your past, your present, almost your future? And as he spoke, did not veneration and love of the man pass on into that incomparably higher thing, the only thing for which he really cared or laboured, the felt presence, the audible appeal, the renewed trust and charge of the Lord Jesus, saying in one or more of His thousand tones of love and generosity and forgiveness—"Follow me. Feed my lambs. Tend my sheep. Become not faithless, but believing"?

It was yours, dear friends—for when I speak to you of him, we seem all to be friends together—it was yours to have at your service all the beauty and mellowness of his later years, with the least possible admixture of his decline. So far as I can judge, many of those sermons which he gave you even up to a year ago, certainly up to three years and a half ago, were not inferior in power or in insight, still less in tenderness, to those of what we might call his prime. You felt, you must have felt, their grip, their grace, sometimes their happy ingenuity, when,

for instance, he would take a phrase, a title, or even a single word, and somehow put into it a Gospel, nay, *the* Gospel in its fulness—"The Iron Way," "The Unrecognized Presence," "The Dark River," "I praised the Dead," "A Sleepless Night," "The Two Returns," "Distraction and Dissipation," "The Man who has trifled once too often," "A Narrow Place and No Turning," "Life a Dialogue," "The Treasure twice Hidden," "When I Awake?" "Nevertheless." I take the well-known titles almost by chance, and again I put it to you, did you not feel that, as he dealt with such topics, he turned them in some strange way into instruments, I might almost say magnets, of the Cross? No doubt you had before you the trained master of style, the delicate manipulator of words, the subtle dialectician, the veteran explorer of the recesses of Scripture; but there was behind all and above all the preparer of his Master's Way, the loving disciple and herald and witness of the Crucified, taking his place, very humbly but authoritatively, beneath the Cross, and pleading rather than proclaiming, "Behold the Man."

What, then, was it, do any of us ask to-day—will men or women ask in days to come—which made his personality so singularly attractive, and gave him an influence, as he "served his generation," so widespread, so subtle, so uninterrupted? Not profound learning; not the gift of interpreting other men, or of mirroring in himself the speculations or the deeper questionings of his day. Few

first-rate preachers have ever quoted so little, save from the Scriptures. There is hardly a great writer of our day whose influence accounts in any perceptible degree for what he was and what he did. The poets, the historians, the philosophers, the writers on art, the discoverers in science, even the theologians and the great preachers, had strangely little effect in shaping his opinions, his feelings, his style, his interpretations of Scripture. In all that he did, or abstained from doing, there was the stamp of "distinctiveness." It was a word that he liked. He loved to draw the line between "distinctiveness" and "distinction." The last he had schooled himself to despise; the first, "distinctiveness," he prized. *

He was seldom more himself in his sermons than when speaking of Ambition. Nature had meant him for an ambitious man. While a brilliant student and speaker at Cambridge he looked forward confidently, I at least cannot doubt it, to the very highest honours of the Law. But along with this current of a natural ambition there was another, a supernatural, current of quite exceptional devoutness, a dread of himself, a profound prostration before God in Christ, an overwhelming sense of the danger of personal sin, and of being led by the tempter to a pinnacle and a pitfall. It is, I believe, in the recognition of these two sweeping currents of temperament, and of the pathetic struggle carried on between them, that we shall best see the beauty of his life, the secret of his influence, the key, it may be, to some unexplained decisions at some critical moments.

This it was which gave such weight and momentum to all he ever said on Ambition, and it was one of his favourite topics. Some here, perhaps—some at least of his many pupils—will remember how he loved to dwell on St. Paul's threefold use of that great word—to the Thessalonians,* "ambitious to be quiet"; to the Corinthians,† "ambitious to be well-pleasing to Christ", to the Romans,‡ "ambitious of distinctiveness," of a separate work and a definite mission.

"I am ambitious," writes the great Apostle, "to preach the Gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man's foundation." . . . "He was ambitious," thus comments the Preacher, unconsciously perhaps portraying himself, "he was ambitious to have a work peculiar to himself, and a province which should be all his own." . . . "There is a divine warrant in Scripture for an ambition of distinctiveness. St. Paul's ambition was to preach Christ where He was not yet named. The corresponding ambition in a Christian heart now would be to find some neglected spot, and to give a life to its evangelization."

So he spoke to our young men, at Cambridge many years ago.‡ No one, I venture to think, will get to the heart and core of his singular

* 1 Thess. iv. 11, φιλοτιμείσθαι ἡσυχάζειν.

† 2 Cor. v. 9, φιλοτιμούμεθα εὐάρεστοι αὐτῷ εἶναι.

‡ Rom. xv. 20, φιλοτιμούμενον εὐαγγελίζεσθαι οὐχ ὅπου ὠνομάσθη Χριστός.

§ See *University Sermons*, Sermon vi., "Oblivions and Ambitions of the Life of Grace."

career who fails to understand that in the earliest part of his prosperous life, even at the close of his brilliant Harrow days, he trod down, by the grace of his Master, many vehement and vaulting ambitions, retaining only three, the three which he found in his beloved St. Paul—the three, perhaps the only three, which are not unworthy of a Minister of the Crucified—the ambition of a quiet life and a quiet spirit; the ambition of a distinctive and separate field of labour; lastly, for I instinctively change the order, and keep the best and purest and richest to the last, the ambition of being well-pleasing to his Master and ours, “in that day.”

Ah, my friends, who can doubt that this last, this most sacred, this only sacred, ambition has even now been fully satisfied?

We must hasten to the close. Time, not matter, fails me. How miserably inadequate are words to bring back the living presence, the winning smile of sympathy, the playful dignity, the irresistible charm! I say to myself, if I had only had before me poor words of this kind, what should I have known of him? How should I have felt towards him as one after another—boys, and men, and women—did feel towards him? How should I have felt as a Harrow scholar, as a Leicester or Doncaster parishioner, as a member of the illustrious Temple, as a citizen of Llandaff or of Cardiff?

But still more, my friends—it is a relief to me to confess it—still more do I feel the utter failure of these poor words to bring back to his “men,”

as he called them, to the pupils whom he trained to be Ministers of the Gospel, the infinitely dear Friend, Guide, Teacher—I might well add, to the younger at least, Father—who has wrought so powerfully, so uniquely, on their imagination and their affection.

It was this part of his life's work, if I mistake not, that he specially prized, by this that he would specially wish to be remembered. It was here that he found—and he must have been conscious of it—the peculiarity, the “distinctiveness,” the special call, the special response, which appealed at once to his conscience, his intellect, and his heart. Other men had been successful as Christian Schoolmasters, Christian Parish Priests, Christian Masters and Preachers and Chaplains of the Inns of Courts, Christian Deans of Cathedral Churches. But in giving some thirty-five years without a break to the training of young men for the Ministry of the Gospel, in becoming their life-long counsellor, in keeping close and re-consecrating at not too long intervals the singular tie which bound him to them—in this he was doing a new thing. Here he struck out—may I dare so to apply the sacred words?—“a new and living way” of pastoral service. Here he was “ambitious of distinctiveness,” and gained his ambition. In these young men the childless man found his children, the old man found his sons. They were the renewal and more than the renewal of his Harrow youth, the wings, as it were, of his active intellect, the support and

comfort and romance of his age. The short Addresses which he delivered to these much loved friends at his various triennial gatherings are among the very best of all his utterances. There is in them the pith, the salt, the subtle humour that made the charm of his style, but all fused and mellowed by the deepest human affection, such as Paul might have felt for Timothy, together with profound thanks to God for having provided him with this untrodden and now well-furrowed field of gratuitous and delightful labour.

These his disciples know—as indeed we all know, but they know it specially—how wise he was, how sane in his judgments, how abhorrent of party-spirit, how “kindly affectioned” to all, howsoever divided—whether seemingly or really divided—“who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity”; how jealous of the simplicity of the Gospel, how suspicious of all shibboleths, how deeply humble, how hard upon himself, how charitable to others, how passionately and pathetically convinced that, however much the great and glorious mystery may defy the shackles of logic and of words, it was in the Atoning Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, Very God and Very Man, that the Christian Faith first received, and must for all time retain, its originality, its power, its essence, its very warrants and credentials. Shortly before his death, a dear friend spoke to him of the “blood of sprinkling.” “Yes,” he said, “but I need more than that—not aspersion only but immersion,” the old instinct of the scholar and the teacher mingling

with the present need of the penitent and the saint.

You may have heard possibly that he left some words behind him expressive of his life-long and final faith. It is hard for me to read them in public, but neither does it seem right to withhold them. I will try to read them, and will then add nothing more. We will take our farewell of him in his own words. None can be so simple, so beautiful, so true, so Christian.

"In the prospect of death"—so he writes in his will—"in the prospect of death, a little nearer or further off, I wish to state explicitly that I have put my whole trust in the revelation of the Gospel as made in the Gospel of St. John and in the Epistles of St. John and St. Paul.

"I believe in the forgiveness of sins as the foundation-stone of the Gospel, and commit myself humbly, and hopefully to God in this faith for life, death, and eternity."

October 24th, 1897.

ADMITTED FELLOWS OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

EDWARD THOMAS VAUGHAN, *October 2, 1798.*
CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, - *October 2, 1839*
DAVID JAMES VAUGHAN, - *October 11, 1850.*

ADMITTED FELLOW OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

EDWARD THOMAS VAUGHAN, *February 24, 1837.*

VICARS OF ST. MARTIN'S, LEICESTER.

EDWARD THOMAS VAUGHAN, - 1802—1829.

AND HIS THREE SONS

CHARLES JOHN VAUGHAN, - - 1841—1844.
EDWARD THOMAS VAUGHAN, - 1844—1859.
DAVID JAMES VAUGHAN, - - 1860—1893.

XV.

THE VAUGHANS OF LEICESTER

ST. JOHN VI. 12

When they were filled, He saith to His disciples, Gather up the fragments that remain over, that nothing be lost.

"GATHER up the fragments." I suppose there is hardly any verse of Scripture which has more often served as either a text or a motto for sermons. As a text, it spreads before us the actual fragments of the five barley-loaves on the grassy slopes of the Galilean mountain : as a motto, it bids us think with reverence on what we may call *mental* and *spiritual* fragments ; fragments of the mind, the memory, the conscience ; fragments of each man's personal history ; fragments of a career more or less finished—a campaign, a profession, a public office—something which we look back upon as a whole, and yet as a whole broken and scattered. And even while we look on these broken pieces, the breaking up process begins

* Preached in St. Martin's Church, Leicester, on March 20th, 1898, being the Sunday after the Dedication of the Vaughan Memorial Porch.

anew. The fragments become yet more fragmentary. The task of gathering them up is still more hopeless. The loving hands and hearts that were alone equal to it can collect after all so little—a short visit here and there, a look, a word, a jest, a journey; and even these little wholes, as we try to piece them together, again break up and crumble at the touch.

Now if this is true, pathetically true, of all human life, is it not even specially true of the life's work of a Christian Pastor? To God it is a "whole." To man, even on the day that he rests from his labour, it is but a "fragment," nay, fragments of a fragment.

It is in this light, my friends, that I seem to view my task of this morning. We are all to-day thinking of a singular personal history of which your new Church Porch is to be a loving and an undying memorial. A single family, a Father and his three Sons—the youngest of whom, so well known to you, can scarcely have known him—have for some eighty years been charged with the pastoral care of this one Church. And by universal consent it has been no common family. This place is not only grateful for them, it is proud of them. All the four men brought to their task very peculiar faculties of mind and of heart. They were like and unlike each other. They were all deeply devout men, with very active, exacting, almost jealous, consciences—not men who could engage in spiritual warfare "with a light heart," but rather inclined to write bitter things against

themselves, and seldom to look back with satisfaction, never with complacency, on what the greatest of Christian warriors calls 'the things that are behind.' And, further, they were, in different ways, men of varied culture—finished scholars, Fellow of their Colleges, effective both as writers and as speakers, men of weight in their judgments, not only of things strictly spiritual, but also of things social, political, literary.

And when I add that they were also men endowed richly with that beautiful talent of calling forth love as well as veneration, and so becoming in the course of each successive Ministry centres of peace and brotherhood as well as of energy and beneficence, I have spoken far indeed below what you, my friends, all know to be the truth, but still enough to show that their eighty years of pastoral work in this town is an event which belongs not to biography only but to history. In truth the work of the Vaughans at St. Martin's, Leicester, is a beautiful chapter in the history of the Church of England during the 19th century.

On this great and well-compacted work I can but feebly touch to-day. Of the living I may not speak. Of the dead I can gather, as it were, just a few fragments, and even this simply because for more than fifty years I was bound by ties of the closest gratitude to one of the four whom we seem to see so near us to-day, I mean the late venerable Dean of Llandaff. True, his course among you was by far the shortest of all—only three years, and those more

than half a century ago; but you know how he loved both the home of his boyhood and the scene of his earliest Ministry. For at least seventy years out of his own eighty-one his heart beat true to St. Martin's.

In venturing to speak of his once famous Father I must be mainly dependent upon him. Permit me to recall one remote memory of my own Harrow boyhood. It was in 1851. There was a crowded congregation in St. Paul's Cathedral, at what is known as the Festival of the Sons of the Clergy. The preacher was Dr. Charles John Vaughan, then in the seventh year of his Harrow Mastership. He was speaking of both the needs and the labours of the hard-worked English Clergy. And then there rises before him the vision of his early home. "Suffer, my brethren," he cried to that great crowd, "suffer one who has himself known from his childhood the secrets of a ministerial home, to revive for a moment the indelible impressions of that devoted life: the morning hours spent in the self-denying labours of parental education; noon and afternoon, in the various toils of parochial visitation; evening, till a late midnight, in the painful researches and deep meditations of a theology fruitful in power and in love and in a sound mind; interruptions, wearisome and exhausting, perpetually delaying business and destroying repose; yet, amidst all, the intellect ever occupied with truth, the heart ever communing with the Unseen; life at length sacrificed, in the full vigour of manhood, to exertions unresting yet un-

tiring—indeed, indeed a labourer like this—there were such then, there are such now—a labourer like this is worthy of his hire!”

Such were a son's recollections of his father's work at St. Martin's. This is one of the “fragments” that I would, by his help, and as I were with his hands, “gather up” to-day.

Let me go on to name another. Nearly forty-five years had passed by. The preacher of that powerful and pathetic sermon was now an old man. He had been stricken by a grave illness. It was about 1894 that I visited him at his Deanery at Llandaff. I ventured to question him about his early days, and his memories of his father's work. He took down from his shelves a volume which I now possess and cherish. It is called, “Some Account of the Reverend Thomas Robinson, M.A., late Vicar of St. Mary's, Leicester, and sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, by the Rev. Edward Thomas Vaughan, Vicar of St. Martin's, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.”

This book was published in 1815, eighty-three years ago, the year before Dean Vaughan's birth. The Dean opened the book, told me briefly of Mr. Robinson's truly apostolical career in your great town during nearly forty years, and then showed me, with some playful apology for its length, the singularly impressive inscription which his father had composed to be placed on Robinson's monument. He did not read the whole, but he did read—those who knew his voice can imagine with what delicacy

and filial feeling—the last six lines. They run as follows :

This Public Monument,
The Tribute of many Faithful and Revering Friends,
Is a Record to Posterity,
That the Everlasting Gospel,
Preached Felt, made Visible, made Fruitful,
Commands at Length,
By a Gradual but Sure Progress,
The Veneration and the Love of Mankind.

My friends, you see how the gathering of one "fragment" leads to the gathering of others. As the life-work of Charles Vaughan and his brothers cannot be fully understood without reference to their honoured father, so neither can the life-work of that father be fully understood without reference to Thomas Robinson. I am proud to remember that they were all but one Fellows, and enthusiastically devoted Fellows, of our great College of Trinity.

Thomas Robinson was some twenty-five years older than Edward Vaughan. His influence on the younger man, who preached his funeral sermon, and became his biographer, was more than an influence. It was an inspiration. It would not be too much to say that the mantle of Elijah fell on Elisha. As I try to read, or rather spell out, your history of a hundred years ago, I gather that Robinson had spoken to your ancestors in this town almost as Elijah spoke to the worshippers of Baal in the days of Ahab. It is no vulgar slanderer of his contemporaries, it is no flattering brother of our own clergy, it is an illustrious Nonconformist,

one of the foremost orators of his time, who more than eighty years ago bore this testimony to the work of Robinson.* "His residence in Leicester forms a most important epoch in the religious history of the country. From that time must be dated, and to his agency, under Providence, must be ascribed, a decided improvement in the moral and religious state of this town and its vicinity. . . . It was the boast of Augustus that he found the city of Rome built with brick, and that he left it built with marble. Mr. Robinson might say without arrogance that he had been the instrument of effecting a far more beneficial and momentous change. He came to this place while it was sunk in vice and irreligion; he left it eminently distinguished by sobriety of manners and the practice of warm, serious and enlightened piety. . . . He enlarged its intercourse with heaven, and trained a great portion of its inhabitants for the enjoyment of celestial bliss."

"He enlarged its intercourse with heaven." Surely a noble summary of what may be done by any minister of Christ for any society which he is called to serve—a town, a school, a church, a nation: "he enlarged its intercourse with heaven."

It is something, my friends, to have gathered up that one small fragment of the past, that fine sentence of the great preacher, "whose praise is in all the Churches," and not least in the Churches of

* See Preface, by Rev. E. T. Vaughan, to Robinson's *Scriptural Characters*.

Leicester, Robert Hall. It is not only beautiful, but uplifting. It holds up an ideal which every man or woman can see and claim. We are all in our measure teachers; and what teacher is worth his salt unless he in some way so acts upon the minds of his pupils as to "enlarge their intercourse" with earth, with mankind, with truth, with human greatness? But here the teacher takes the one higher flight; he *enlarges men's intercourse with heaven.*

It was this remarkable man, remember, of whom Edward Vaughan was the biographer and follower. He outlived him sixteen years. He may be called his spiritual son. He placed him before his imagination as, in his own carefully chosen words, "a Scholar, a Philanthropist, a Man of God." We like to think of these two "fellow-workers in the Gospel" together. Any "fragment" that we can gather up of the one is a fragment, in some sort, of the other.

The age that saw and knew the first Edward Vaughan is seventy years behind us. Those that looked to him, not in Leicester only, but throughout Evangelical England, for clearness, light, and freshness of thought in things spiritual, have long since passed into silence. He is remembered chiefly, as is the lot of some happy fathers, as the father of his sons. To have given three such sons to the Church of Christ is perhaps the greatest, as it is certainly the most visible, of his works. Each of the three has been emphatically himself. No one has been a tame copy or copyist of the other. Yet each has been "yours," yours in complete devotion.

May I add reverently, "and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's"?

What a power there is, if we come to think of it, in the true pastoral tie! On both sides the two best things in life, Love and Trust. On the part of the people, a conviction, deep down in their hearts, that the man who speaks to them weekly of the things pertaining to God really loves and cares for them, cares for all that makes their true life—the wants of the body, the wants of the mind, the wants of the soul, the wants of the community of which they are all members. And, on the part of the Pastor, a like conviction, also deep down in the heart, that his people are indeed *his*—his "in Christ"—not to be lorded over, or dictated to, or made into a feeble reflex of his own character or opinions, but still *his* people, even as his sons and daughters are *his*—to be borne on the heart of love, carried in the arms of sympathy, sought out if they wander, followed into the waste wilderness of secret deterioration and the cold mountains of disbelief, never forgotten, never despaired of, never unprayed for. •

And this tie is of God's making and God's preserving. It can have no lower origin. "No man taketh it unto himself" in this full disinterested beauty. No man, that is worthy to be called a man, says to himself, "It is man, it is the law, it is the privilege of some one's property, which gives me a right to be here and a right to stay here." No, if there is a real spiritual right, it is because the Voice of One greater than man has said, "Son, work here

this day, this year, this fifty years in this My vineyard."

And sometimes this sacred tie acquires all the beauty and at last almost the sanction of heredity. The heavenly bond borrows, as it were, a grace from the earthly. The pastoral staff is handed on from father to son, from brother to brother. To the keen hope of doing good is added the blessed memory of good done in our own home by those we loved best. Year after year the Pastor says to himself, like the high-minded mother of old, "I dwell among my own people," among my living and among my dead. The very graves of father and venerable mother and brothers and sisters are to me voices of God, haunting me in the hours of the night as well as of the day, in hours of weariness as well as in hours of energy, whispering, pleading, if need be even commanding, "Son, go work to-day."

My friends, the services of this Sunday and of Friday last will have brought a blessing if they help to remind us of what the Psalmist called "the years of the right hand of the Most High," if they bring us any closer to the feet and the voice of Jesus, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath.

"One generation shall praise" His "works unto another," not always in quite the same words or tones, but still with the same heart and the same feelings, still declaring *His* power, not ours.

The new Memorial Porch will be at once History

and Gospel. It will say day by day, and week by week, to those who come after, "In this church a whole family of highly gifted men devoted their lives one after another, during four-fifths of the eventful 19th century, to the spiritual good of their fellows. The men and women to whom they ministered avouched them faithful witnesses of Christ Crucified and Christ Risen—trusted them, revered them, loved them."

In the words of one of them (spoken from this pulpit just forty-six years ago, at an earlier re-opening of this beloved and ancestral church, and placed in my hands by his own only three weeks after they were spoken) I will try to sum up what all four father and three sons, would most have desired to teach: the true lesson of this loving Commemoration. "Think," my friends, "much and often of the purpose for which, this work has been accomplished—of the spiritual temple, not made with hands, which God is erecting upon earth, and which He will one day fill with His own presence in Heaven—and yet more of those separate houses and homes of His Spirit, in the hearts of individual men, each one of which will constitute a true stone in that great and eternal temple, which is built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone."*

March 20th, 1898.

* "Deserters from the Congregation," a Sermon preached by Charles John Vaughan, D.D., at St. Martin's, Leicester, February 8th, 1852.

XVI.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.*

I KINGS XIX. 12.

And after the fire a still small voice.

THERE is an order in the acts of God as well as in the life of man. The "great and strong wind," that rends the mountains, the earthquake that makes the solid ground reel and cleave beneath our feet; the "consuming fire" that blasts and shrivels up all that is meet for the burning—these are all Powers that play their part, each in its own order, but the last word is not with them. "After the fire a still small voice": and this too is a "voice of the Lord." It does not indeed "break the cedars of Lebanon," or "divide the flames of fire," or "shake the wilderness" from north to south, but none the less it has a power from on high to stir and lift and subdue the soul. It is such a voice as this—calm, still, as from a

* Delivered in Great St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation, on Saturday, May 28, 1898, at the hour of the Interment in Westminster Abbey of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone.

higher world—that we should wish to catch on this day, and at this hour, from the vaults and the arches of the great Abbey.

There, “in that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried,”* they are now laying all that is mortal of a great man, a great combatant, whom we have all known, and looked upon, and even felt. From our childhood upwards we have all talked of him, read of him, wondered at him, praised or blamed, loved or dreaded, supported or opposed—but never has he been to us either nothing or but little. He has held us always by a spell of fascination. His personality entered early into what was deepest in us, our convictions, our ideals, our faith in God and in mankind. And now, at this supreme hour, he is passing to his rest in the narrow but crowded spot—a spot that has been kept for him, kept thoughtfully and reverently, even for years—a spot, we say, to ourselves, unmatched among the homes of the dead for its memories and its inspirations.

Listen for a moment to the glowing words of Macaulay, whom just forty years ago, in this very month of May, you, my friends, inaugurated as your High Steward† in your own Guildhall. How does he

* See end of Macaulay's Essay on *Warren Hastings*.

† “In the autumn of 1857 the High Stewardship of the borough of Cambridge became vacant by the death of Earl Fitzwilliam, and Macaulay was elected in his place by the unanimous vote of the Town Council. The ceremony of inauguration was deferred till the warm weather of 1858. Tuesday, May 11. I was at Cambridge by 10. The Mayor was at the station to receive me; and most hospitable he

depict that unique spot to which all eyes are at this moment turned?

"Chatham," he says,* "sleeps near the northern door of the Church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has long been to poets. Mansfield rests there; and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arms, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes."

So it was, and so it looked to the historian and the patriot more than fifty-four years ago, when the great men of a former generation were still among us, and the fame of Gladstone was scarcely in its dawn. Since then, within the last half-century, so rich with great events, in almost all of which he has played a leading part, other imposing figures have brought fresh voices to that hallowed spot, either by their sepulture or by their statues. Peel is there, his revered master, and Palmerston, his strong but hardly congenial chief, and Earl Canning, his school-fellow at Eton and his friend at Christ Church, and

was and kind. I went with him to the Town Hall and was sworn in."—*Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bárt., vol. II., p. 429.

* End of Essay on *The Earl of Chatham*.

Disraeli, his antagonist for thirty years. May we not say, changing but slightly the language of the Poet :

But one such death remained to come ;
The last heroic voice is dumb :
What shall be said o'er Gladstone's tomb ? *

Nothing in any way novel. Nothing that is not very simple. We are here to-day not as critics, or judges, but as patriots and Christians. We are here to bless God, with one accord, for the gift of a great human life—a life for which the world is better, and now at last admits that it is thankful. *Here, if in any place—now, if at any moment*—let us think of him “in God”—not, chiefly, as he smote and pulled down and burnt up ; not, as it were, amid the wind, and the earthquake, and the fire ; but in the presence of the “still small voice,” that voice which speaks at last to us all, one by one, to the lowliest as well as to the greatest, when life's tumult is over, and never perhaps sounds more majestic or more tender than when it whispers to some worn-out veteran, the hero of a hundred Christian fights, “Well done, good and faithful servant ; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

Barely ten days have passed since we knew that the death, so long expected by all, and by many, as well as by himself, so earnestly prayed for, was

* But one such death remained to come ;
The last poetic voice is dumb
What shall be said o'er Wordsworth's tomb ?

Matthew Arnold. *Memorial Verses*, April, 1850.

at last "at hand." We tried to think and to feel what that departure meant. We were reminded, some of us, of the words of our Cambridge Poet,* nearly ninety-two years ago, when the death of another great party chief was hourly looked for:

And many thousands now are sad—
Wait the fulfilment of their fear;
For he must die who is their stay,
Their glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth
To breathless Nature's dark abyss;
But when the great and good depart
What is it more than this—

That man, who is from God sent forth,
Doth yet again to God return?—
Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?

"What is it *more than this*?" Ay, but what is it *less than this*? Whatever else it be, is not the departure of these powerful spirits, that have filled the earth with the tumult of their energies—is it not the return, nay, the recall, of man to God—the recall of him that once was sent, the return of him that has long been waited for? Is the thought even tolerable of leaving such men to themselves, or to the jarring voices of history, so loud in their invective, so grating often even in their praise? Can we indeed bear to commit them to any sentence save "the still small voice" of their Father and their God?

* Wordsworth, *Lines composed at Grasmere, September, 1806, after reading that the death of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.*

My friends, we should wish to speak the truth at all times, and not least now. I put it to you, Am I going one whit beyond the strictest truth in saying that of all the great men among whom they are now laying the foremost man of our time, there is not one—not even the saintly Wilberforce—whom it is more natural to link in thought with the One Holy Presence and with the “still small voice”? Ask his contemporaries. Few indeed of them are still with us. At the age of fourscore-and-eight years, he might have said, with John Wesley, as he read from the pulpit the touching hymn of his dead brother Charles,*

My company before is gone
And I am left alone with Thee.

But there is ample record that those who knew him in his boyhood at Eton, and his early manhood at Oxford, no less than those who have watched his course through the storm and stress of civic strife, are all agreed in this—that he has lived and died a strong, humble, avowed servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It is this which has struck the imagination, and, I think, touched the heart of the world. Critics, friendly or unfriendly, might weigh the varied elements of his rare intellectual structure, its range, its subtlety, its mastery over men; but the verdict of multitudes and of nations has been rather this: He gave us many gifts, but the most precious and

* See the very pathetic story in Tyerman's *The Life and Times of John Wesley*, vol. III., p. 527.

the most enduring was himself, his character. He lived and laboured with God before his eyes. "He had the fear of God before him, and made a conscience of what he did."* He loved righteousness, and hated iniquity. His heart was with the poor and the wronged and the downtrodden, and dear was their blood in his sight. It is this conviction which at this hour draws us "with the cords of a man" and makes us all of one mind. Men differ, and, probably, will always differ, as to the wisdom, the foresight, the insight of the statesman. But they agree, with a quiet reverence that seems to me like "a still small voice" after a storm or an earthquake, as to the moral grandeur of the man.

They recognize that he was a man, as only the noblest are, of strong passions, and that the passions which were strongest in him were those which are never far from human greatness—the passion for great principles, the passion for minute detail, the passion for work, the passion for duty, the passion for justice, the passion for freedom.

Some forty-seven years have passed since he closed his scathing indictment against the wicked tyranny at Naples—"that negation of God erected into a system of government"—with words which still burn and scorch. "It is time," he wrote,† "that either the veil should be lifted from scenes fitter

* Cromwell's description of his "Ironsides"—Carlyle's *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, vol. III., p. 250.

† End of "First Letter to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government, 1851."—*Gleanings of Past Years*, vol. IV.

for hell than earth, or some considerable mitigation should be voluntarily adopted. • I have undertaken this wearisome and painful task in the hope of doing something to diminish a mass of human suffering as huge, I believe, and as acute, as any that the eye of heaven beholds.”

Here was the passion, the undying passion, for *justice*. How often, since then how imperiously has almost to the last it forced and goaded him into words that were battles, and into battles that were crusades!

And as to his passion for *freedom*, who does not see in him—in every tale that is told of him, in every picture, in every photograph, earnest or popular—a living image of those fine lines of Cowper, which were inspired by the mourning for Chatham, then fresh in men's memory *

In him Demosthenes was heard again ;
 Liberty taught him her Athenian strain ;
 She clothed him with authority and awe,
 Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law ;
 His speech, his form, his action, full of grace,
 And all his country beaming in his face ?

* William Cowper's "Table Talk," written in December, 1780, and January, 1781. Chatham died May 11, 1778. When Cowper wrote the melancholy lines,

Patriots, alas ! the few that have been found
 Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
 The country's need have scantily supplied ;
 And the last left the scene when Chatham died,

he would have been surprised and consoled could he have foreseen that within a few days, on Jan. 23rd, 1781, "the second William Pitt" would take his seat in the House of Commons.

"After the fire a still small voice"—the Voice, as we reverently believe, of Divine approval spread over a life of patriarchal length; the voice also—the hushed voice—of awed and sorrowing contemporaries, as they strive, beside his open grave, some perhaps for the first time, to find at last the man, the very man himself, behind and within and apart from the vehement orator, the daring politician, the masterful and audacious party chief, the denouncer of tyranny and wrong.

It is not thus that he now appeals to us. We think not now of what he shook and shattered and destroyed—hardly even of what he kindled and illumined. Wind and earthquake and fire are passed; there remains "the still small voice." It remains; it is audible in the ears of millions, of a reverent people and a listening world. You may call it the voice of history, or the voice of gratitude, or the voice of generosity, or, as I have dared to say, the Voice of God Himself—not surely unlike that other Voice, "heard from heaven," which crowns every Christian life and cheers so many a Christian burial; the voice which, even as we speak, may be sounding gently over his coffin in the presence of his aged wife, and his children and grand-children, and old friends, and old opponents, and all that most truly represents both the monarchy and the people: "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: even so, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; for their works follow with them."

“ Their works follow with them ” ; “ and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.”

May 28th, 1868

